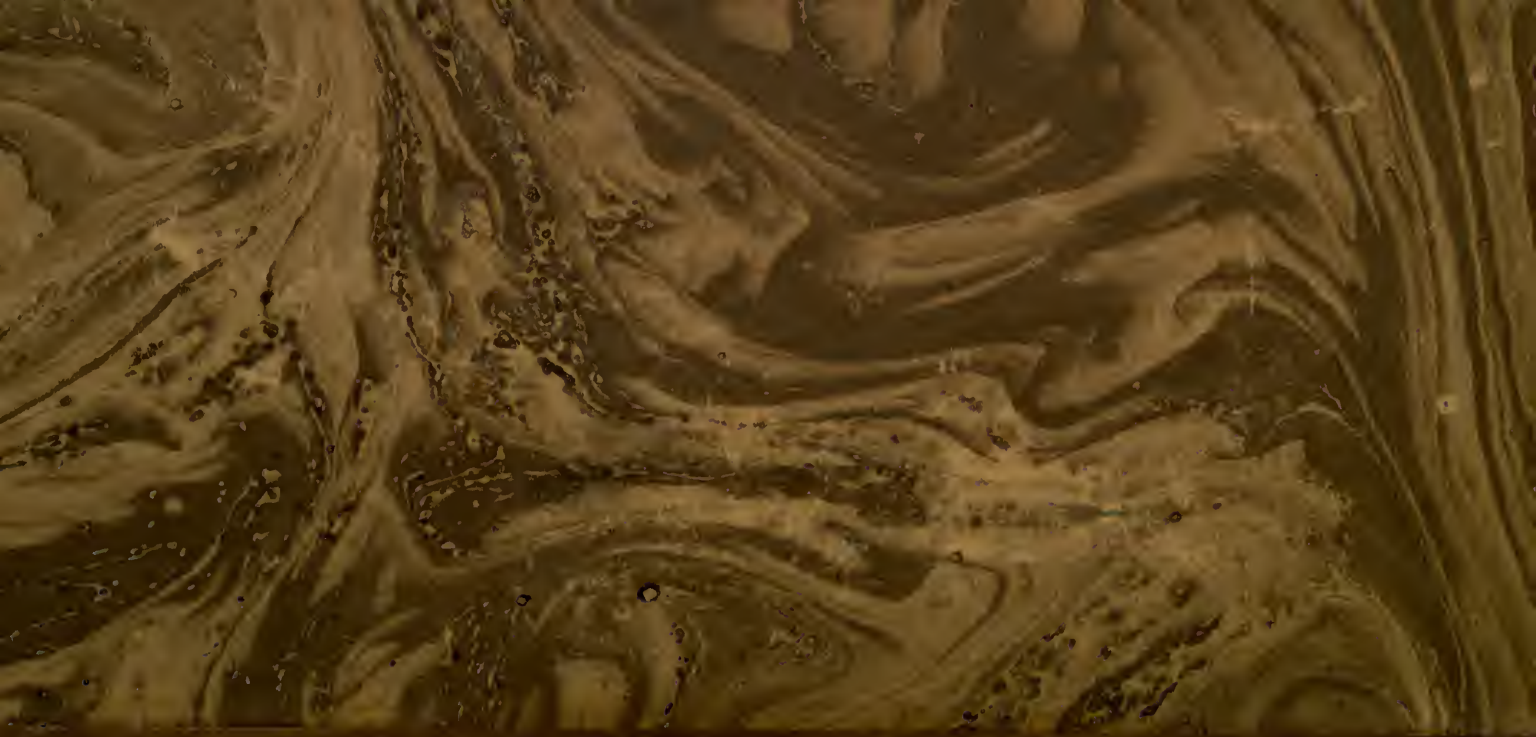

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THE

MIRROR.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS
1779 and 1780.

—Veluti in ſpeculo.—

THE NINTH EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

THE

MIRROR.

N° 59. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 17, 1779.

Ex otio plus negotii quam ex negotio habemus.
Vet. Schol. ad Ennium in Iphigen.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men, whom your predeceſſor, *The Spectator*, has diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *Loungers*, an innocent harmleſs race, who are remarkable for no one offenſive quality, except a mortal antipathy at *Time;* which, as that author ſays, and we are willing to allow, we ſtudy all poſſible means of killing and deſtroying. This confeſſion, Sir, of one particular ſpecies of malevolence we are not at all aſhamed to make, ſince the perſecution of our adverſary is ſo avowed and notorious, as fully to juſtify every kind of revenge which we can meditate. We conſider Time, Sir, as a ſort of *incubus*, or day

night-mare, a malignant being, who, *like the old man of the ſea*, in the *Arabian Tales*, faſtens himſelf upon our ſhoulders, preſſes with intolerable weight, and ſticks ſo cloſe, that oftentimes an unhappy victim of his malice is fain to rid himſelf of his oppreſſor at the expence of his life. It is not then ſurpriſing that it ſhould be the conſtant ſtudy of us, who are infeſted by this monſter, to try every probable ſcheme for his deſtruction.

Now, Sir, as in a long-continued war, the military genius is ſharpened by exerciſe, deſtructive inventions are multiplied, and a variety of artful diſpoſitions, manœuvres, and ſtratagems are found out, which the great maſters of the ſcience, *Folard*, *Puyſegur*, and *Saxe*, are careful to record for the benefit of belligerent poſterity: ſo I, in like manner, who for many years have maintained an obſtinate warfare with my mortal enemy, have not only put in practice all the common and moſt approved modes of attack and defence, ſo as preciſely to aſcertain the reſpective merit of each, but I flatter myſelf with having diſcovered ſeveral artful devices, and ingenious plans, which ſufficiently prove my own maſterly ſkill in the ſcience, and which I can recommend to the practice of my brother loungers, from repeated experience of their efficacy.

I have

I have made so great a proficiency in this useful art, that it was for several years a darling project of mine to digest my knowledge into a regular system; but when, in the prosecution of this great design, I had got the length of forming a complete title-page, and had entered upon the consideration of the plan, and arrangement of the work, I found a necessity of abandoning my project, from the immense variety of matter which presented itself to my view, as well as from an unhappy infirmity under which I have laboured from my youth, a sort of *lethargic* disorder which totally unfits me for reading or writing more than half an hour at a time.

But, Sir, that the world may not be entirely deprived of the fruits of my talents and experience, I have determined to send you some of my detached notes, and a few observations occasionally set down as materials, while the work I have mentioned was in contemplation. These, Sir, as you seem to have a pretty turn for writing, you may, in your own way of periodical speculations, enlarge and improve upon; or, if you should think proper to follow out my design of a complete treatise on the subject, you have my full permission.

The philosophers say, *Cogito, ergo sum;* I think, therefore I exist. Now, as the sense of our own existence is the most disagreeable of all reflections to us lounging philosophers, it follows, that, in

order to rid ourſelves of that moſt uneaſy ſenſation, we muſt endeavour as much as poſſible to baniſh all thought.

To attain this important end, there are various means, according to the variety of taſtes. To eſcape from his own thoughts, one lounger betakes himſelf to his bottle, another to the gaming-table, and a third to a miſtreſs. That theſe methods are frequently ſucceſsful muſt be preſumed, ſince the greateſt adepts ſo generally employ them. Nevertheleſs, I muſt be excuſed for hinting a very few objections which have occurred in the courſe of my own practice.

As an antidote to the cares of life, and ſovereign opiate for the miſeries of thought and reflection, there is no medicine which has acquired an equal reputation with a flaſk of good wine. But moſt opiates ſerve only as temporary palliatives, and ſome, while they give immediate relief, are known to increaſe the diſeaſe. I am afraid we muſt apply to the pleaſures of the bottle, what, with a ſlight alteration, was ſaid by a wiſe ancient: "Joy may endure for a night, "but heavineſs (too ſurely) cometh in the morn-"ing."

Gaming, too, though a very genteel occupation, muſt be allowed to approach rather too near to the drudgery of real buſineſs. The labour of thought which it requires, and the turbulence of contending paſſions, are certainly *inimical* to that tranquil

tranquil indifference in which we loungers place our ſupreme felicity.

Although I am well acquainted with all the arguments in favour of gallantry, and allow them to have a great deal of weight, I cannot help thinking, that, when conſidered with a view to our fraternity, it is ſubject to many inconveniencies. Even under the management of the moſt prudent, it cannot be denied, that it leads to ſituations in which the peace and quiet ſo neceſſary in the life of a lounger, are diſturbed and broken; or leaves him in others that render the preſence of his great adverſary, *Time*, more than uſually irkſome.

To conſtitute a complete lounger, it is neceſſary that he ſhould be a man of taſte. Reading, though, as a food, it is groſs and of hard digeſtion, may be taken with much advantage in ſmall doſes, both as a cordial, and as an opiate. For the former of theſe purpoſes, I would recommend a complete ſet of jeſt-books from *Joe Miller* and the *Medley of Fun*, down to *Johnſoniana*; for the latter, moſt of the new novels. I would likewiſe adviſe the taking in all the magazines and reviews. Thoſe, beſides the very conſiderable amuſement in cutting up their leaves, enable a gentleman, by the moſt compendious means, to form a complete judgment of any author, in any ſcience, and to decide upon his merits in any company, with that

proper confidence which repreſſes all oppoſition of opinion.

An ingenious author of this age * has lately demonſtrated, that it is poſſible to acquire a critical taſte in any of the fine arts, without the ſmalleſt portion of natural genius; and it muſt be acknowledged, that his theory is proved by the example of moſt modern critics. Among theſe arts, I would particularly recommend, as moſt profitable to the lounger, the acquiſition of a taſte in muſic. After acquiring a good taſte, it will be an eaſy matter to obtain a proficiency in the practice of the ſcience; and of this the advantage is very great. I have the honour to know ſeveral very accompliſhed gentlemen, who, with no other companion than their violin, are able to fiddle away a complete ſummer's day with much comfort and delight.

The occupations I have hitherto mentioned, it will be obſerved, are chiefly of the domeſtic kind. I could enumerate a variety of ſchemes for the deſtruction of time without doors. Theſe, however, are ſo generally known, that it were ſuperfluous to dwell upon them. In the morning the political lounger betakes himſelf to his coffee-houſe, the literary lounger to his book-ſeller's ſhop, the ſaunterer to the public walks, the dreamer to his uſual occupation of counting

* Mr. Webb. See Preface to his Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, &c.

the

the ſign-poſts. In the evening, clubs, card-parties, and public places, furniſh a rendezvous for loungers of all denominations.

Beſides theſe I have already mentioned, I could eaſily, Sir, communicate a variety of other approved ſchemes and ingenious devices; but I ſhall, for the preſent, content myſelf with barely hinting at one other expedient, though I am aware that its vulgarity will not permit it to be *often* employed by people of *taſte* and *faſhion*. It muſt be acknowledged that the moſt effectual of all methods of killing time, is by ſerious buſineſs or occupation. This is the great ſecret by which many thouſands of the vulgar herd jog on through life with much compoſure, nay even ſeeming ſatisfaction, while thoſe who conſtitute the polite world are put to a variety of ſhifts to compaſs what the others attain without ſeeking after. Now, as a capital painter may ſometimes conceive a happy idea from the daubing of a ſign-poſt, ſo the lounger, though he diſdain to follow ſo mean an example as that of the plodding ſons of induſtry, may, nevertheleſs, derive from it a very profitable leſſon. When any piece of buſineſs neceſſarily obtrudes itſelf, let him conſider, that it would be highly improvident to diſpatch or execute in one hour, or in one day, what, with a little prudent management, may eaſily furniſh occupation for twenty. Thus, when a lounger begins to write a letter,

it may very reaſonably employ him for a month, the ranging of his library may give him a hurry of buſineſs for a year, and clearing accounts with his ſteward is the work of a life-time.

Theſe, Sir, are a few of the materials for that great deſign above mentioned, from which it is eaſy to form a judgment both of the copiouſneſs and importance of the ſubject. As that ſcheme, however, is now laid aſide, I take the liberty of ſending you theſe imperfect hints, in hopes (as many modeſt authors expreſs themſelves) that they may prompt an exertion of genius from ſome abler pen.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

ESYCHUS.

P. S. Your correſpondent, in your 14th Number, ſeems to poſſeſs many of the talents requiſite for ſuch an undertaking.

N° 60. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 21, 1779.

Quin ubi ſe a vulgo et ſcena in ſecreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis ſapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti. HOR.

I HAVE heard a ſtory of an eminent philoſopher who was invited to dine and ſpend the evening with ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed men for learning and genius of the age in which he lived. Dinner being over, the converſation took a light and eaſy turn. While a cheerful glaſs went round, the common topic of the time, the joke of the day, or the occaſional pleaſantry of the minute, filled up their diſcourſe. The philoſopher, whoſe mind was conſtantly occupied with abſtract ſtudies and inquiries, took little ſhare in the converſation, and felt no pleaſure in it. After having ſat a conſiderable time, one of the company propoſed that they ſhould take a game at cards. Although they played for a trifle, the philoſopher refuſed to join in the party, and it was made up without him. While they were thus engaged, he retired to a corner of the room, took out his pocket-book and pencil, and began to write. Upon being aſked what he was writing? he anſwered, that he had conceived

ceived high expectations of the instruction and entertainment he was to receive from the conversation of so many eminent and distinguished men; that he had resolved, before he came among them, to take notes of what passed, lest he should forget it; and that this was now his occupation. The company, considering the manner in which they had been employed, felt the rebuke, and were made a little uneasy by it.

People may think differently of this story. I, for my part, think the philosopher to blame, and that the company were in no respect the objects of censure. I have long been of opinion, that one of the most important lessons to be learned in life, is that of being able to *trifle* upon occasion. No character can possibly be more contemptible than that of a talking, empty, giggling fool, who is incapable of fixing his attention upon any thing that is important, and whose mind, like a microscope, sees only what is little, and takes in nothing that is great. But no character can be more respectable than that of a man of talents, whose thoughts are often employed upon the great and important objects of life, but who can nevertheless unbend his mind, and be amused with easy and simple recreations. A man, by taking false and improper views of life, may bring himself to think, that even those objects which are reckoned great and important, are, in reality, little; the projects of ambition, the

the deſire of fame, even the purſuits of ſtudy, may ſink before him; and, to ſuch a man, the ordinary recreations of the world muſt appear too ſmall to engage his attention. But, "*'twere* "*to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.*" He who thinks rightly, and adapts his mind to the circumſtances in which he is placed, will ſoon be convinced, that, as activity and employment were intended for us, ſo we ought to be intereſted by the different objects around us. The projects of an honeſt ambition, if not carried too far, the deſire of being thought well of, if kept within proper bounds, and the ſearch after knowledge, if it does not lead to arrogance and conceit, will appear ſuited to our nature, and objects upon which it is right that we ſhould fix our attention. In the ſame manner, it will appear proper that the mind, when there is place for it, ſhould unbend and allow itſelf to be amuſed by thoſe other objects which, compared with thoſe of ambition, fame, or ſtudy, may appear little or trifling.

The mind is very apt to receive a ſtrong caſt from the manner in which it is employed. When a man is conſtantly engaged in ſomething which requires great ſtudy and application, which figures as an important object, and which agitates and intereſts him, he is in danger of acquiring a hardneſs of temper which will make him diſagreeable, or a tone of mind which will render

render him incapable of going through the common duties of life as a friend, a relation, or a parent. Nothing will preſerve him from theſe bad conſequences ſo much as his taking advantage of an idle hour, and allowing himſelf to be unbent with recreations of an eaſy, and in themſelves of a frivolous nature. This will not only afford him an agreeable relaxation, but will give his mind a gentleneſs and a ſweetneſs which all the hardneſs of application, and all the agitation of his employments, will not be able to deſtroy.

There is no anecdote in antiquity which I have read with greater pleaſure than that of Scipio and Lælius, related by the eloquent pen of Cicero, and put into the mouth of Craſſus: *Sæpe ex ſocero meo audivi* (ſays Craſſus in the dialogue *de Oratore*) *cum is diceret, ſocerum ſuum Lælium, ſemper fere cum Scipione ſolitum ruſticari, eoſque incredibiliter repueraſcere eſſe ſolitos, cum rus ex urbe, tanquam e vinculis, evolaviſſent. Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, ſed tamen ita ſolet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere conſuéſſe, et ad omnem animi remiſſionem ludumque deſcendere. Sic enim ſe res habet, ut quemadmodum volucres videmus, procreationis atque utilitatis ſuæ cauſa, fingere et conſtruere nidos; eaſdem autem, cum aliquid effecerint levandi laboris ſui cauſa, paſſim ac libere ſolutas opere volitare; ſic noſtri animi forenſibus negotiis, atque urbano opere defeſſi geſtiunt, et volitare*

tare cupiunt, vacui cura atque labore.—" I re-
" member to have heard my father-in-law
" mention," says *Crassus*, " that his kinsman
" *Lælius*, and the great *Scipio*, were frequently
" wont to fly from the hurry of business and the
" bustle of the town to a quiet retreat in the
" country, and there to grow, as it were, boys
" again in their amusements. Nay (though I
" should hardly venture to tell it of such men),
" we were assured by *Scævola*, that at *Caieta*
" and *Laurentum* they used to pass their time in
" gathering shells and pebbles, unbending their
" minds, and amused with every trifle; like
" birds, which, after the serious and important
" business of preparing nests for their young, fly
" sportfully about, free and disengaged, as if to
" relieve themselves from their toils."

Nothing can be more truly delightful than to picture out the conqueror of *Carthage*, who had led to victory the triumphant armies of the Roman state, amusing himself with his friend *Lælius*, at *Caieta* or *Laurentum*, in gathering shells and pebbles on the sea-shore. Far from sinking their dignity in our estimation, it adds to it; and it must give a high idea of the elegant simplicity and virtuous tranquillity of mind of which the illustrious friends were possessed, when, from the cares of state, they could descend to, and feel amusement in, those innocent and simple-hearted pleasures. None but men of vir-

tue,

tue, and who poſſeſſed an eaſy and an irreproachable mind, could have enjoyed them *. Men whoſe conſciences upbraided them, who felt the agitation of bad paſſions, and who were inwardly gnawed by the ſenſations of envy, jealouſy, revenge, or hatred, could not have thus indulged themſelves. They muſt have buried their feelings, they muſt have got rid of their own minds, under leſs peaceful, leſs ſimple, and leſs innocent amuſements. That abſorption of calm feeling which hard drinking produces, and that agitation created by deep gaming, muſt have been their reſource.

A

* See Melmoth's Cicero's Letters.

N. B. The MIRROR is to be diſcontinued till Tueſday the 7th of December, on which day will be publiſhed N° LXI. and then continued, as formerly, every Tueſday and Saturday.

N° 61. Tuesday, *December* 7, 1779.

During the late intermiſſion of my labours, I paid a viſit of ſome weeks to my friend Mr. *Umphraville*, whoſe benevolence and worth never fail to give me the higheſt pleaſure, a pleaſure not leſſened, perhaps, by thoſe little ſingularities of ſentiment and manner, which, in ſome former papers, I have deſcribed that gentleman as poſſeſſing. At his houſe in the country, theſe appear to the greateſt advantage; there they have room to ſhoot out at will; and, like the old yew-trees in his garden, though they do look a little odd, and now and then tempt one to ſmile, yet the moſt eccentric of them all have ſomething venerable about them.

Some of my friend's peculiarities may not only be diſcovered in his manner and his diſcourſe, but may be traced in his houſe and furniture, his garden and grounds. In his houſe are large rooms lighted by ſmall Gothic windows, and acceſſible only by dark narrow ſtair-caſes; they are fitted up with old arras, and have cielings loaded with the maſſy compartments of the laſt age, where the heads of bearded ſages and laurelled emperors look grim and terrible through

the cobwebs that ſurround them. In his grounds you find ſtiff, rectangular walks, and ſtraight, narrow avenues. In his garden the yews and hollies ſtill retain their primeval figures; *lions* and *unicorns* guard the corners of his parterres; and a *ſpread-eagle*, of a remarkable growth, has his wings clipped, and his talons pared, the firſt Monday of every month during ſpring and ſummer.

The contempt in which, to a ſomewhat unreaſonable degree, he holds modern refinement, has led him to continue theſe antiquated particulars about him. The India-paper of ſome of his faſhionable neighbours' drawing-rooms, has enhanced the value of his arras; his duſky Gothic windows have been contraſted to great advantage, with their *Bows* and *Venetians;* their open *lawns* have driven him to the gloom of his avenues; and the *zig-zag* twiſt of their walks has endeared to him the long dull line of his hedged terraces. As he holds, however, ſome good old political tenets, and thinks, as I have often heard him expreſs himſelf, that every country can afford a king for itſelf, he had almoſt ſubmitted to the modern plan of *gardening* a few years ago, on being put in mind, that the faſhion of *hedges* and *terraces* was brought in by King *William.*

But, excluſive of all thoſe motives, on which his ſiſter and I ſometimes rally him, my friend, from

from the warmth of his heart, and the ſenſibility of his feelings, has a ſtrong attachment to all the ancient occupiers of his houſe and grounds, whether they be of the human or the brute, the animate or inanimate creation. His tenants are, moſtly, coeval with himſelf; his ſervants have been either in his family, or on his eſtate, from their infancy; an old pointer, and an old houſe-dog, generally meet him in the lobby; and there is a flea-bitten horſe, who, for ſeveral years, has been paſt riding, to whom he has devoted the graſs of his orchard, and a manger of good hay during the ſeverity of the winter. A withered ſtump, which, I obſerved, greatly incommoded the entry to his houſe, he would not ſuffer to be cut down, becauſe it had the names of himſelf and ſome of his ſchool-companions cyphered on its bark; and a divorce from his leathern elbow-chair, patched and tattered as it is, would, I am perſuaded, be one of the moſt ſerious calamities that could befal him.

This feeling will be eaſily underſtood by thoſe in whom the buſineſs or the pleaſure of the world has not extinguiſhed it. That ſort of relation which we own to every object we have long been acquainted with, is one of thoſe natural propenſities the mind will always experience, if it has not loſt this connection by the variety of its engagements, or the buſtle of its purſuits. There is a ſilent chronicle of paſt hours in the inani-

mate things amidſt which they have been ſpent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets, the ſentiments, of our former days; that gives us back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy, and produces equally from both a penſive pleaſure, which men who have retired from the world, like *Umphraville*, or whom particular circumſtances have ſomewhat eſtranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. Above all others, thoſe objects which recal the years of our childhood, will have this tender effect upon the heart: they preſent to us afreſh the bliſsful illuſions of life, when Gaiety was on the wing undamped by Care, and Hopes ſmiled before us unchecked by Diſappointment. The diſtance of the ſcene adds to our idea of its felicity, and increaſes the tenderneſs of its recollection; 'tis like the view of a landſcape by moonſhine; the diſtinctneſs of object is loſt, but a mellow kind of dimneſs ſoftens and unites the whole.

From the ſame ſort of feeling has the idea of *Home* its attraction. For though one's intereſt there will undoubtedly be heightened by the relation to perſons, yet there is, excluſive of that connection altogether, a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the houſe, the room in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He muſt be a very dull, or a very diſſipated man, who, after a month's abſence, can open his own door without emotion,

even

even though he has no relation or friend to welcome him within. For my part, I feel this ſtrongly; and many an evening, when I have ſhut the door of my little parlour, trimmed the fire, and ſwept the hearth, I ſit down with the feelings of a friend for every chair and table in the room.

There is, perhaps, a degree of melancholy in all this; the *French*, who are a lively people, have, I think, no term that anſwers to our ſubſtantive *Home:* but it is not the melancholy of a ſour unſocial being; on the contrary, I believe, there will always be found a tone of benevolence in it both to ourſelves and others;—I ſay ourſelves, becauſe I hold the ſenſation of peace and friendſhip with our own minds to be one of the beſt preparatives, as well as one of the beſt rewards, of virtue.

Nor has Nature given us this propenſity in vain. From this the principle of patriotiſm has its earlieſt ſource, and ſome of thoſe ties are formed, which link the inhabitants of leſs favoured regions to the heaths and mountains of their native land. In cultivated ſociety, this *ſentiment of Home* cheriſhes the uſeful virtues of domeſtic life; it oppoſes, to the tumultuous pleaſures of diſſipation and intemperance, the quiet enjoyments of ſobriety, œconomy, and family affection; qualities which, though not attractive of much applauſe or admiration, are

equally conducive to the advantage of the individual, and the welfare of the community.

I

N° 62. SATURDAY, *December* 11, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

WHEN I was in *Languedoc*, many years ago, I had an invitation to a great entertainment given by the *Intendant*. The company was very numerous; and, several foreigners happening to be present, the natives vied with each other in displaying their own importance. The conversation chanced to turn on the campaign of Marshal *de Villars* against the people of the *Cévennes;* and some of the guests were old enough to remember the events of those times.

" *M. de la Tour le Colombier*, my father," said an old lady, " had connections with many of " the most considerable Calvinists; and, after " their defeat, he generously afforded an asylum " to *M. Cavalier* and three hundred and sixty- " four of his followers. They were concealed " among old ruins in a large forest which lay " behind

" behind my father's *Chateau*, and compoſed " part of his domain. None of the ſervants of " the family were let into the ſecret, excepting " one of my own maids, a ſenſible, handy girl; " ſhe and I went every day, and carried pro- " viſions to the whole band, and we dreſſed the " wounds of ſuch of them as had been wounded " in the action. We did this, day after day, " for a fortnight, or rather, if I remember right, " for near three weeks. Minute circumſtances " are apt to eſcape one's memory, after an in- " terval of many years; but I ſhall never forget " the gratitude of thoſe poor people, and the " ardent thanks which they beſtowed on us when " they went away and diſperſed themſelves."

I took the liberty of obſerving, that the pro- viſions neceſſary for ſo many mouths might poſſibly have been miſſed in the family, and that this might have led to a diſcovery. " Not at " all," replied ſhe. " *Feu M. mon Père ſe* " *piquoit toujours de tenir bonne table, c'éſtoit ſa* " *maroétte même* [my father, who is now gone, " always made a point of living handſomely; " *that* was even his hobby-horſe]. But indeed " I recollect," continued ſhe, " that we were " once very near being diſcovered. The wives " of ſome of the fugitives had heard, I know " not how, that their huſbands lay concealed " near my father's *Chateau*. They came and " ſearched, and actually diſcovered the lurking-

" place. Unfortunately they brought a good " many children along with them; and, as we " had no eatables fit for the little creatures, they " began to pule and cry, which might have " alarmed the neighbourhood. It happened that " *M. Cavalier*, the general of the insurgents, " had been a journeyman pastry-cook before " the war. He presently made some prune tarts " for the children, and so quieted them. This " was a proof of his good-nature, as well as of " his singular presence of mind in critical situ- " ations. Candour obliges me to bear so ample " testimony in favour of a heretic and a rebel."

We had scarcely time to draw breath after this story, when a mean-looking elderly man said, with the affectation of modest dignity, " I had the happiness to be known to *M. de* " *Villars*, and he was pleased greatly to over- " rate my poor services. On a certain occasion, " he did me the honour to present me with a " horse of the unmixed Arabian breed, and a " wonderful animal it was:" Then addressing himself to Lady W——, " I much doubt, *mi* " *Ledi*, whether it could have been matched in " your country, so justly celebrated for fine " women and horses.—One evening, while I " was in garrison at *Pont St. Esprit*, I took him " out to exercise. Being in high spirits and " excellent wind, he went off at an easy gallop, " and did not stop till he brought me to the

" gates

" gates of *Montpelier* [between twenty and thir-
" ty leagues diſtant], and *there*, to my no ſmall
" ſurpriſe, I found the Dean and whole Faculty
" of Medicine ſtanding in their gowns to re-
" ceive me. The Dean made a long harangue
" in Latin, of which, to ſay the truth, I un-
" derſtood not one word; and then, in name
" of his brethren, put into my hands a diploma
" of Doctor of Phyſic, with the uſual powers of
" curing, and ſo forth. He would have had
" me to partake of an entertainment prepared
" for the occaſion; but I did not chuſe to ſleep
" out of garriſon; ſo I juſt ordered my horſe to
" be rubbed down, gave him a ſingle feed,
" mounted again, and got back to *Pont St.*
" *Eſprit*, as they were ſhutting the gates. Per-
" haps I have dwelt too long on the praiſes of
" my horſe; but ſomething muſt be allowed for
" the prejudices of education: an old horſe-
" officer [*un ancien Capitaine de Cavalerie*] is
" naturally prolix, when his horſe chances to be
" the ſubject of diſcourſe."

" Pray, Captain," ſaid one of the company,
" will you give me leave to aſk the name of your
" horſe?"—The queſtion was unexpected:—
" Upon my word," ſaid he, " I do not remem-
" ber his name. Oh! now I recollect; I called
" him *Alexander*, after *M. de Villars*, the noble
" donor: that *M. de Villars* was a great man."
—" True; but his Chriſtian name was *Hector*."

—" Was it *Hector?* then depend upon it, my " horſe had the ſame Chriſtian name [*nom de* " *Baptême*] as *M. de Villars.*"

My curioſity led me afterwards to inquire into the hiſtory of the gentleman who " always " made a point of living handſomely;" and of the old horſe-officer whom *M. de Villars* ſo much diſtinguiſhed.

The former was a perſon of honourable birth, and had *ſerved*, as the *French* expreſs it, with reputation. On his quitting the army, he retired to a ſmall paternal eſtate, and lived in a decent way with moſt ſcrupulous œconomy. His *Chateau* had been ruined during the wars of the League, and nothing remained of it but one turret, converted into a pigeon-houſe. As that was the moſt remarkable object on his eſtate, he was generally known by the name of *M. de la Tour le Colombier.* His manſion-houſe was little better than that of a middling farmer in the ſouth of England. The *foreſt* of which his daughter ſpoke, was a copſe of three or four acres; and the ruins in which *Cavalier* and his aſſociates lay concealed, had been originally a a place of worſhip of the Proteſtants; but was demoliſhed when thoſe eminent divines, *Lewis* XIV. and Madame *de Maintenon*, thought fit that all *France* ſhould be of one religion; and, as that edifice had not received conſecration from a perſon epiſcopally ordained, the owner made

no

no ſcruple of accommodating two or three calves in it, when his cow-houſe happened to be crowded; and this is all that I could learn of *M. de la Tour le Colombier*.

As for "the old horſe-officer," he had ſerved with *eclat* in the corps eſtabliſhed for repreſſing ſmugglers of tobacco. This recommended him to the notice of the Farmers General; and, by their intereſt, he obtained an office that gave him a ſeat at thoſe great tables to which all the world is invited; and he had lived ſo very long in this ſtation, that the meanneſs of his original ſeemed to have been forgotten by moſt people, and eſpecially by himſelf.

Thoſe ridiculous ſtories which excited mirth when I firſt heard them, afterwards afforded matter for much ſerious reflection.

It is wonderful, that any one ſhould tell things impoſſible, with the hope of being credited; and yet the two perſonages, whoſe legends I have related, muſt have entertained that hope.

Neither is it leſs wonderful that invention ſhould be ſtretched to the utmoſt, in order to perſuade mere ſtrangers to think highly of the importance of the relater.

M^le^ *de la Tour le Colombier*, and the old horſe-officer, had not ſeen us before, and had little chance of ever ſeeing us again. We were the acquaintance of the day, entertained without affection, and parted from without regret; and

yet

yet what pains did they take to leave on our minds the impreſſion of their conſequence!

The country where this ſcene lay is the land of the nativity of Romance; and it is probable that warm ſuns and pure ſkies enliven and fertilize the invention of its inhabitants. But Romance, for I will not give it a harſher name, thrives not in the bleaker and more northern climates: *there* it is forced fruit, without that flavour which it has in its own ſoil.

We can as little rival the French in their eaſe of behaviour, and in the inexhauſtible talent of enunciating trifles with grace, as in their *Colloquial Romances*. How do I feel for my countrymen, on obſerving them toil through a romance, compoſe ſentence by ſentence as they go on, heſitate with the conſciouſneſs of doing wrong, ſtare like a criminal, at once abaſhed and obdurate, and at length produce a ſtory as tedious and dull as truth?

I am, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

No. 63. TUESDAY, *December* 14, 1779.

Celebrare domeſtica Facta. HOR.

THE incidents attending domeſtic and private ſituations are of all others the moſt apt to affect the heart. Deſcriptions of national events are too general to be very intereſting, and the calamities befalling Kings and Princes too far removed from common life to make a deep impreſſion. With the virtues of ſuch perſonages, it is nearly the ſame as with their ſufferings; the heroic qualities which hiſtory aſcribes to great and illuſtrious names, play around the imagination, but rarely touch the feelings, or direct the conduct; the humbler merits of ordinary life are thoſe to which we feel a nearer relation; from which, therefore, precept is more powerfully enforced, and example more readily drawn.

Mr. *Hargrave* is one of my earlieſt friends. Being many years younger than he, I have ever been accuſtomed to regard him both as my guardian and my friend; and the reverence with which I looked on him in the one character, never took from the tender and affectionate warmth I felt for him in the other. After having been, for ſome time, a good deal in the

world, he retired to the country, where he lived with elegance and eaſe. His wife, a very amiable woman, died ſoon after her marriage, leaving one only child, a girl, to the care of whoſe education Mr. *Hargrave*, after her mother's death, devoted his whole attention. Nature had done much for her; and the inſtruction ſhe received from an accompliſhed father, gave her every grace which can adorn the female character.

Emily Hargrave was now in her twentieth year. Her father was advanced in life, and he began to feel the weakneſſes of age coming faſt upon him. Independent of the gratification which he uſed to receive from the obſervation of his daughter's virtues and accompliſhments, he had come to feel a pleaſure ſomewhat more ſelfiſh from the advantage which thoſe virtues were of to himſelf. Her care and dutiful attention were almoſt become neceſſary to him; and the principal pleaſure he received was from her company and converſation. *Emily* was ſenſible of this; and, though ſhe was at pains to conceal her ſolicitude, it was plain that her whole care centered in him.

It was impoſſible that a girl ſo amiable as *Emily Hargrave* could fail to attract attention. Several young men of character and fortune became her profeſſed admirers. But, though ſhe had a ſweetneſs which gave her a benevolent affability

affability to all, ſhe was of a mind too delicate to be eaſily ſatisfied in the choice of a huſband. In her preſent circumſtances, ſhe had another objection to every change of ſituation. She felt too much anxiety about her father, to think of any thing which could call off her attention from him, and make it proper to place any of it elſewhere.—With the greateſt delicacy, therefore, and with that propriety with which her conduct was always attended, ſhe checked every advance that was made her; while, at the ſame time, ſhe was at the utmoſt pains to conceal from her father the voluntary ſacrifice ſhe was reſolved to make on his account.

About a month ago, I paid a viſit to Mr. *Hargrave*'s family. I found him more changed than I had expected; the imbecilities of age, which were beginning to approach laſt time I had ſeen him, had now made great advances. Formerly Mr. *Hargrave* uſed to be the delight of every company, and he never ſpoke without inſtructing or entertaining. Now he ſpoke little; when he did, it was with feebleneſs both of voice and manner. Feeling his memory declining, ſenſible that he was not ſo acute as he once was, and unable to keep up his attention to a continued diſcourſe, though his underſtanding was ſtill perfectly good, he was afraid to venture his opinion, or to take any decided meaſure. He was too conſcious of his own infirmities; and

that

that conſciouſneſs led him to think, that his failure was greater than it really was. In this ſituation, his whole dependance was upon *Emily*, and ſhe was his only ſupport. Never, indeed, did I ſee any thing more lovely, more engaging. To all her other charms, the anxious ſolicitude ſhe felt for her father had ſtamped upon her countenance,

> " That expreſſion ſweet of melancholy
> " Which captivates the ſoul."

There is ſomething in the female character which requires ſupport. That gentleneſs, that delicate ſoftneſs approaching to timidity, which forms its moſt amiable feature, makes it ſtand in need of aſſiſtance. That ſupport and aſſiſtance *Emily* had received in the completeſt manner from her father.—What an alteration now! Inſtead of receiving ſupport herſelf, ſhe was obliged to give it; ſhe was under the neceſſity of aſſiſting, of counſelling, and of ſtrengthening the timid reſolutions of him who had been, in her earlier years, her inſtructor and her guide, and to whom, next to Heaven, ſhe had ever looked up. *Emily* felt all this;—but feeling took not from her the power of acting.

Hargrave is abundantly ſenſible of his daughter's goodneſs. Her conſciouſneſs of this, and of how much importance her attentions are to her father, gives her the beſt conſolation.

While

While I was at his houſe, he hardly ever ſpoke of himſelf. Once, indeed, I remember he ſaid to me, "I am become a ſtrange being; "—even the goodneſs of that girl diſtreſſes me; "it is too much for me to bear:—it is," added he, in a very faint and broken voice, "like to "overwhelm me."

I have often remarked, that there is a perſeverance in virtue, and a real magnanimity in the other ſex, which is ſcarcely to be equalled in ours. In the virtue of men, there are generally ſome conſiderations not altogether pure, attending it, which, though they may not detract from, muſt certainly diminiſh, our wonder at their conduct. The heroic actions of men are commonly performed upon the great theatre, and the performers have the applauſes of an attending and admiring world to animate and ſupport them.—When *Regulus* ſuffered all the tortures which cruelty could invent, rather than give up his honour or his country, he was ſupported by the conſcious admiration of thoſe countrymen whom he had left, and of thoſe enemies in whoſe hands he was;—when *Cato* ſtabbed himſelf, rather than give up the cauſe of liberty, he felt a pride which told him, that "*Cato's would be no leſs honoured than Cæſar's* "*ſword;*" and when the "*ſelf-devoted Decii* "*died,*" independent of their love for *Rome*, they had every motive of applauſe to animate their

their conduct: but when *Emily Hargrave* ſacrifices every thing to filial goodneſs and filial affection, ſhe can have no concomitant motive, ſhe can have no external circumſtance to animate her. Her ſilent and ſecret virtue is the pure and unmingled effect of tenderneſs, of affection, and of duty.

S

N° 64. SATURDAY, *December* 18, 1779.

Populumque falſis
Dedocet
Uti vocibus. HOR.

THE ſcience of *Manners*, for Manners are a ſcience, cannot eaſily be reduced to that ſimplicity in its elements of which others admit. Among other particulars, the *terms* employed in it are not, like thoſe of *Arithmetic*, *Mathematics*, *Algebra*, or *Aſtronomy*, perfectly and accurately defined. Its ſubjects are ſo fleeting, and marked with ſhades ſo delicate, that, wherever a general denomination is ventured, there is the greateſt hazard of its being miſapplied or miſunderſtood.

In

In a former paper I endeavoured to analyſe the term *A man of Faſhion;* in this I am enabled, by an ingenious Correſpondent, to trace the meaning of another phraſe, to wit, *Good Company*, which, as it is nearly connected with the former, is, I believe, as doubtful in its ſignification. The following letter is a practical treatiſe on the ſubject; which I ſhall lay before my readers in the preciſe terms in which I received it.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM at that time of life when education, formerly confined to the ſtudy of books, begins to extend itſelf to the ſtudy of men. Having lately arrived in town, I was anxious to be introduced into *good company* of every rank and denomination; and, in virtue of ſome family connections, aſſiſted by the kindneſs of ſome college-friends and acquaintance, I flattered myſelf I ſhould ſucceed in my purpoſe.

My ſtrong bent for *Letters* induced me firſt to procure an introduction into the *good company* of the learned; and I went to dinner where ſeveral of the *literati* were to be aſſembled, full of the

hopes of having my mind enlightened with knowledge, expanded with ſentiment, and charmed with the Atticiſm of elegant converſation.

During our meal, there was a more abſolute ſuſpenſion of diſcourſe than I expected, in a ſociety of ſpirits ſo refined as thoſe with whom I was aſſociated. The ordinary functions of *eating* and *drinking* made no part of my idea of a learned man; and I could obſerve in my fellow-gueſts an attention to the diſhes before them, which I thought did not quite correſpond with the dignity of that character. This, however, was but a ſmall deviation from my picture, and I paſſed it over as well as I could, in expectation of that mental feaſt with which I was to be regaled when the table ſhould be uncovered.

Accordingly, when the cloth was removed, the converſation, which I expected with ſo much impatience, began. I had too humble an opinion of myſelf to take any other part than that of a hearer; but I very ſoon diſcovered that I was the only perſon in the company who had an inclination to liſten. Every one ſeemed impatient of his neighbour's ſpeech, and eager to have an opportunity of introducing his own. You, I think, Mr. MIRROR, have compared converſation to a favourite diſh at an entertainment; here it was carried on like a dinner at one of thoſe hungry *ordinaries*, where *Quin* uſed

wittily to call for a baſket-hilted ſword to help himſelf with: in a ſhort time, every one, except your Correſpondent, endeavoured to ſecure it to himſelf, by making it a diſh which nobody elſe could taſte. An old gentleman, at the head of the table, introduced a German treatiſe, written by a man whoſe name I could neither pronounce nor remember, which none of the reſt of the company had ſeen. Another, taking advantage of a fit of coughing with which he was ſeized, brought us upon a philoſophical enquiry into the properties of *heat*, and a long account of ſome experiments he had lately witneſſed on that ſubject. Being unfortunately aſked for his toaſt, and pauſing a moment to deliberate on it, he was ſupplanted by my right-hand neighbour, who ſuddenly tranſported us into the country of *Thibet*, and ſeemed to have a very intimate acquaintance with the *Delai Lama*. One of the company, who ſat oppoſite to him, thruſt in, by mere dint of vociferation, *Travels through the interior parts of America*, juſt then publiſhed, and ſailed over the *lakes* in triumph; till happening to mention a particular way in which the Indians dreſs a certain fiſh, the diſcourſe was, at laſt, laid open to every body preſent on the ſubject of *cookery;* whence it naturally fell into a diſcuſſion of the comparative excellence of different wines; on which topics the converſation reſted with ſo much emphaſis, that a ſtranger,

who had overheard it, would have been led to imagine this *ſympoſium*, into which I had procured admiſſion with ſo much eagerneſs, to be a ſociety of Cooks and Butlers, met to improve each other in their ſeveral callings.

I next procured an introduction into the *very beſt company;* that is, I contrived to become a gueſt at a table of high faſhion, where an entertainment was given to ſome of the greateſt men in this country. The ambition natural to my age and complexion, prompted me to deſire this honour; which, however, I purchaſed at the price of a good deal of embarraſſment and uneaſineſs. Nothing, indeed, but the high honour conferred by ſuch ſociety, could compenſate for the feelings even of that minute, in which a man, not uſed to the company of the great, aſcends from the loweſt ſtep of a wide echoing ſtair-caſe, to the door of a great man's drawing-room.——Through this, however, and ſeveral other little diſquietudes, did I paſs, in hopes of finding, in the diſcourſe of thoſe elevated perſons, that highly poliſhed elegance, that intereſting information, and thoſe extenſive views of polity and government, which their rank had afforded ſo many opportunities of acquiring.

Not only during the time of dinner (as in my laſt company), but for a conſiderable time after, the ſcene was ſilent and ſolemn; this, while it

added

added to my confuſion, increaſed my expectations. Converſation at laſt began; it was carried on in a manner exactly the reverſe of that in my former viſit. There nobody was diſpoſed to liſten; here few ſeemed inclined to ſpeak; for in this aſſembly I could perceive there were two or three *very great* men, to whom the great men were little, and the proud were mean. The laſt, therefore, hardly ſpoke at all, except to applaud the obſervations or anecdotes delivered by the very great men; in which, had they not been delivered by the very great men, I ſhould have diſcovered no uncommon ſagacity or exquiſite entertainment. One who ſeemed to be at the top of this *climax* of greatneſs, began a ſtory of a pretty old date, in which he introduced, at dinner in the houſe of the then miniſter, almoſt all the orators and wits of the time. Though, from the anecdotes to which I had already liſtened, my ears were now familiarized with the ſounds of *Duke*, *Marquis*, *Earl*, and *Ambaſſador;* yet, from the hiſtory of this illuſtrious aſſemblage, I ſtill conceived very eager expectation: but, after being led through twenty epiſodes, all tending to ſhew the connection of the Noble relator with many other Right Honourable perſonages, the concluſion proved to be nothing more than a joke upon a country member of parliament, who aſked to be helped to a bit of *gooſe*, when, in fact, the diſh was a *ſwan*,

which it ſeems was a favourite bird at the miniſter's table; and ſome conceit about not knowing a *ſwan* from a *gooſe*, and all the miniſter's *geeſe* being *ſwans*, was the point of the ſtory; at which all the company laughed very loud and very long; but the little men, all except myſelf, infinitely the loudeſt and the longeſt.

I began now to think that the charms of convivial and ordinary converſation were not, perhaps, to be expected among men, whoſe learning, or importance in the ſtate, made it unneceſſary for them to cultivate the leſſer accompliſhments of life; and that I muſt look for them in the company of the *gay*, whoſe minds, unbent from ſerious and important occupations, had leiſure to ſport themſelves in the regions of wit and humour, and to communicate the livelineſs of their fancy to the ſociety around them. I found it no difficult matter to be admitted to a party of this kind; I was introduced, at a public place, to a gentleman, who, I was told, was a man of faſhion, and of the world, and was by him invited to a *petit ſouper*, where I underſtood I ſhould meet with ſome of the livelieſt and moſt entertaining companions of both ſexes.

Of the converſation at this houſe I would give an account if I were able; but ſo many talked at once, ſo various and deſultory were the ſubjects on which they talked, and ſo unintelligibly faſhionable were many of the phraſes which they uſed,

uſed, that I am altogether unqualified to abridge or analyſe it. I find, Sir, there is a jargon among people of faſhion as well as among the ſchoolmen they deride, and that it requires initiation into the myſteries of the one as well as of the other, to be able to comprehend or to reliſh their diſcourſe. Converſation, however, was ſoon put an end to by the introduction of cards, when I found a perfect equality of underſtanding and of importance. At length ſupper was announced at a very late hour, and with it entered a gentleman, who, I was informed, poſſeſſed an infinite fund of humour, and for whoſe appearance I had been made to look, for ſome time, with impatience.

The ſuperiority of his talents for converſation ſeemed, indeed, to be acknowledged; for he was allowed to talk almoſt unceaſingly, with very little interruption from any other perſon. After a few glaſſes, he was prevailed on to ſing one very innocent ſong; a few more emboldened him to ſing another a little more free; and, juſt before the ſecond bottle was called for, he took off a Methodiſt preacher with great applauſe.

The ladies now retired. I had fancied that in the companies of the two former days, the want of their ſociety had deprived us of the eaſe and gaiety of diſcourſe. But here the removal of the female members of the party ſeemed to have a contrary effect from what my concluſion

would have warranted. I diſcovered a ſmile of ſatisfaction in the countenances of moſt of the gueſts when the ladies were gone. Several of them, who had not uttered a ſyllable before, were eloquent now, though, indeed, the ſubject was neither abſtruſe nor delicate. The wit was called on for another ſong, and he gave us one perfectly *maſculine*. This was followed by ſeveral jocular ſtories, and burleſque exhibitions, moſt of which were in perfect uniſon with that tone which the abſence of the ladies had allowed the company to aſſume. The jeſts were not ſuch as I can repeat; one fancy, however, I recollect, of which, I think, a better uſe may be made than its author intended. "Suppoſe," ſaid he, "our words left their marks on the "walls, like claret ſpilt on a ſmooth table, how "confounded the women would look when "they next entered the room!" For my part, I have ſo much reverence for a woman of honour, as to hold ſacred even the place ſhe has occupied, and cannot eaſily bear its immediate profanation by obſcenity. I therefore took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing, which I was the more willing to do, as I found our wit poſſeſſed, in truth, only a chime of buffoonery, which, when he had rung out, he was forced to ſubſtitute the bottle in its place, the laſt joke he uttered being a reproof to our landlord for not puſhing it about.

Now,

Now, Mr. MIRROR, I muſt beg of you, or ſome of your well-inſtructed Correſpondents, to inform me, if in all, or any of thoſe three ſocieties, I was really and truly in *good company;* as I confeſs I have entertained ſome doubts of their deſerving that name. Theſe, however, are probably the effects of ignorance, and a bookiſh education, in which I am very willing to be corrected from proper authority.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

V

N° 65. TUESDAY, *December* 21, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE polite reception you have given to letters from ſeveral perſons of my ſex, emboldens me to addreſs myſelf to you, and to lay before you a kind of diſtreſs, of which neither you, nor any of your predeceſſors, as far as I can recollect, have taken notice. It is, I believe, more common in this part of the united kingdom than in *England*. That circumſtance may, perhaps, account for its being overlooked by the writers of both countries; in the one caſe, from its being almoſt unknown, and in the other, from its being ſo common, that it has ceaſed to make any impreſſion.

What I allude to, will be beſt underſtood from a ſhort account I ſhall take the liberty to give of myſelf.

My father was a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, and, what he valued more, was deſcended from a very ancient family. In the earlier part of his life he had lived much abroad, and in conſequence, I believe, of an attachment

ment to the houſe of *Stewart*, had ſerved ſome years in the *French* army. Theſe circumſtances, perhaps, contributed to increaſe his veneration for noble blood and old families.—Soon after he returned to his native country, he married Lady S—— D—— only daughter of the Earl of ——, a woman who was juſtly deemed an ornament to her ſex. She died before I had finiſhed my ſixth year, leaving one ſon, about two years younger than myſelf.

My father, a man of warm affections and ſtrong paſſions, ſeemed to exiſt but in her children. But for us, I have often heard him ſay, he could not have ſubmitted to live. To our education he dedicated the whole of his time. My brother, whom he conſidered as the laſt ſtay of his family, he wiſhed to render a worthy repreſentative of it. Nor were his pains thrown away; for never was there a more engaging youth; and every year ſeemed to add ſome new grace to his form, and ſome new accompliſhment to his mind.

To me my father was all indulgence. He ſeemed to watch my wiſhes, in order to gratify them, before I could give them utterance. It was his chief deſire to ſee me excel in every polite and faſhionable accompliſhment; and the education he gave me was proportionably elegant and expenſive.

Soon

Soon after I had entered my twentieth year, my father was ſeized with a violent fit of illneſs. My brother, who was then at college, was immediately called home. My father lived but to ſee him; all he had power to ſay was to recommend me to his protection. "In you, "*William*," ſaid the good old man, "*Sophia* "will find a father, a brother, and a friend. "Without encumbering the family-eſtate, I "could make no ſuitable ſettlements on her; "but this gives me no uneaſineſs, when I reflect "on your virtues, and your attachment to your "ſiſter."

My brother, whoſe diſpoſitions were all gentle and amiable, was much moved with this ſcene. After our father's death, his behaviour to me was full of attention and affection. He regretted that he was not of an age to make ſuch ſettlements as would render me independent. "But "why," would he add, "ſhould I regret it?— "is not my fortune yours? as ſuch I muſt inſiſt "that you will ever conſider it."

In a few months my brother ſet out on his travels. Our parting was full of tenderneſs, and his letters from abroad breathed the warmeſt ſentiments of friendſhip and of affection. After the common tour of *France*, *Italy*, and *Germany*, he went to *Spa*, with an intention to paſs ſome weeks there, and then return to his native country. At *Spa* he met with the ſiſter of Lord

——,

——, who ſoon engaged his affections ſo completely, that he offered her his hand. The marriage was ſpeedily concluded; and ſoon after my brother and his wife arrived at his ſeat in ——, where I had reſided almoſt conſtantly ever ſince he had gone abroad.

The looks and appearance of the lady prepoſſeſſed me ſtrongly in her favour. She was beautiful almoſt beyond any thing I had ever ſeen; and though, perhaps, there was not in her countenance any expreſſion ſtrongly marked, there was, nevertheleſs, a gentleneſs and a ſweetneſs in her whole deportment, joined with an elegance of manners, that could not fail to pleaſe every beholder. I obſerved, with pleaſure, my brother's ſtrong attachment to her, which, if poſſible, ſeemed daily to increaſe; and I could not find fault with my little want of attention to myſelf, when I ſaw that it proceeded from ſo amiable a motive, from affection to a lovely woman, to whom he was for ever united, and on whoſe happineſs his own was for ever to depend.

It was my wiſh to live with my ſiſter-in-law in terms of the ſtricteſt friendſhip; but, with all my partiality in her favour, I could not help obſerving, that I made little progreſs in obtaining any ſhare of her confidence. Always polite and well-bred, it is true, but with a coldneſs that chilled every approach to openneſs, and every attempt to that freedom which is the trueſt

mark

mark of genuine friendſhip. For a while I thought that this might proceed from a reſerved temper, ſometimes to be found united with the beſt diſpoſitions. But when I came to be more thoroughly acquainted with her character, I found that her mind was equally incapable of friendſhip as of love. Alive only to emotions of vanity, and the pleaſure of admiration, ſhe was dead to every other ſenſation. How often have I ſeen her prefer the applauſe of the meaneſt and moſt contemptible of mankind, whom ſhe herſelf deſpiſed, to the happineſs of a man who doated on her to diſtraction, and to whom ſhe was bound by every tie of gratitude and duty!

I was at the utmoſt pains to conceal, both from her and my brother, the alteration in my ſentiments which this diſcovery had produced; and I was not without hopes, that her natural good ſenſe (for of ſenſe ſhe was by no means deſtitute) would, in time, prevail over this childiſh vanity, which made her appear in ſo ridiculous a light. It is, however, perhaps impoſſible to live long with a perſon of whom we have conceived a mean or unfavourable opinion, without betraying it; or, what in effect is much the ſame, ſuppoſing that we have betrayed it. Whether ſhe really perceived any alteration in my opinion of her, I cannot poſitively ſay; but I thought her behaviour looked as if ſhe had, and that ſhe conſidered my preſence

ſence as a reſtraint upon her. This idea, once awakened, the moſt trivial incidents ſerved to confirm. I found my ſituation become daily more and more diſagreeable, and I had already begun to think of quitting my brother's houſe, when my ſiſter-in-law brought things to a criſis, by informing me that ſhe and Mr. *M*—— (naming my brother) intended to paſs the enſuing winter at *London;* adding, with an air of the moſt finiſhed politeneſs, "that, as ſhe wiſh-"ed to keep up a conſtant correſpondence with "me during her abſence, ſhe would be glad to "know how to addreſs her letters." It is not eaſy to deſcribe what paſſed in my mind on this occaſion. I took, however, my reſolution at once, and determined to quit, for ever, the family of a brother, whom, from my earlieſt infancy, I had been accuſtomed to love and to eſteem.

When I communicated my intentions to him, he ſeemed embarraſſed, and, with a faultering voice, muttered ſomething of his regret —— of his wiſhes that I ſhould remain in his family; but it was in a manner too irreſolute to have ſhaken a purpoſe much leſs decided than mine.

It is now ten years ſince I quitted my brother's houſe, and took up my abode in a paltry lodging in this city, where the intereſt of the ſmall proviſion left me by my father, is juſt ſufficient to furniſh the neceſſaries of life to myſelf and a female domeſtic, who had lived long in

in my father's family, and inſiſted on attending me. As to money-matters, my brother, I am perſuaded, would have been very deſirous to make me more comfortable; but I had too high a ſpirit to communicate my wants to him. Beſides, I found that the expenſive line of life he had got into, did not leave it much in his power to indulge his feelings of generoſity.

For ſome years I found my ſituation extremely unpleaſant. Accuſtomed as I had been to a ſtate of eaſe and affluence, and to all the pleaſures of an elegant ſociety, it was not eaſy for me to ſubmit, at once, to poverty, neglect, and ſolitude. The power of habit has however at length, in ſome meaſure, reconciled me to my fate. I can now look with indifference on the pleaſures and purſuits of the world; and, notwithſtanding the chagrin that is commonly ſuppoſed to attend perſons in my condition, I have ſtill ſo much philanthropy as to wiſh that you would employ a paper in repreſenting the cruelty and injuſtice of educating a girl in luxury and elegance, and then leaving her expoſed to all the hardſhips of poverty and neglect. I am, &c.

S. M.

N° 66. SATURDAY, *December* 25, 1779.

AMIDST all my veneration for *Shakeſpeare*, I have been often obliged to confeſs that there were paſſages in his works, the meaning of which I could not underſtand; and of others I have ſometimes ventured to doubt if they were ſtrictly in Nature. Of this laſt ſort is the celebrated ſcene in *Richard the Third*, where that artful uſurper firſt mollifies the reſentment, and then gains upon the affections, of the unfortunate *Lady Anne*. The following piece of criticiſm on that ſcene has been ſent me by a Correſpondent, from whom, if I miſtake not, I have formerly received ſeveral ingenious communications.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

FEW of *Shakeſpeare*'s tragedies have obtained higher reputation than *The Life and Death of Richard the Third;* yet, like every other performance of this wonderful poet, it contains ſeveral paſſages that can hardly admit of apology.

Of this kind are the inſtances it affords us of vulgarity, and even indecency of expreſſion.

At the ſame time, in cenſuring *Shakeſpeare*, we ought to proceed with peculiar caution; for, on many occaſions, thoſe paſſages which, on a curſory view, may be reckoned blemiſhes, on a cloſer examination, will appear very different, and even lay claim to conſiderable excellence. In his imitations of Nature he is ſo very bold, and ſo different from other poets, that what is daring, is often, in a moment of ſlight attention, deemed improbable; and what is extraordinary, is too raſhly pronounced abſurd. Of this, in the work above mentioned, the ſtrange love-ſcene between *Richard* and *Lady Anne*, the widow of Prince *Edward Plantagenet*, affords a ſtriking example. It ſeems, indeed, altogether unnatural that *Richard*, deformed and hideous as the poet repreſents him, ſhould offer himſelf a ſuitor to the widow of an excellent young prince whom he had murdered, at the very time ſhe is attending the funeral of her father-in-law, whom he had alſo ſlain, and while ſhe is expreſſing the moſt bitter hatred againſt the author of her misfortune. But, in attending cloſely to the progreſs of the dialogue, the ſeeming extravagance of the picture will be ſoftened or removed: we ſhall find ourſelves more intereſted in the event, and more aſtoniſhed at the bold ability of *Richard*, than moved

with

with abhorrence of his ſhameleſs effrontery, or offended with the improbability of the ſituation. When a poet, like *Shakeſpeare*, can carry us along by the power of amazement, by daring diſplays of Nature, and, by the influence of feelings altogether unuſual, but full of reſiſtleſs energy, his ſeeming departure from probability only contributes to our admiration; and the emotions, excited by his extravagance, loſing the effect which, from an inferior poet, they would have cauſed, add to the general feelings of pleaſure which the ſcene produces.

In conſidering the ſcene before us, it is neceſſary that we keep in view the character of *Lady Anne*. The outlines are given us in her own converſation; but we ſee it more completely finiſhed and filled up, indirectly indeed, but not leſs diſtinctly, in the conduct of *Richard*. She is repreſented of a mind altogether frivolous, the prey of vanity, her prevailing, overruling paſſion; ſuſceptible, however, of every feeling and emotion, and, while they laſt, ſincere in their expreſſion, but hardly capable of diſtinguiſhing the propriety of one more than another; or, if able to employ ſuch diſcernment, totally unaccuſtomed, and unable, to obey her moral faculty as a principle of action; and thus expoſed alike to the authority of good or bad impreſſions. There are ſuch characters; perſons of great ſenſibility, of great ſincerity,

but of no rational or ſteady virtue, produced or ſtrengthened by reflection, and conſequently of no conſiſtency of conduct.

Richard, in his management of *Lady Anne*, having in view the accompliſhment of his own ambitious deſigns, addreſſes her with the moſt perfect knowledge of her diſpoſition. He knows that her feelings are violent; that they have no foundation in ſteady determined principles of conduct; that violent feelings are ſoon exhauſted; and that the undecided mind, without choice or active ſenſe of propriety, is equally acceſſible to the next that occur. He knows, too, that thoſe impreſſions will be moſt fondly cheriſhed, which are moſt a-kin to the ruling paſſion; and that, in *Lady Anne*, vanity bears abſolute ſway. All that he has to do, then, is to ſuffer the violence of one emotion to paſs away, and then, as ſkilfully as poſſible, to bring another more ſuited to his deſigns, and the complexion of her character, into its place. Thus he not only diſcovers much diſcernment of human nature, but alſo great command of temper, and great dexterity of conduct.

In order, as ſoon as poſſible, to exhauſt her temporary reſentment, for ſhe expreſſes reſentment rather than grief in her lamentation for *Henry*, it is neceſſary that it be exaſperated to its fierceſt extreme. Accordingly *Richard*, breaking in abruptly upon the funeral proceſſion, inflames

flames and provokes her anger. He perſiſts in his plan; appears cool and unconcerned at her abuſe; and thus urges her to vent the rage and vehemence of her emotion in rude invectives and imprecations.

O God, which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death!
O Earth, which this blood drink'ſt, revenge his death! &c.

All this is general: but, before the vehemence of her wrath can be entirely removed, ſhe muſt bring home to her fancy every aggravating circumſtance, and muſt aſcertain the particular wrongs ſhe has ſuffered. After this operation of her mind, and that ſhe has expreſſed the conſequent feelings, ſhe has no longer any topics or food for anger, and the paſſions will, of courſe, ſubſide. *Richard*, for this purpoſe, pretends to juſtify or extenuate his offences; and thus, by advancing into view, inſtead of concealing his enormities, he overcomes the reſentment of *Lady Anne*. To this effect alſo, his aſſumed appearance of candour will readily contribute:

Glo. Vouchſafe, divine perfection of a woman!
Of thoſe ſuppoſed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit myſelf, &c.
Anne. Did'ſt thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Doſt grant me, hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou mayſt be damned for that wicked deed, &c.

Here alſo we may obſerve his application of thoſe flatteries, which, if they cannot take effect in the preſent moment, otherwiſe than to give higher provocation; yet, when her wrath ſubſides, their recollection will operate in a different tendency, and aſſiſt in working upon that vanity by which he will compaſs his deſign.

It was not alone ſufficient to provoke her anger and reſentment to the utmoſt, in order that they might immediately ſubſide; but, by alleging plauſible reaſons for change of ſentiment, to aſſiſt them in their decline. Though *Lady Anne* poſſeſſes no decided, determined virtue, yet her moral nature, unimproved as it appears, would diſcern impropriety in her ſuddenly acquieſcing in the views of *Richard*, would ſuggeſt ſcruples, and produce heſitation. Now, in order to prevent the effect of theſe, it was neceſſary to aid the mind in finding ſubterfuge or excuſe, and thus aſſiſt her in the eaſy buſineſs of impoſing upon herſelf. Her ſeducer, accordingly, endeavours to gloſs his conduct, and repreſents his actions as leſs criminal than ſhe at firſt apprehended.

Glo. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall to ſomething of a ſlower method;
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurs'd effect,
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect, &c.

In

In theſe lines, beſide a confirmation of the foregoing remark, and an illuſtration of *Richard*'s perſevering flattery, there are two circumſtances that mark great delicacy and fineneſs of painting in *Shakeſpeare*'s execution of this excellent ſcene. The reſentment of *Lady Anne* is ſo far exhauſted, that her converſation, inſtead of impetuous, continued invective, aſſuming the more patient and mitigated form of dialogue, is not ſo expreſſive of violent paſſion, as it denotes the deſire of victory in a ſmart diſpute, and becomes merely "a keen encounter of wits." The other thing to be obſerved is, that *Richard*, inſtead of ſpecifying her huſband and father-in-law in terms denoting theſe relations, falls in with the ſubſiding ſtate of her affections towards them; and, uſing expreſſions of great indifference, ſpeaks to her of "thoſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*."

Lady Anne having liſtened to the converſation of *Richard*, after the firſt tranſport of her wrath, occaſioned by the death of the *Plantagenets*, ſhewed, that the real force of the paſſion had ſuffered abatement; and, by liſtening to his exculpation, it ſeems entirely ſubdued. In all this, the art of the poet is eminent, and the ſkill he aſcribes to *Richard* profound. Though the crafty ſeducer attempts to juſtify his conduct to *Lady Anne*, he does not ſeek to convince her underſtanding, for ſhe had no underſtanding worth the pains of convincing, but to afford her ſome

pretence and opportunity of giving vent to her emotion. When this effect is produced, he proceeds to ſubſtitute ſome regard for himſelf in its place. As we have already obſerved, he has been taking meaſures for this purpoſe in every thing he has ſaid; and, by ſoothing expreſſions of adulation, during the courſe of her anger, he was gradually preparing her mind for the more pleaſing, but not leſs powerful, dominion of vanity. In the foregoing lines, and in what follows, he ventures a declaration of the paſſion he pretends to entertain for her: yet he does this indirectly, as ſuggeſted by the progreſs of their argument, and as a reaſon for thoſe parts of of his conduct that ſeem ſo heinous:

> Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect;
> Your beauty, that doth haunt me in my ſleep, &c.

Richard was well aware that a declaration of love from him would, of courſe, renew her indignation. He accordingly manages her mind in ſuch a manner as to correct the violence of her anger, by ſuggeſting the idea of his paſſion, when he firſt mentions it, in terms more playful than ſerious; and, afterwards, when he announces it more ſeriouſly, by an indirect and ſeeming accidental declaration. Still, however, with all theſe precautions to introduce the thought in a familiar and eaſy manner, he is aware of her diſpleaſure. Here, therefore, as

in

in the former part of the ſcene, he muſt depend on his command of temper, and, on the ſame means, of artfully irritating her emotion till it entirely ſubſides. Accordingly, perſiſting in his adulation, he incenſes her anger to its utmoſt extreme: and, finally, by varying the attitude of his flatteries, by aſſuming an humble and ſuppliant addreſs, he ſubdues her ſoul to the dominion of guilty vanity.——In the cloſe of the dialogue, we may trace diſtinctly the decline of her emotion. It follows the ſame courſe as the paſſion ſhe expreſſes at the beginning of the ſcene. She is at firſt violent; becomes more violent; her paſſion ſubſides; yet ſome ideas of propriety wandering acroſs her mind, ſhe makes an effort to recal her reſentment: the effort is feeble; it amounts to no more than to expreſs contempt in her aſpect; it is baffled by a new attitude of adulation; and, by a pretended indirect appeal to her compaſſion, ſhe is totally vanquiſhed.

Through the whole of this ſcene, our abhorrence, our diſguſt and contempt, excited by cruelty, falſehood, meanneſs, and inſignificance of mind, are ſo counterbalanced by the feelings that ariſe on the view of ability, ſelf-poſſeſſion, knowledge of character, and the maſterly diſplay of human nature, as that, inſtead of impairing, they rather contribute force to the general ſenſation of pleaſure. The conduct of

Richard

Richard towards a character of more determined virtue, or of more ſtubborn paſſions, would have been abſurd: towards *Lady Anne* it was natural, and attended with that ſucceſs, which it was calculated to obtain.

N° 67. TUESDAY, *December* 28, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR predeceſſor, *The Spectator*, uſed to be conſulted in caſes of difficulty. I know not if you, Mr. MIRROR, ſet up on the ſame footing. I am reſolved, however, to try; and, although you ſhould refuſe to preſcribe, I ſhall at leaſt have the ſatisfaction of communicating my diſtreſs.

I am between the age of a young man, and what the ladies call an old batchelor, not many years under forty, of no inconſiderable family, with an opulent fortune. I was educated like moſt other young heirs, that is, very indifferently. My teachers, it is true, were eminent in their different branches. My father obliged me

me to give regular attendance to their inſtructions; but another part of the family ſeemed to think the reſtraint I was kept in too ſevere. The knowledge of this encouraged my want of attention at the time, though the recollection has, of late, given me much regret. I ſucceeded to my fortune at the age of eighteen, and engaged deeply in thoſe purſuits which are ſtigmatiſed with the name of vices, by thoſe who are unable to attain them. Having run on in the uſual career, I became tired with the ſameneſs and inſipidity of the ſcenes in which I had ſo often been a ſpectator, or an actor. I began to look on my conduct as bordering on the contemptible, and wiſhed to change it for ſomething more rational and reſpectable. I wiſhed to change it while I had a ſound conſtitution, which I owed to Nature, and an unimpaired fortune, which I owed to a ſpirit of independence, inſtilled by a worthy father, from whoſe counſels and example I ought never to have departed. The good effects of theſe, if not wholly obliterated, have at leaſt been long obſcured by intemperance and diſſipation.

A man who, from being idle and diſſipated, becomes ſober and regular in his conduct, is immediately marked out for marriage by his former companions. Mine certainly thought of it for me long before I did for myſelf. Many of my relations ſeemed to entertain the ſame opinion. They

They had long wiſhed me to marry, to prevent a conſiderable part of my fortune from going to a worthleſs and diſtant relation; and ſhowed ſo much ſatisfaction at my ſuppoſed reſolution, that I adopted it in earneſt.

You, who ſet up for an inſtructor, are, I preſume, better acquainted with the world than to imagine that I would firſt turn my views to thoſe young ladies with whom I was moſt intimately acquainted, and in whoſe ſociety I had paſſed a conſiderable part of my time. The giddy and frivolous purſuits in which I ſaw them conſtantly engaged, left no room for that domeſtic tenderneſs which I looked for in a wife. The gloſs of faſhion might ſuffice for the tranſient intercourſe of gaiety; but ſome more intrinſic excellence was neceſſary to fix an attachment for life.

I reſolved, therefore, to pay my addreſſes only to young ladies who had received a leſs public education; and with that view I determined to cultivate an acquaintance in thoſe families that were moſt remarkable for their prudence and moderation. I now began to look upon it as not one of the leaſt misfortunes attending a young man in the faſhionable world, that he is, in ſome degree, excluded from the opportunity of forming connections with the beſt and moſt virtuous of the other ſex at an early period of life, while the warm feelings of benevolence

benevolence remain unblunted by thoſe artificial manners, the conſequences of which to ſociety go near to overbalance the advantages ariſing from the refinements that produce them.

In the courſe of my reſearches I became acquainted with *Neriſſa*, an only daughter, who had been educated under the eye of a mother famed for her prudence and œconomy. She was at this time about twenty; though not a perfect beauty, ſhe was agreeable, with an air of ſimplicity that is always engaging. Her converſation was ſenſible, and her eaſe of manner, and the facility with which ſhe expreſſed herſelf, aſtoniſhed me in one who had had ſo little intercourſe with the world; but *Neriſſa*'s converſation furniſhed not one generous ſentiment. The tear of compaſſion never ſtarted in her eye at a tale of ſorrow; nor did the glow of pleaſure ever ſparkle in her countenance at the ſucceſs of merit. In the ſociety in which I had lived, ſelf-gratification ſeemed to be the ſtudy of every individual, without giving the leaſt attention to the pleaſure and enjoyment of others. It was only the outward conduct of *Neriſſa* that was different; her diſpoſition was the ſame; and, as I had reſolved to be attentive to the happineſs of a wife, I wiſhed not to chuſe one who would be regardleſs of that of a huſband. We were not ſuited to each other; the only objects of *Neriſſa* were rank and fortune; ſhe has ſince attained

her wiſhes, having been lately married to a title and a ſettlement.

I next became acquainted in the houſe of Sir *George Edwin*, a man of very moderate fortune, who had lived ſome years in town for the education of his family. With Sir *George* I had but little intercourſe, though he too was a man of the world; but he moved in an inferior ſphere, his pleaſures being chiefly confined to the bottle. He had three daughters, of whom I had that ſort of acquaintance one neceſſarily acquires in a narrow country like this, by meeting frequently at places of public reſort, as well as at private entertainments; but as they were always attended by their mother Lady *Edwin*, a grave matron, ſhe never permitted them to engage in thoſe familiar parties, amongſt whom, or at the tavern, I generally paſſed my evenings.

The Miſs *Edwins* were juſtly eſteemed handſome; their manners were eaſy, not elegant; their converſation was, for the moſt part, confined to the occurrences of the day, and never went farther than obſervations on the laſt ball or the laſt dinner. Theſe they were ſo eager to communicate, that they commonly ſpoke all at once, each of them afraid, no doubt, leſt her ſiſter ſhould have the merit of her important diſcoveries. The only object of the mother ſeemed to be to get her girls well married. For this purpoſe ſhe had truſted entirely to the external

ternal accompliſhments of their perſons, and thoſe little arts which experienced matrons know well how to uſe, to entrap the amorous and unwary. I hope ſhe will ſucceed; the Miſs *Edwins* appear to be good ſort of girls, and will, I have no doubt, make excellent wives to ſome honeſt country ſquire, or ſome plodding man of buſineſs, who has no other idea of a wife than as a breeder or a houſe-keeper. Lady *Edwin* ſays, ſhe is an excellent œconomiſt, and her daughters have had the benefit of her example.

In the houſe of Sir *George Edwin* I firſt heard of *Cordelia*, and not much to her advantage. This, for cenſure will often defeat its purpoſe, gave me a ſtrong deſire to be acquainted with her. I ſoon learned that ſhe was an only daughter; that ſhe was now in her twenty-ſecond year; that her father died when ſhe was a child, leaving her a handſome fortune, which, being placed in the hands of a relation in the mercantile line, was ſo much impaired by his failure, that her mother found it neceſſary to cut ſhort her plan of a faſhionable and expenſive education, and to take the chief care of her daughter's inſtruction upon herſelf. They had lived together in a decent retirement for five or ſix years, except a few months which they paſſed in town every winter, with the only one of their opulent relations who received them with the ſame affection as in their proſperity.

Cordelia

Cordelia and her mother were upon one of these annual visits when I was introduced to her. I will not pretend to describe the sensations I then felt, nor the "mind illumined face" that produced them; from that moment I was unhappy but in her company, and found in her conversation that elegance of mind, that cheerful sweetness and sensibility of temper, which was diffused upon her countenance. I rejoiced at that rank and fortune of which I was possessed, as giving me the power of making *Cordelia* happy, and of raising her to a station less unworthy her distinguished merit and accomplishments. The lady with whom she lived gave me every opportunity I could wish of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance, and shewing the sincerity of my attachment; nor did her mother seem averse to the connection, though there was, at times, an anxious solicitude in her countenance at those approaches to the familiarity which I had been accustomed to indulge, both in manner and conversation, among my female acquaintance; a habit which the sincerity of my passion for *Cordelia* could not, at all times, repress. *Cordelia* herself always received me with affability; and, though I could not pretend to discover any partiality in my favour, I attributed this to her compliance with the cautious prudence of a mother, which would be removed by an open declaration

declaration of my attachment, and a propoſal of marriage in form.

Deſirous to intereſt the mother in my favour, I made my firſt application to her, convinced that ſhe could not heſitate to approve of a match which was ſo favourable in point of fortune. Contrary to my hopes, ſhe at once referred me to her daughter, with an obſervation, in which there was more truth than politeneſs: "That, "being the perſon principally intereſted, ſhe was the firſt to be applied to." Having endeavoured to make an apology for this part of my conduct, of which a better notion of female delicacy than was to be acquired among my former companions had taught me the impropriety, I was ſhewn into *Cordelia*'s dreſſing room; where, after a ſhort pauſe, I entered on the purpoſe of my viſit, and made offer of myſelf and fortune, with all the ardour which the ſtrength and ſincerity of my paſſion inſpired, and with all the attention that was due to her beauty and accompliſhments. She heard me not without emotion; and, as ſhe ſeemed unable to give an immediate anſwer, I interpreted her ſilence favourably; and ſeizing her hand, preſſed my ſuit with all the earneſtneſs of which I was capable. She ſoon recovered her tranquillity, and withdrawing her hand, anſwered with her uſual unaffected modeſty, but with a firmneſs I had

never before obſerved, " That ſhe was obliged " to me for my favourable opinion ; but as our " affections were not in our power, and as the " mode of life to which I had been accuſtomed " was little ſuited to her inclinations, or to " create that reſpect for the ſex which ſhe hoped " to find in a huſband, it was impoſſible I could " ever be her's." In vain did I join with her in blaming my paſt conduct; in vain did I aſſure her of the ſettled purpoſe I had formed to alter my mode of life ; that I had actually done ſo; that as all my wiſhes were centered in an union with her, it ſhould be the future buſineſs of my life to promote her happineſs. She remained inflexible ; ſhe doubted not, ſhe ſaid, the ſincerity of my intentions; but her reſolution was taken ; and ſhe repeatedly aſſured me, that her motives made it unalterable. Some of the family coming in, I retired in a ſtate of mind which I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe.

This incident, Mr. MIRROR, has made me look into myſelf, into my paſt conduct, and into the errors or misfortunes, call them by what name you pleaſe, which have been the chief cauſe of my preſent anxiety and uneaſineſs. That I was the heir of an opulent fortune, was no fault of mine; neither can I be anſwerable for having ſucceeded to it at the early age of eighteen, when the paſſions were contending for gratification, when the means were in my power,

power, and novelty heightened the enjoyment. The ſocieties I frequented were compoſed of the firſt names of the kingdom, both for rank and fortune; our knowledge of men was not confined to the narrow circle of our own country; we were acquainted with the faces of the principal potentates of *Europe*, and with thoſe of many of their miniſters; we could diſcourſe of muſic and painting in the language of a connoiſſeur, and re-echo the opinions we had heard of the moſt celebrated ſingers of *Florence*, *Naples*, and *Rome*. Was I to blame for accommodating myſelf to the eſtabliſhed manners of my country, in that rank of life to which I belonged? Even the attention that was paid to my education, before the death of an excellent father, has been a ſource of misfortune; it can only be from the impreſſions I then received, that I acquired a confuſed idea of a conduct more becoming a being who found himſelf capable of reaſoning and reflection. This idea often obtruded itſelf in the hours of languor and inactivity, and ſometimes even embittered the cup of enjoyment. Reſtrained, for a time, by thoſe habits which remain after the paſſions that produced them are extinguiſhed, I at laſt found means to break the charm, and to form plans of rational and domeſtic enjoyment. Diſappointed in theſe, I feel the moſt poignant regret that I was not born a younger brother, and compelled to ſeek that diſtinction

from merit which I enjoyed from fortune; or that my father had not allowed me to remain equally ignorant and uncultivated as the generality of my companions, whose affections centre in themselves, whose ambition consists in frequenting the *best* company, and whose knowledge is confined to the kitchen or the gaming-table. Displeased with myself, disgusted with the world, and rejected by *Cordelia*, I am preparing to sink at once into retirement and oblivion. What my occupations are to be, I know not; an hundred schemes have been formed and rejected. If it be in your power to suggest any thing I can steadily adhere to, and which will make me less contemptible in my own eyes, you will do good to one; but if you can exhibit in your mirror a preventative to the errors by which I have been undone, you may do good to thousands.

I am, &c.

LORENZO.

N° 68. SATURDAY, *January* 1, 1780.

I can make ſpeeches in the ſenate too, Nacky.
OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERV'D.

ONE morning, during my late viſit to Mr. *Umphraville*, as that gentleman, his ſiſter, and I, were ſitting at breakfaſt, my old friend *John* came in, and delivered a ſealed card to his maſter. After putting on his ſpectacles, and reading it with attention, "Ay," ſaid *Umphraville*, "this is one of your modern improve-
"ments. I remember the time when one neigh-
"bour could have gone to dine with another
"without any fuſs or ceremony; but now,
"forſooth, you muſt announce your intention
"ſo many days before; and, by and by, I ſup-
"poſe, the intercourſe between two country-
"gentlemen will be carried on with the ſame
"ſtiffneſs of ceremonial that prevails among
"your little *German* princes. Siſter, you muſt
"prepare a feaſt on *Thurſday*; Colonel *Plum*
"ſays, he intends to have the honour of waiting
"on us." "Brother," replied Miſs *Umphraville*,
"you know we don't deal in giving feaſts; but
"if Colonel *Plum* can dine on a plain dinner,
"without his foreign diſhes and *French* ſauces,
"I can promiſe him a bit of good mutton,
"and hearty welcome."

On the day appointed, Colonel *Plum* arrived, and, along with him, the gay, the ſprightly, Sir *Bobby Button*, who had poſted down to the country to enjoy two days ſhooting at Colonel *Plum*'s, where he arrived juſt as that gentleman was ſetting out for Mr. *Umphraville*'s. Sir *Bobby*, always eaſy, and who, in every ſociety, is the ſame, proteſted againſt the *Colonel*'s putting off his viſit, and declared he would be happy to attend him.

Though I had but little knowledge of Sir *Bobby*, I was perfectly acquainted with his character; but to *Umphraville* he was altogether unknown, and I promiſed myſelf ſome amuſement from the contraſt of two perſons ſo oppoſite in ſentiments, in manner, and in opinions. When he was preſented, I obſerved *Umphraville* ſomewhat ſtruck with his dreſs and figure; in both of which, it muſt be owned, he reſembled a monkey of a larger ſize. Sir *Bobby*, however, did not allow him much time to contemplate his external appearance; for he immediately, without any preparation or apology, began to attack the old gentleman on the bad taſte of his houſe, and of every thing about it. "Why the devil," ſaid he, "don't you enlarge your windows, "and cut down thoſe damned hedges and trees "that ſpoil your lawn ſo miſerably? If you "would allow me, I would undertake, in a "week's time, to give you a clever place. This

"is

" is, for all the world, juſt ſuch a *chateau*, as " my friend Lord —— (you know Lord ——, " the fineſt fellow on earth) ſucceeded to laſt " year by the death of an uncle, a queer old " prig, who had lived locked up in his caſtle " for half a century:—he died damned rich " though; and as ſoon as Lord —— knew for " certain that his breath was out, he and I went " down to take poſſeſſion; and in a ſtrange " condition, to be ſure, we found things; but, " in leſs than a month, we turned all *topſy-turvy*, " and it is now in the way of being as fine a " place as any in *England*."—To this *Umphraville* made no anſwer; and indeed the Baronet was ſo fond of hearing himſelf talk, and chattered away at ſuch a rate, that he neither ſeemed to deſire nor to expect an anſwer.

On Miſs *Umphraville*'s coming in, he addreſſed himſelf to her; and, after diſplaying his dreſs, and explaining ſome particulars with regard to it, he began to entertain her with an account of the gallantries in which he had been engaged the preceding winter in *London*. He talked as if no woman could reſiſt his perſuaſive addreſs and elegant figure—as if *London* were one great ſeraglio, and he himſelf the mighty maſter of it.—This topic he was ſo fond of, that he enlarged upon it after Miſs *Umphraville* had retired, and uſed a *groſſiereté* of expreſſion in his deſcriptions, which, of late, has been very much

affected by our *fine gentlemen;* but which ſhocked *Umphraville*, to whom it was altogether new, and who has ever entertained the higheſt veneration for the ſex.

To put an end to this converſation, Colonel *Plum*, who ſeemed to be tired of it, as we were, mentioned the very ſingular ſituation this country was in when the combined fleets of *France* and *Spain* lay off *Plymouth;* and took occaſion to obſerve, that if our fleet ſhould be vanquiſhed, if our *wooden walls* ſhould fail us, he was afraid our country, thus laid open to the invaſion of thoſe hoſtile powers, could not eaſily reſiſt their force. *Umphraville* entertained a very different opinion. He ſaid, that a naval force might perhaps be neceſſary to maintain and defend an extenſive foreign commerce; but he did not ſee, how it was at all connected with the internal defence of a ſtate, or why a nation might not be reſpectable, both at home and abroad, without any great fleet? "Were the "*Engliſh*," ſaid he, "indebted to their *wooden* "*walls* for the victory of *Creſſy*, of *Poictiers*, and "of *Agincourt?* Was it by a naval force that the "great *Guſtavus* was enabled to take ſo deciſive "a part in the affairs of *Europe*, and to render "the power of *Sweden* ſo reſpectable? Is it by "ſhips that the brave *Swiſs* have defended their "liberties for ſo many ages? What fleets did "our own country poſſeſs, while ſhe boldly

"maintained

" maintained her independence, for ſo many " centuries, againſt the conſtant and unremitted " attacks of *England?* Did we poſſeſs a ſingle " ſhip of force, when the gallant *Bruce* almoſt " annihilated the power of *England* on the field " of *Bannockburn?* Believe me, gentlemen," continued he, " it is not an eaſy matter to ſub- " due a free people fighting for their country. " In ſuch a cauſe every man would ſtand forth. " Old as I am, I would not heſitate a moment " to draw my ſword againſt our foes, ſhould " they ever be deſperate enough to make an " attempt on theſe iſlands." " You may, if you " pleaſe," ſaid Sir *Bobby* (who ſeemed to be awed for a time into ſilence, by the elevated tone *Umphraville* had aſſumed), " but I'll be curſed " if I would. Damn it, what does it ſignify? " If the *French* were to conquer us, I don't " think we could loſe much by it; and, in ſome " reſpects, we ſhould gain. We ſhould drink " better Burgundy; and we ſhould have clothes " fit for a gentleman to wear, without running " the riſque of their being ſeized by theſe " damned locuſts of cuſtom-houſe officers.—I " ſhould not like, though, to loſe my ſeat in the " Houſe. If the French leave us that, they " may come again when they pleaſe for me." —*Umphraville*, who had not the moſt diſtant conception of his being in parliament, aſked Sir *Bobby* gravely, what *ſeat*, what *houſe* he meant?

" Why

" Why, damn it, our Houſe, the Houſe of " Commons, to be ſure;—there is no living out " of parliament now; it is the *ton* for a gen- " tleman to be in it, and it is the pleaſanteſt " thing in the world. There are *Jack* ——, " *Dick* ——, Lord ——, and I, are always " together. At firſt, we uſed to tire confound- " edly of their late nights and long debates; " but now the miniſter is ſo obliging as to tell " us when he thinks the queſtion will be put, " and away we go to dinner, to the opera, or " ſomewhere, and contrive to return juſt in " time to vote, or, as Lord —— calls it, to be " in at the death."

Hitherto *Umphraville*'s countenance had diſcovered no emotion but that of contempt; now he could not conceal his aſtoniſhment and indignation. Recollecting himſelf, however, he aſked the Baronet, if he never thought of his conſtituents, and of the purpoſes for which they ſent him to parliament?—" As to that," ſaid he, " there is no man ſo attentive to his conſtituents " as I am. I ſpend ſome months among them " every ſummer, where I keep open houſe for " the ſavages, and make love to their wives and " daughters. Beſides, I am always making " preſents to the women of ſome little faſhion- " able trinket. The laſt time I came from " *London* I brought down a parcel of *ſpring* " *garters*, that coſt me thirty ſhillings a pair,

" by

" by Gad, which I distributed among them;
" taking care, at the same time, to tell each of
" them, that nothing shewed a fine ankle to
" such advantage as a spring garter.

In the evening, after our visitors had left us, I found *Umphraville* sitting in his elbow chair, in a graver mood than usual. " I am thinking,
" my friend," said he, " of the strange times
" we live in. You know I am not much of a
" politician; and, living retired as I do, ab-
" stracted from the world, I have little access
" to be acquainted with the springs that move
" the wheels of government, or the causes of
" national prosperity or adversity. For some
" time past, however, I have been endeavour-
" ing, in vain, to investigate the latent sources
" of the sudden and almost instantaneous decline
" of our empire, unexampled, I believe, in the
" history of nations. The scene you have this
" day witnessed, has given me more light on that
" subject than any thing I have yet met with.
" If such men are to conduct and to regulate the
" great affairs of state, are we to wonder at our
" want of success? If our senate is to be filled
" with beings, mean as they are worthless, alike
" destitute of public virtue and of private ho-
" nour, we may cease to be surprised at any ca-
" lamity that befals us. Of such creatures, I
" presume, the Roman senate was composed,
" when, by the groundless jealousy of an em-

" peror

" peror (*Gallienus*, if I miſtake not), the ſena-
" tors were prohibited from holding any military
" employment; and they conſidered the exemp-
" tion as a favour, not as an affront: ſo loſt were
" they to every principle of honour, ſo void of
" every generous and manly feeling. But what
" aſtoniſhes me moſt is, that in times like theſe,
" when the empire is ſhook to its foundation,
" the people ſhould be ſo infatuated as to truſt
" their beſt, their deareſt rights in ſuch hands.
" Had the *Congreſs* been compoſed of *Bobby*
" *Buttons*, would *America* ever have made ſuch a
" ſtand againſt us?"

How long this Philippic might have laſted I cannot ſay, had not Miſs *Umphraville* come in and put an end to it, by challenging me to play a game at backgammon.

N° 69. TUESDAY, *January* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a pretty conſtant reader of your publications; by what means, you ſhall know before I have finiſhed this letter. Among other papers of your publiſhing, I have read one marked N° 65, written by a lady, who ſubſcribes herſelf S. M. That lady is pleaſed to complain of her ſituation, and to repreſent herſelf as unfortunate. I cannot think ſhe had the leaſt title to do ſo. She was received and entertained by a kind brother; but, forſooth, ſhe took it into her head to quarrel with him becauſe he married, and ſeemed to like his wife better than her, and to be diſpleaſed with the lady, becauſe ſhe appeared to have more vanity than ſhe ought to have had. Pray, what right had ſhe to find fault with thoſe who ſo hoſpitably entertained her? or, how did ſhe ſhew ſuperior ſenſe by thus quarrelling with her bread and butter?—I am, Sir, the younger brother of Sir *George Fielding*. I live comfortably and contentedly in his houſe; and yet, I could lay a wager, were Madam *S. M.* in my ſituation, ſhe would be fretful

fretful and diſcontented; but I ſhall appeal to you, Sir, if ſhe would have any reaſon for her diſcontent.

My father, Sir *Robert*, ſent me, when a young man, to the Univerſity; but, as I had no taſte for ſtudy, I ſpent moſt of my time at the billiard-table, at cards, in hunting, playing at golf, or in public diverſions. I was more gaily dreſſed than any of my companions, and I united many of the qualities of a beau and a buck.—During the vacation, I reſided at my father's houſe; and the elegant and expenſive manner in which he lived, increaſed my turn for pleaſure and amuſement.

I was in my twentieth year when my father, who had ſupplied me liberally with money, died, leaving me the ſmall patrimony of one thouſand pounds. Fifty pounds a-year could not ſupport the expence of one who had been accuſtomed to ſpend four times that ſum. In this ſituation it was thought neceſſary that I ſhould do ſomething for myſelf. Amidſt the various ſchemes that were propoſed, it was determined that I ſhould become a merchant. My brother, Sir *George*, generouſly diſcharged all the debts I had contracted; for, notwithſtanding my father's liberality while he was living, I had contracted ſeveral; and I was bound apprentice to an eminent trader. He was a ſober, induſtrious, thriving man; but I ſoon found it impoſſible to ac-

commodate myſelf to his frugal and œconomical ideas; and my inclination for amuſement and pleaſure, which he uſed to call diſſipation and idleneſs, could not give way to his habits of induſtry and attention.

Accordingly, before the term of my apprenticeſhip was elapſed, my maſter wrote to Sir *George*, informing him that I had taken up with bad company; that I had neglected my buſineſs; that I had not profited by his inſtructions; and recommending to him to try me in ſomething elſe, and, in all events, to remove me to ſome other place.

After a good deal of deliberation, it was reſolved to try to ſet me up as a farmer; and I entered upon the management of a conſiderable farm. But in this buſineſs I found I did not ſucceed any better than in my former. Notwithſtanding the good inſtructions I received at a club of very honeſt fellows, at which we met every week to talk about farming and improvements, ſomehow or other, my crops never paid for the expence of raiſing them; and, in a few years, I found that I had improved away every ſhilling of my capital. Sir *George* then propoſed to me that I ſhould quit all thoughts of buſineſs, and take up my reſidence in his houſe; I cheerfully accepted his propoſal, and have lived with him for fourteen years paſt.

In

In his houſe I find every thing provided for me, and I am perfectly contented, having nothing to care for. Sir *George*, who is beloved and reſpected by all the neighbourhood, has frequently crowds of company who reſort to his houſe; but, as he does not drink himſelf, whenever the company wiſh to drink a little more than uſual, he deputes me to act his part as a landlord. In that capacity I do not fail to puſh about the bottle; and I find myſelf in a ſituation perfectly to my wiſh. As I am a good ſhot, I ſpend great part of my time in ſhooting; and Mr. *Joſeph*, for that is the name I go by, is made a welcome gueſt at all the gentlemen's houſes in the neighbourhood; the more ſo, as I ſeldom make a viſit without carrying along with me ſome of the game I have killed. I never fail to make one at all the ſports in the neighbourhood. At a village-wedding I am a conſiderable perſonage; and there is not a country-girl who does not think it an honour to dance with Mr. *Joſeph*. When Lady *Fielding* makes a viſit, I generally attend her in the abſence of Sir *George*. The only part of my employment which I find diſagreeable is, that ſometimes, in the winter-evenings, I am ſet a-reading to my Lady; and, among other publications, I have read over to her moſt of the MIRRORS. My Lady likes them exceedingly; ſo do I too, but not for the ſame reaſon that ſhe does; I like them,

them,—becauſe they are ſhort. In the courſe of this employment, I read S. M.'s letter, and have already given you my reaſons for being much diſſatisfied with what ſhe writes.

I can make no doubt, that, were ſhe in my ſituation, ſhe would think ſhe had much reaſon to be unhappy. She would, perhaps, complain that her brother was ſo rich, and ſhe ſo poor; ſhe would ſay, that it was an employment below her to act as toaſt-maſter to her brother's drunken company; that it was deſpicable to be known only by the name of Mr. *Joſeph;* that ſhe could not but conſider herſelf as in a contemptible ſituation, being unfit for any employment, or to act any higher part than that of a ſportſman, a dancer at a country-wedding, or an humble attendant on my Lady *Fielding*. But I am of a very different opinion. I certainly neither have the fortune, nor do I meet with the ſame reſpect that my brother Sir *George* does;—but what does that ſignify?——I eat, drink, and am merry, enjoy good health and good ſpirits; and I have neither the trouble of managing a great eſtate, nor am I obliged to be circumſpect in my conduct, in order that I may act up, as I hear my brother and ſome of his friends expreſs it, to a certain dignity of character. In a word, I am happy enough, and I

think Madam S. M. might have been ſo too, if ſhe had had a mind.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH FIELDING.

THE ſituation which is deſcribed in the above letter is not, I believe, altogether an uncommon one. I ſhould be very unwilling to make Mr. *Joſeph* diſpleaſed with it; on the contrary, I think his cheerfulneſs and good-humour are to be envied. At the ſame time, without expreſſing thoſe ſentiments which, I doubt not, will occur to many of my readers upon the peruſal of his letter, I cannot but obſerve, that I have ſometimes felt regret, that, in certain circumſtances, a more equal diſtribution of fortune were not made among the children of ſome great landed proprietors, or that care were not taken to moderate their education to that ſtyle of life in which their circumſtances are likely to place them. A young man, who is left a ſmall patrimony, ought not ſurely to be accuſtomed to habits of extravagance and diſſipation, but ought to be early inured to œconomy, and be qualified for ſome buſineſs. Without this (though accident may ſometimes conduct ſuch young

young men to fortune or to eminence), there must be always great danger of their proving unfit for any valuable purpose in life, of their deserving no higher appellation than that of Mr. *Joseph*.

A

N° 70. SATURDAY, *January* 8, 1780.

Ingentes Dominos, et claræ nomina famæ
Illustrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita. SENECA.

IN an excursion I made some months ago to the county of ——, I paid a visit to *Antonio*, an old acquaintance of my father's, whom I had known from my infancy. He had been exceedingly attentive to me when a boy; and, as he was something of a sportsman, my guardians often permitted me to accompany him to the field, where, as indeed on every occasion, he treated me with the ease and freedom of a companion and an equal. This behaviour, so different from that to which boys are generally accustomed, while it flattered my self-import-

ance, gave me so much favour and affection for *Antonio*, that I never saw him afterwards, without feeling those agreeable sensations, which accompany the recollection of that happy period of life, when we catch the pleasures of the moment, equally regardless of what is past or to come.

I had not heard of *Antonio* for many months. When I arrived at the village where he lived, I hastened to his house without any previous inquiry. The countenance of the servant made me suspect all was not well; and, when I entered his apartment, I found him in the last stage of a dropsy. The sensations that crowded on my mind at the squalid and death-like appearance of the good old man, so different from those in which I was prepared to indulge, had almost overcome me; but the growing emotion was checked by the countenance with which he beheld it. No sooner was I seated, than, taking my hand, "What a change," said he, with a look of melancholy composure, "is here, since you last saw "me!—I was two years older than your father; "had he been alive, he would have been seventy-"four next Christmas."

The particulars of the conversation, though they have made a lasting impression on my mind, would be uninteresting to many of my readers; but as the life of *Antonio* will afford an important lesson to the younger part of them, I give the following

following ſhort account of it, as the ſubject of this and the ſubſequent paper.

" The father of *Antonio* was one of the firſt " men of family in *Scotland*, who had been bred " to the profeſſion of a merchant; in which " he was ſo ſucceſsful, that about the begin- " ning of this century he had acquired the ſum " of twenty thouſand pounds, which was, at " that time, reckoned no inconſiderable for- " tune. He had two children who ſurvived him; " *Antonio*, and a daughter, *Leonora*, who was " ſeveral years younger than her brother. As " the father had received a liberal education, he " was attentive to beſtow the ſame benefit upon " his ſon; but, being equally ſenſible of the " advantages of induſtry, he was, at the ſame " time, determined, that he ſhould be educated " to ſome profeſſion or employment, though he " did not reſtrain him in his choice. *Antonio*, " on his part, ſeconded his father's views. His " genius was inferior to none of his contempo- " raries; allowing for ſome little exceſſes, which " the livelineſs and pliancy of his diſpoſition " engaged him in, he exceeded them all in the " aſſiduity of his application; and, as his " manners were at the ſame time mild and " ſpirited, he was both beloved and reſpected " by his companions.

" Being arrived at an age which made it ne- " ceſſary to regulate his ſtudies by the profeſ-

" ſion he was to follow, he made choice of " that of phyſic, which, including the differ- " ent branches of ſcience uſually connected " with it, may be ſaid to embrace the whole " ſtudy of Nature: to theſe he applied rather " as a philoſopher than as one who intended " to be a practitioner in the art; he was, " nevertheleſs, preparing to take his degree, " when the death of his father left him, at the " age of twenty, poſſeſſed of a handſome for- " tune.

" *Antonio* continued his ſtudies for ſome time " with his uſual aſſiduity; but, finding his in- " come more than ſufficient for his wants, he " gave up all thoughts of engaging in practice. " His houſe became the rendezvous of his for- " mer ſchool-companions, many of them the " ſons of the firſt families in the kingdom, who " were now entering into life (I ſpeak of a " period above fifty years ago), and who found " themſelves flattered by thoſe engaging man- " ners in the man, which had attached them to " the boy.

" In conſequence of theſe connections, *An-* " *tonio* found himſelf engaged in a line of life to " which he had been little accuſtomed; but, " as he had mixed the ſtudy of polite literature " with ſcience, and was maſter of the exerciſes " of dancing, fencing, and riding, he ſoon ac- " quired that eaſe in his addreſs and converſa-

" tion,

" tion, which mark the gentleman, while they " hide the man of learning from a common " obſerver. His good-nature and benevolence, " proceeding from an enlarged and liberal mind, " prevented him from viewing, with too ſevere " an eye, the occaſional exceſſes of ſome of his " companions; an elegant taſte, and a ſound " underſtanding, prevented him from engaging " in them too deeply.

" *Antonio*'s time was now moſtly ſpent among " the great. He made long and frequent viſits " at their ſeats in the country; he joined them in " excurſions from time to time to the different " courts on the continent; and, when he was not " abroad, he reſided almoſt conſtantly in *London*, " or the neighbourhood; ſo that he became, in " a great meaſure, a ſtranger in his own country.

" Among the companions of *Antonio* were " two ſons of the Earl of *W*——, who were " particularly attached to him. Their father " was not more envied by the ambitious for " the diſtinguiſhed rank he held in the coun- " cils of his Sovereign, than by the wiſe and " moderate for being father to two of the " moſt promiſing young men of the age. They " had been acquainted with *Antonio* from their " infancy. They had grown up at the ſame " ſchools, and ſtudied under the ſame maſters. " After an abſence of three years, they happened " to meet at *Venice*, where *Antonio* had the good

" fortune to render them eſſential ſervice, in " extricating them from difficulties in which " the impetuoſity of the beſt conditioned young " men will ſometimes involve them, eſpecially " in a foreign country. They returned to- " gether to *Britain*. Their father, who knew " their former connection with *Antonio*, and had " heard of their recent obligation to him, ex- " preſſed his ſenſe of it in very flattering terms, " and earneſtly wiſhed for an opportunity to " reward it.

" I have ſeen few men who were proof againſt " the attention of miniſters. Though it does " not always gratify, it ſeldom fails to excite " three of the moſt powerful paſſions, vanity, " ambition, and avarice. *Antonio*, I am afraid, " did not form an exception to the rule. Though " naturally an œconomiſt, his mode of life had " conſiderably impaired his fortune. He " knew this; but he knew not exactly to " what extent. He received gentle remon- " ſtrances on the ſubject from ſome of his " relations in *Scotland*, who remembered his " virtues. In the letters of his ſiſter *Leonora* " (who ſtill retained that affection and attach- " ment to her brother which his attention to " her, both before and after her father's death, " had impreſſed upon her mind), he perceived " an anxiety, for which he could not other- " wiſe account than from her apprehenſions

" about

" about the ſituation of his affairs. The pa-
" tronage of the Earl of *W*—— preſented itſelf
" as a remedy. To him, therefore, he deter-
" mined to apply. The intimacy in which he
" lived with his ſons, the friendly manner in
" which the Earl himſelf always behaved to
" him, made this appear an eaſy matter to *Anto-*
" *nio;* but he was unaccuſtomed to aſk favours
" even from the great. His ſpirit roſe at the
" conſciouſneſs of their having become neceſ-
" ſary; and he ſunk in his own eſteem in
" being reduced to uſe the language of ſolicit-
" ation for ſomething like a pecuniary favour.
" After ſeveral fruitleſs attempts, he could bring
" himſelf no farther than to give a diſtant hint
" to his companions, the ſons of the Earl. It
" was ſufficient to them; and, at the next in-
" terview with their father, *Antonio* received the
" moſt friendly aſſurances of being ſoon pro-
" vided for in ſome way ſuited to his taſte and
" diſpoſition.

" Elated with theſe hopes, he returned, after
" a ten years abſence, to viſit his friends in
" *Scotland*, and to examine into the ſituation of
" his affairs. Of the £20,000 left by his
" father, there was little more than £10,000
" remaining; and the half of that ſum belong-
" ed to his ſiſter *Leonora*. The knowledge of
" this made no great impreſſion on his mind, as
" he was certain of being amply provided for;

" mean-

" meanwhile, he thought it his duty to put his " ſiſter's fortune in ſafety; and, by his whole " behaviour to her during a nine months reſi- " dence in *Scotland*, he confirmed that love and " affection which his more early conduct had " juſtly merited."

U

N° 71. TUESDAY, *January* 11, 1780.

" *ANTONIO* returned to *London* about the " breaking out of the *Spaniſh* war in 1739. " The parties in the ſtate ran high; the mini- " ſter was attacked on all ſides, in a language " ſomewhat more decent than what is in uſe " among the patriots of the preſent day, though " it was not, on that account, leſs poignant and " ſevere. *Antonio*'s patron, the Earl of *W*——, " took part with the miniſter, and both he " and his ſons, who were by this time in " parliament, ſeemed ſo much occupied with " the affairs of the public, that *Antonio* was " unwilling to diſturb them with any private " application for himſelf, until the ferment " was ſomewhat ſubſided. In the mean time,

" he

" he continued his uſual mode of life; and, " though he could not help obſerving, that " many of the great men with whom he had " been accuſtomed to converſe on the moſt eaſy " and familiar terms, began to treat him with a " forbidding ceremony, more diſguſting to a " mind of ſenſibility than downright inſolence; " ſtill the conſciouſneſs of his ſituation prevented " him from renouncing a ſociety in which the " ſecret admonitions of his heart frequently told " him he could not continue, without forfeiting " the ſtrongeſt ſupport of virtue and honour, *a* " *proper reſpect for himſelf.*

" Sir *Robert Walpole* was at laſt obliged to " reſign, and along with him a few of his " friends who were moſt obnoxious to the " leaders of the ſucceſsful party. The Earl " of *W*—— was not of the number; he " ſtill preſerved his place in the cabinet; and " the new and the old miniſters having adjuſted " their different pretenſions, a calm tranquillity " ſucceeded, as the leſs powerful and diſap- " pointed patriots, rendered ſuſpicious by the " defection of their principal leaders, could not " once connect themſelves into a formidable " oppoſition.

" *Antonio* thought this a proper time to re- " new his application. That delicacy which " made him formerly ſhrink at the idea of aſk- " ing a pecuniary favour, was now no more;

" his

" his growing neceſſities, and the habits of " ſubmiſſion they produced, had blunted the " fine feelings of independence, and he could " now, though unnoticed, dance attendance " at the levees of the great, like one who had " never felt himſelf their equal. Fortunately " there ſoon happened a vacancy in an office in " the department of the Earl of *W*——, " which was every way ſuited to *Antonio*. He " modeſtly reminded the Earl of his former " promiſes; and, having made the firſt applica- " tion, his requeſt was inſtantly granted. At " that moment Lord *C*——, who was ſup- " poſed to be the Prime Miniſter, arrived to aſk " the office for the ſon of a butcher in *Kent*, " who was returning officer in a borough where " there was a conteſted election. The Earl of " *W*—— told the miniſter, that he had juſt " now promiſed it to that gentleman, pointing " to *Antonio*. The miniſter had frequently " ſeen *Antonio*, and was not unacquainted with " his character;—congratulated him with much " ſeeming cordiality; and, turning to the Earl " of *W*——, paid him many compliments on " his beſtowing the office upon one of ſo " diſtinguiſhed merit: " That conſideration," " added he, " can compenſate for the diſap- " pointment I feel in not having obtained it " for the perſon I mentioned to your Lord- " ſhip." *Antonio* was too well acquainted with

" the

" the language of the court not to underſtand " the tendency of all this. The Earl of *W*—— " immediately obſerved, that, to oblige his " Lordſhip, he had no doubt *Antonio* would " readily give up the promiſe. This was in- " ſtantly done; and theſe two noble perſons vied " with each other in their offers of ſervice; he " was given to underſtand, that the firſt oppor- " tunity ſhould be taken to provide for him in a " manner exceeding his wiſhes.

" Though *Antonio* was not, upon the whole, " very well pleaſed with this incident, he en- " deavoured to comfort himſelf with reflecting, " that he had now acquired a right of going " directly to the miniſter, which was ſo much " the more agreeable, as he plainly perceived " that the ſons of the Earl of *W*——, though " they ſtill behaved to him with more eaſe and " attention than many others of his former " companions, would, like the reſt, ſoon be " eſtranged from him. At ſchool, at college, " on their travels, and even for ſome time " after their return, their purſuits were the " ſame. Whether it was inſtruction or enter- " tainment, they were mutually aſſiſting to " each other, and they found *Antonio* to be in " every thing their equal, perhaps in ſome " things their ſuperior. The ſcene was now " changed. In the midſt of their family and " relations, poſſeſſed of the adventitious, though

" dazzling

" dazzling qualities of rank and fortune, the " real merit of *Antonio* was hardly perceived. " They now found him to be in ſome things " their inferior. This alone would have, in " time, put an end to their intimacy, unleſs, " like many others, he would have contented " himſelf with acting the part of *an humble at-* " *tendant*. Having once opened to their views " the career of ambition, and the proſpect of " riſing in the ſtate, they eſtimated their friend- " ſhips by the extent of their political influ- " ence. Virtue and merit were now out of the " queſtion, or were at beſt but ſecondary con- " ſiderations. Former ſervices, compared to " the objects in which they were now engaged, " ſunk to nothing; at the ſame time, a con- " ſciouſneſs of duty led them to behave civilly " to a man they had once eſteemed, and who " had done nothing to forfeit their good opi- " nion. Perhaps, even if applied to in a for- " tunate moment, when impelled by a ſud- " den emanation of half-extinguiſhed virtue, " they might have exerted themſelves to ſerve " him; but theſe exertions would not have " been of long continuance; they would ſoon " have been ſmothered by cold political pru- " dence.

" After two years ſolicitation, during which " his patrons ſometimes cajoled him with pro- " miſes, and, at others, hardly deigned to take

" notice

" notice of his requeſt, *Antonio* gave up all " hopes of ſucceſs. His fortune was now to- " tally gone. His friends in *Scotland* had fre- " quently informed him of this; but he con- " tinued to ſolicit and to receive ſmall ſums of " money from time to time, which he was in " hopes of being ſoon able to repay. Theſe " being extinguiſhed, he could not aſk for more. " He had alſo contracted ſeveral debts to the dif- " ferent tradeſmen he employed. He frankly " told them his ſituation; but they remembered " the liberality of his conduct and behaviour in " the days of his proſperity, and would not uſe " the barbarous right of impriſonment to increaſe " his calamities.

" The accumulated diſtreſs to which *Antonio* " was now expoſed, was more than he could " bear. After combating ſome time with the " agitation of his mind, he was ſeized with a " ſlow fever, attended with a delirium, which " made it neceſſary to acquaint his friends. " His ſiſter *Leonora* haſtened to his relief. At " the end of ſome weeks, his health was ſo far " re-eſtabliſhed, that ſhe ventured to propoſe " his undertaking a journey to *Scotland;* to " which he at laſt conſented, but not without " reluctance.

" He learned, by degrees, that the money " he received for the laſt two years he reſided " in *London*, had come from *Leonora;* that ſhe " had paid all his debts there, and with the

" ſmall remains of her fortune, had purchaſed " an annuity of an hundred and fifty pounds " for his and her own life. In a ſhort time, " they retired to a village in the county of " ———, not far from my father's reſidence, " who had been an early acquaintance of *Anto-* " *nio*'s. My father joined his endeavours to " thoſe of *Leonora* to recover him from that " depreſſion of ſpirits into which his misfor- " tunes, and the reflection on his paſt conduct, " had thrown him. They at laſt ſucceeded, " and ſaw him, with pleaſure, regain thoſe " mild and engaging manners which they had " formerly admired. But his ſpirit and viva- " city could not be reſtored. He ſeemed to " engage in the uſual paſtimes and occupations " of a country life, rather with patience than " ſatisfaction, and to *ſuffer* ſociety as a duty " which he owed to a ſiſter who had preſerved " him, and to thoſe friends who ſhewed ſo " much ſolicitude for his happineſs, rather " than to *enjoy* it as a ſource of pleaſure and " entertainment to himſelf. If ever he was " animated, it was in the company of a few " young men who looked up to him for inſtruc- " tion. He entertained them, not with mur- " murings againſt the world, or complaints of " the injuſtice or depravity of mankind. His " pictures of ſociety were flattering and agree- " able, as giving the moſt extenſive ſcope for

" the

" the exercise of the active virtues. " My " young friends," he was wont to say, " carry " with you into the world a spirit of inde- " pendence, and a proper respect for your- " selves. These are the guardians of virtue. " No man can trust to others for his support, " or forfeit his own good opinion with im- " punity. Extravagant desires and ill-founded " hopes pave the way for disappointment, and " dispose us to cover our own errors with the " unjust accusation of others. Society is sup- " ported by a reciprocation of good offices; " and, though virtue and humanity will *give*, " justice cannot *demand*, a favour, without a " recompence. Warm and generous friendships " are sometimes, nay, I hope, often found in the " world; but, in those changes and vicis- " situdes of life which open new views, and " form new connections, the old are apt to be " weakened or forgotten. Family and domestic " friendships," would he add, with a sigh, " will generally be found the most lasting and " sincere; but here, my friends, you will " think me prejudiced; you all know my ob- " ligations to *Leonora*."

" *Antonio* and *Leonora* are now no more; he " died a few days after my last visit. His sister " he had buried about a twelvemonth before; " and I have often heard him mention, with a " kind of melancholy satisfaction, that to her

" other diſtreſſes, there had not been added the " regret of being left behind him."

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N° 72. SATURDAY, *January* 15, 1780.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
VIRG.

THE conſideration of death has been always made uſe of, by the moraliſt and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to ſink the eſtimation of its pleaſures, and, if they could not ſtrip the ſeductions of vice of their preſent enjoyment, at leaſt to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a ſimilar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and perſuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have adviſed us to pluck the roſes which would otherwiſe ſoon wither of themſelves, to ſeize the moments which we could not long command, and, ſince time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily consist of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controlled or endeared by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the Anchorite, and the cloister of the Monk, have their business and their pleasures; for study may become business, and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the insignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to shew the wisdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wise and benign, in this particular of our constitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or

religious uſe, there is a ſympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only *better*, but more delightful, *to go to the houſe of mourning, than to the houſe of feaſting.*

Perhaps I felt it ſo, when, but a few days ſince, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom ſhe was adored: I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inſpire, or all the pleaſure which luxury could beſtow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural diſpoſition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fulleſt juſtice. To accompliſh her perſon, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been uſed; and they had been attended with that ſucceſs which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by miſtaken fondneſs or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it leſs: with all the charms of beauty, and the poliſh of education, the plaineſt were not leſs affected, nor the moſt ignorant leſs aſſuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It

It is by ſuch private and domeſtic diſtreſſes, that the ſofter emotions of the heart are moſt ſtrongly excited. The fall of more important perſonages is commonly diſtant from our obſervation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compaſſion is weakened. The eminently great, or extenſively uſeful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and diſappointed expectations, by which the diſtreſs is complicated beyond the ſimplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like *Maria*, was to ſhed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her ſiſters, preſents to us a little view of family-affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On ſcenes of public ſorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon thoſe gallery-pictures which ſtrike us with wonder and admiration; domeſtic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our boſoms, and keep for ſecret looks and ſolitary enjoyment.

The laſt time I ſaw *Maria* was in the midſt of a crowded aſſembly of the faſhionable and the gay, where ſhe fixed all eyes by the gracefulneſs of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien; yet ſo tempered was that ſuperiority which they conferred with gentleneſs and modeſty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalſhip of beauty, or the envy

of homelineſs. From that ſcene the tranſition was ſo violent to the hearſe and the pall, the grave and the ſod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my ſenſes: I beheld the objects round me as the painting of a dream, and thought of *Maria* as living ſtill.

I was ſoon, however, recalled to the ſad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the ſilent ſuffering compoſure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whoſe grief was light, and capable of tears; theſe gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I ſhould ſee her no more. There was a flow of ſorrow with which I ſuffered myſelf to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his *Maria* in the earth, its ſound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one voluntary motion to ſtop the aſſiſtants who were throwing the earth into it; then ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, claſped his hands together, threw up his eyes to Heaven; and then firſt I ſaw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It ſpoke a leſſon of faith, and piety, and reſignation. I went away ſorrowful, but my ſorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; caſt

on

on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleneſs and hope!

Such, I am perſuaded, will commonly be the effect of ſcenes like that I have deſcribed, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for, of feelings like theſe, the gloom of the aſcetic is as little ſuſceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which ſociety alone can give, though its vices often deſtroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes ſorrow pleaſant, and affliction uſeful.

It is not from a melancholy of this ſort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkiſh ſolitude. Theſe are often the effects rather of paſſion ſecluded than repreſſed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The *crucifix* and the *roſary*, the *death's head* and the *bones*, if cuſtom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill deſire than excite virtue; but, amidſt the warmth of ſocial affection, and of ſocial ſympathy, the heart will feel the weakneſs, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps, it will be ſaid, that ſuch ſituations, and ſuch reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be diſregarded by thoſe who need the leſſons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the reſiſtance

of prejudice. I will not pretend to aſſert, that rooted principles, and long eſtabliſhed conduct, are ſuddenly to be changed by the effects of ſituation, or the eloquence of ſentiment; but if it be granted that ſuch change ever took place, who ſhall determine by what interceptible motive, or accidental impreſſion, it was firſt begun? And, even if the influence of ſuch a call to thought can only ſmother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpoſe to virtue, I ſhall not have unjuſtly commended that occaſional indulgence of penſiveneſs and ſorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life.

N° 73. TUESDAY, *January* 18, 1780.

THE Eſſay contained in this and the following Number, was ſome time ago received from a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed name in the literary world.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN the courſe of his various inquiries into human nature, your illuſtrious kinſman the SPECTATOR did not overlook DREAMING; on which he has given us many ingenious and uſeful obſervations. Having all my life been a great dreamer of dreams, I alſo have made ſome remarks upon that myſterious phænomenon, which, I flatter myſelf, may be acceptable to the Author of the MIRROR, as I believe ſome of them are new, and not unworthy of notice.

I ſhall not take up much of your time with the opinions of the ancients in regard to the immediate cauſe of dreaming. *Epicurus* fancied, that an infinite multitude of ſubtle images, ſome flowing from bodies, ſome formed of their own accord,

accord, and others made up of different things variouſly combined, were continually moving up and down in the air about us; and that theſe images, being of extreme fineneſs, penetrate our bodies; and, ſtriking upon the mind, give riſe to that mode of perception which we call Imagination, and to which he refers the origin both of our waking thoughts and of our dreams. *Ariſtotle* ſeems to think, that every object of outward ſenſe makes upon the human ſoul, or upon ſome other part of our frame, a certain impreſſion, which remains for ſome time after the object that made it is gone, and which, being afterwards recogniſed by the mind in ſleep, gives riſe to thoſe viſions that then preſent themſelves. Theſe opinions, if one were to examine them, would be found either to amount to nothing that can be underſtood, or to aſcribe to human thought a ſort of material nature, which is perfectly inconceivable.

Neither ſhall I trouble you with enumerating five different ſpecies of dreams acknowledged by ſome of the ancients, and particularly deſcribed by *Macrobius*. Dreams are, indeed, of different ſorts and characters; but I ſee no reaſon why they may not be divided into five hundred claſſes, as well as into five. My own remarks I ſhall ſet down without method, and in the order in which they occur to me.

Though

Though ſome of our dreams are exceedingly wild and extravagant, others are more regular, and more like real life. When the mind is at eaſe, and the body in health, we are apt to dream of our ordinary buſineſs. The paſſions too, which occupy the mind when awake, and the objects and cauſes of thoſe paſſions, are apt to recur in ſleep, though, for the moſt part, under ſome diſguiſe; accompanied with painful circumſtances when we are in trouble, and with more pleaſing ideas when we are happy. To this the poets attend; and, in deſcribing the dreams of their heroes and heroines, are careful to give them a reſemblance to their real fortune. *Dido*, when forſaken by *Æneas*, dreams that ſhe is going a long journey alone, and ſeeking her *Tyrians* in a deſert land;

——longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, *Tyrioſque* deſertâ quærere terrâ.

Thus uniting, as it were, in one image, the two paſſions that ingroſſed her through the day, love to her people, and a ſenſe of her forlorn condition. *Eloiſa*, ſeparated for ever from her friend, dreams of being again happy in his company; but the next moment, ſays ſhe,

——Methinks we wandering go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps:
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.

On

On these occasions, the poet will not describe a dream exactly like the real circumstances of the dreamer; he makes it only a sort of dark allegorical similitude: and this we approve of, because we know that it is according to nature. For a reason to be given in the sequel, it will appear to be mercifully ordered by Providence, that our dreams should thus *differ* from our waking thoughts: And, from what we know of the influence of our passions upon the general tenor of our thinking, we need not wonder that there should be, notwithstanding, some *analogy* between them. It is this mixture of resemblance and diversity, that makes some of our dreams *allegorical*. But, when that happens, an attentive observer, who is free from superstition, will find that they allude not to what is future, but to what is present or past, unless where we have been anticipating some future event; in which case our dreams may possibly resemble our conjectures. Now, if our conjectures be right, and if our dreams resemble them, it may happen that there shall be a likeness between a certain dream and a future occurrence: but in this there is nothing more supernatural, than that I should dream to-night of what I have been employed in to-day; for this is nothing more than a particular train of thought impressed upon us in sleep, by a certain *previous* train of thought into which reason and experience had led us when awake. For example, When I

see

ſee a man diſſipating his fortune by debauchery, I may, with reaſon, apprehend that diſeaſe and poverty will ſoon overtake him. If this conjecture trouble me in the day-time, it may alſo recur in ſleep, accompanied with ſome viſionary circumſtances; and I ſhall dream, perhaps, that I ſee him in rags and miſery. Suppoſe this really to happen ſoon after, what opinion am I to entertain concerning my dream? Surely I have no more reaſon to conſider it as prophetical, than I have to look upon the conjecture which gave riſe to it as the effect of inſpiration.

Some of our dreams bear little or no reſemblance to any thing that ever before occurred to our ſenſes, or fancy. But this is not common, except in bad health. It holds true in general, that dreams are an imitation, though often a very extravagant one, of reality.

There are people who obſerve, that one particular dream frequently returns upon them. *Socrates*, in the *Phædo* of *Plato*, tells his friend, that he had all his life been haunted with a viſion of this kind, in which one ſeemed to ſay to him, that he ought to ſtudy muſic. If this repetition of dreams be the effect of habit, which is not unlikely, we may from it learn the expediency of concealing ſuch as are diſagreeable, and baniſhing them from our thoughts as ſoon as we can. Indeed, it is a vulgar obſervation, that they who never ſpeak of dreams are not often troubled with them.

Intem-

Intemperance of every kind, in eating or drinking, in ſleep or watching, in reſt or exerciſe, tends to make dreams diſagreeable; and therefore, one end of dreaming may be, to recommend ſobriety and moderation. For the time we may employ in ſleep bears a great proportion to the whole of human life; and, if there be any expedient for rendering that portion of our time agreeable, it is ſurely worth while to put it in practice. Habits of virtue and ſoberneſs, the repreſſion of turbulent deſires, and the indulgence of pious, ſocial, and cheerful diſpoſitions, are, for the moſt part, effectual in giving that lightneſs to the animal ſpirits, and that calm temperature to the blood, which promote thoughts pleaſurable through the day, and ſweet ſlumber and eaſy dreams by night.

The ancients thought, that morning-dreams come neareſt the truth. In the morning, no doubt, the perſpiration, and digeſtion continued through the night will make the ſtomach, and the whole frame of the body, more compoſed and cool than when we go to ſleep: and hence, perhaps, it is not abſurd to ſay, that dreams may be more regular then, and more like real life. But if we have paſſed the earlier hours of the morning without ſleep, and fall a-dozing about the time we uſually riſe, our dreams are ſeldom agreeable, and our ſlumber is rather

ſtupifying

ſtupifying than ſalutary; whence we may perhaps infer, that it is the intention of Nature that we ſhould riſe early, and at a ſtated hour.

As agreeable thoughts accompany good health; as violent paſſions, and even phrenſy, are the attendants of certain diſeaſes; as dullneſs and confuſion of thought may be occaſioned by a loaded ſtomach; and, as the ſwallowing of much ſtrong liquor produces a temporary madneſs;—as our thoughts, I ſay, when we are awake, are ſo much determined by our bodily habit, it is no wonder that they ſhould be ſtill more liable to ſuch influence when we are aſleep. Accordingly, certain dreams do, for the moſt part, accompany certain poſitions and ſtates of the body. When our breathing is in any degree interrupted, by our head falling awry, by the bed-clothes preſſing on our mouth and noſtrils, or by any internal diſorder, we are apt to dream of going, with great uneaſineſs, through narrow paſſages, where we are in danger of ſuffocation. When the ſtate of the ſtomach and bowels occaſions any convulſive motion in the jaws, a thing not uncommon in ſleep, and which frequently produces a ſtrong compreſſion and grinding of the teeth, we are apt to dream that the teeth are looſe, or falling out, or that our mouth is full of pins, or of ſomething very diſagreeable. In cold weather, too, when by any accident we throw aſide the bed-clothes, we ſometimes dream of

going naked. Of all these facts I have often had experience, and, if the thing could be accurately attended to, I make no doubt but many of our dreams may be accounted for in the same manner: and therefore, when we have an uncommon dream, we ought not to look forward with apprehension, as if it were to be the forerunner of calamity; but rather backward to see whether we can discover its cause, and whether, from such a discovery, we may not learn something that may be profitable to our health.

In some constitutions, certain dreams do generally go before, or accompany the beginnings of certain diseases. When, for example, there is any tendency to fever, we are apt to dream of performing, with great labour, some work, we know not precisely what, in which we never make any progress. This imagination will occur in sleep, even while one has no means of observing, when awake, any symptom that could lead one to suspect one's health to be in danger; and, when it does occur, may it not give warning to make some change in the ordinary regimen, to eat or drink less than usual, or have recourse to some of those other methods whereby acute distempers are prevented? In general, when one is haunted more than usual with disagreeable dreams, it may, I think, be taken as a sign that something is wrong in the constitution; and therefore that temperance, fasting,

fasting, or exercise, may be requisite to avert the impending evil. And these are remedies which one may have recourse to; and in regard to which one may venture to make a few experiments, in almost any circumstances. Agreeable dreams I would take for the signs of health, and accordingly consider them as good, and not evil.

If you approve of these remarks, you shall have more on the same subject, in a few days, from

Yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

N° 74. SATURDAY, *January* 22, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN my laſt, I hinted that dreams may be uſeful, as phyſical admonitions. What if I ſhould go a ſtep further, and ſay, that they may be ſerviceable as means of our moral improvement? I will not affirm, however, as ſome have done, that by them we may make a more accurate diſcovery of our temper and ruling paſſions, than by obſerving what paſſes in our minds when awake: for, in ſleep, we are very incompetent judges of ourſelves, and of every thing elſe; and one will dream of committing crimes with little remorſe, which, if awake, one could not think of without horror. But, as many of our paſſions are inflamed or allayed by the temperature of the body, this, I think, may be ſaid with truth, that, by attending to what paſſes in ſleep, we may ſometimes diſcern what paſſions are predominant, and, conſequently, receive ſome uſeful cautions for the regulation of them. A man dreams, for example, that he is in a violent anger, and that he ſtrikes a blow which

which knocks a perſon down, and kills him. He awakes in horror at the thought of what he has reaſon to apprehend; and while, after a moment's recollection, he rejoices to find that it is but a dream, he will alſo be inclinable to form reſolutions againſt violent anger, leſt it ſhould, one time or other, hurry him on to a real perpetration of a like nature. If we ever derive this advantage from a dream, we cannot pronounce it uſeleſs. And this, or a ſimilar advantage, may ſometimes be derived from dreaming. For why may we not, in this way, reap improvement from a fiction of our own fancy, as well as from a novel, or a fable of Æſop?

One of the fineſt moral tales I ever read, is an account of a dream in the TATLER, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral ſo ſublime and ſo intereſting, that I queſtion whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and if he remembers, whether he can ever ceaſe to be the better for it. ADDISON is the author of the paper; and I ſhall give the ſtory in his own elegant words.

"I was once," ſays the TATLER, "in "agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in "ſo great a diſtraction of mind, that I thought "myſelf even out of the poſſibility of receiv- "ing comfort. The occaſion was as follows: "When I was a youth, in a part of the army "which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in

" love with an agreeable young woman of " a good family in thoſe parts, and had the " ſatisfaction of ſeeing my addreſſes kindly re- " ceived, which occaſioned the perplexity I am " going to relate. We were, in a calm evening, " diverting ourſelves, on the top of a cliff, with " the proſpect of the ſea; and trifling away the " time in ſuch little fondneſſes as are moſt " ridiculous to people in buſineſs, and moſt " agreeable to thoſe in love. In the midſt of " theſe our innocent endearments, ſhe ſnatched " a paper of verſes out of my hand, and ran " away with them. I was following her; when " on a ſudden the ground, though at a " conſiderable diſtance from the verge of the " pecipice, ſunk under her, and threw her down, " from ſo prodigious an height, upon ſuch a " range of rocks, as would have daſhed her " into ten thouſand pieces had her body been " made of adamant. It is much eaſier for my " reader to imagine my ſtate of mind upon ſuch " an occaſion, than for me to expreſs it. I ſaid " to myſelf, It is not in the power of Heaven " to relieve me—when I awaked, equally tranſ- " ported and aſtoniſhed, to ſee myſelf drawn " out of an affliction, which, the very moment be- " fore, appeared to be altogether inextricable."

What fable of Æſop, nay of Homer, or of Virgil, conveys ſo fine a moral! Yet moſt people have, if I miſtake not, met with ſuch

deliverances

deliverances by means of a dream. And such a deliverance will every good man meet with at last, when he is taken away from the evils of life, and awakes in the regions of everlasting light and peace; looking back upon the world, and all its troubles, with a surprise and a satisfaction, similar in kind, though incomparably higher in degree, to that which we now feel, when we escape from a terrifying dream, and open our eyes upon the sweet serenity of a summer morning. Let us not despise instruction, how mean soever the vehicle may be that brings it. Even if it be a dream, let us learn to profit by it. For, whether asleep or awake, we are equally the care of Providence; and neither a dream, nor a waking thought, can occur to us, without the permission of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

Some men dream more, and others less; and some, perhaps, though these are few, none at all. This cannot be fully accounted for, from the different degrees of health which different men enjoy, nor from their different ways of life; though these, and the like peculiarities, may no doubt have some influence. Persons who think much, and take little bodily exercise, will, perhaps, be found to be the greatest dreamers; especially if their imagination be active and their nervous system very sensible; which

laſt is too commonan in firmity among men of learning. The ſleep of the labouring man is ſweet and ſound; and his dreams he rarely remembers: for the faculties of his mind are not much employed, his nerves are ſtrong, and the ſphere of his imagination is narrow. As Nature does nothing in vain, is it not probable that, to the conſtitutions of ſome people, dreaming may be more neceſſary, as a mental recreation, than to thoſe of others? To meditate continually on one ſet of objects, is detrimental to health, and even to reaſon; and, when one is oppreſſed with low ſpirits, which often proceed from this very cauſe, the phyſician never fails to recommend amuſements, company, travelling, ſea-voyages, and other expedients, for leading the mind out of its old gloomy track, refreſhing it with new ideas, and forcing it to exert itſelf with unuſual energy, and in a new direction.

Go, ſoft enthuſiaſt, quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your ſad complaint. Go ſeek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling crowd.
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and puſh them night and day.
Or join the caravan, in queſt of ſcenes
New to the eye, and ſhifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.
Or, more adventurous, ruſh into the field
Where war grows hot, and raging through the ſky

The

> The lofty trumpet ſwells the maddening ſoul;
> And in the hardy camp, and toilſome march,
> Forget all ſofter and leſs manly cares.
>
> ARMSTRONG.

Men, therefore, who think more than others, may have more need than others have of that amuſement and variety which is produced by dreaming. Certain it is, that dreams are often a relief to thoſe who are in perplexity, or who have long been ruminating upon diſagreeable objects, or upon any one ſet of ideas which they cannot eaſily get rid of. Nor is it neceſſary in order to effect this, that a dream ſhould in itſelf be pleaſing. Scenes of difficulty, and even of danger, are, as we have ſeen, recommended to the patient oppreſſed with melancholy; and, if a dream ſhall only give a new impulſe, even for a ſhort time, to the minds of thoſe perſons of whom I now ſpeak, it may do them an important ſervice, however diſagreeable in itſelf. Seldom, indeed, are they happy in their dreams, whoſe faculties are worn out with much thinking.

Dreams depend, in part, on the ſtate of the air. That which has power over the paſſions, may reaſonably be preſumed to have power over the thoughts of men. For the thoughts that occur to a mind actuated by any paſſion, are always congenial to that paſſion, and tend to encourage it. Now, moſt people know

by experience, how effectual, in producing joy and hope, are pure ſkies and ſunſhine, and that a long continuance of dark weather brings on ſolicitude and melancholy. This is particularly the caſe with thoſe perſons whoſe nervous ſyſtem has been weakened by a ſedentary life and much thinking; and they, as I hinted formerly, are moſt ſubject to troubleſome dreams. If the external air can affect the motions of ſo heavy a ſubſtance as mercury, in the tube of the barometer, we need not wonder that it ſhould affect thoſe finer liquids that circulate through the human body. And if our paſſions and thoughts, when we are awake, may be variouſly modified by the conſiſtency, defect, or redundance of theſe liquids, and by the ſtate of the tubes through which they circulate, need we wonder that the ſame thing ſhould happen in ſleep, when our ideas, diſengaged from the controul of reaſon, may be ſuppoſed to be more obſequious to material impulſe? When the air is loaded with groſs vapour, dreams are generally diſagreeable to perſons of a delicate conſtitution.

If, then, our thoughts in ſleep may receive form and colour from ſo many circumſtances; from the general ſtate of our health, from the preſent ſtate of the ſtomach and fluids, from the temperature of the air, from the poſition of external objects in contact with our body, and from

from the tenour of our thoughts through the day *; ſhall we be ſurpriſed at the variety of our dreams? and when any uncommon or diſagreeable dream occurs, is it not more rational to refer it to one or other of theſe cauſes, than to terrify ourſelves with a fooliſh conceit, that it is ſupernatural, and betokens calamity? How often, during the day, do thoughts ariſe, which we cannot account for, as uncommon perhaps, and incongruous, as thoſe which compoſe our dreams? Once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, I remember to have paſſed a night of dreams that were, beyond deſcription, terrible; inſomuch, that I at laſt found it expedient to keep myſelf awake, that I might no more be tormented with them. Had I been ſuperſtitious, I ſhould have thought that ſome diſaſter was impending. But it occurred to me, that the tempeſtuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the occaſion of all thoſe horrors; and I have ſince, in ſome medical author, met with a remark to juſtify the conjecture. A very ſlight cauſe may check that inſenſible perſpiration which is ſo neceſſary to health; and when this happens, we cannot expect that our dreams ſhould be ſo eaſy as at other times. Let no one, then, be alarmed at an uncommon dream. It is probably nothing

* See Number 73.

more

more than a ſymptom of a trifling bodily diſorder: and, if ſo, it has nothing more to do with futurity, nor is one whit more ſupernatural, than a cut-finger, or a pang of the tooth-ach.

Concerning the opinion, which ſome have entertained of our dreams being ſuggeſted by inviſible beings, I ſhall only ſay, that I think it very improbable. For, firſt, I ſee no reaſon for believing that the Deity would employ "millions of ſpiritual creatures" in ſuch an office as that of ſuggeſting our ordinary dreams. Secondly, I cannot conceive how thoſe creatures ſhould be affected, in ſuch an operation, by the external air, or by the ſtate of our health, which are known to have great influence on our thoughts, both in ſleep and when we are awake. And, thirdly, From what we know of the rapidity of our fancy when awake, we need not ſuppoſe any foreign impulſe neceſſary to produce the various appearances of dreaming; as the ſoul ſeems to poſſeſs in herſelf powers ſufficient for that purpoſe. Madneſs, melancholy, and many other diſeaſes, give an extravagance to the thoughts of waking men, equal, or even ſuperior, to what happens in ſleep. If the agency of unſeen beings is not ſuppoſed to produce the firſt, why ſhould we have recourſe to it in order to account for the laſt? But it is urged, that, in ſleep, the ſoul is paſſive, and is haunted

haunted by viſions, which ſhe would gladly get rid of if ſhe could. And it may be urged, in anſwer, for it is no leſs true, that perſons afflicted with anxiety and melancholy, too often find, to their ſad experience, that their ſoul is almoſt equally paſſive when they are awake; for that they are, even then, haunted with the moſt tormenting thoughts, from which all their powers of reaſon, all the exertions of their will, and all the exhortations of their friends, cannot effectually relieve them.

To conclude: Providence certainly ſuperintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interpoſes for our preſervation. It would, therefore, be preſumptuous to affirm, that ſupernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The deſign of theſe remarks, is not to contradict any authentic experience, or hiſtorical fact, but only to ſhow that dreams may proceed from a variety of cauſes that have nothing ſupernatural in them; and that, though we are not much acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to ſee that it is not uſeleſs or ſuperfluous, but may, on the contrary, anſwer ſome purpoſes of great importance to our welfare both in ſoul and body.

I am yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

N° 75. TUESDAY, *January* 25, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I REMARK, that you meddle not with the high matters of politics. For this, you muſt anſwer to yourſelf, being that you are able to write printed papers. I am a member of eighty-five ſocieties, all zealous for the liberty of the preſs, in conſiſtency with, and in conformity to, our eſtabliſhment; and ſo I think that you are at liberty to write of thoſe things only whereof you have underſtanding; and if ſo be that, by reaſon of your ſilence, you abuſe, or, as one may ſay, vilipend the liberty of the preſs, judge you yourſelf; as for me, I ſay nothing.

But, although you give us no news yourſelf, perhaps you have ſomething to ſay with the gentlemen who make the news; and if ſo, I hope that you will recommend it to them ſo to write, as that they may be underſtood of men who are not book-learned.

They, being book-learned gentlemen, write in divers tongues, whereby we poor ſimple men are at a loſs, and Europe may be overthrown by compacts

compacts and associations, or ever we can understand the danger.

Not many days ago, I read in the news, that some good men put up an advertisement on a statue, with this superscription, *pro patria mori*, and that the superscription rejoiced all honest hearts. I enquired of our *deacon*, who received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of *Lesmahagoe*, what was the meaning of the words; and he made answer, that the words were Latin, and that he thought they would be found in the Latin Dictionary; the which having got, I, on searching, discovered that *pro* signified *for the sake of*, and that *patria* signified *a man's native country*, and that *mori* signified *foolish and silly persons*.

Wherefore, by joining together the words, I conjectured, moreover, that the interpretation of *pro patria mori* was *foolish or silly persons for the sake of their native country*; or that *they who act for their native country are foolish and silly persons*.

Now, Sir, if so be that this is so, I moreover conjecture, that the honest men who put up the advertisement, and they who rejoiced thereat, were deceived through ignorance of the Latin tongue, and that to them there was no cause of rejoicing.

Of that tongue I think no good: it is reported amongst us, that the mass is written in it, the

the which I renounce, and alſo abominate, &c. I am, Sir, your Honour's, to ſerve you at command,

TIMOTHY SHUTTLEWORTH.

P. S. Weaving performed in all its branches at reaſonable rates; alſo, cloth taken in for the Dalquharn bleachfield.

MY worthy correſpondent Mr. Shuttleworth, in the after-part of his letter, intruſts me with his ſentiments concerning ſome very momentous ſubjects; but I ſhould not deſerve the honour of his friendſhip, were I to impart to the Public what has been communicated to me in confidence.

Not knowing his direction, and not having been favoured with a cypher from him, I can only ſay, that "*n. p.* had no more influence in "the matter of the *c. p.* and the *p. b.* than "th— m—n of th— m—n; and of this Mr. "Shuttleworth may reſt aſſured."

With reſpect to the Latin words, which have been the innocent cauſe of ſo much uneaſineſs to him, they are taken from a Roman poet, but no Roman Catholic: in metre accommodated to the courſe of my friend's ſtudies, they ſignify,

That for our father's land to die, it is a comely thing.

As, indeed, *I meddle not with the high matters of politics*, I ſhall only add, that it is to be hoped there are very few who conſult *Shuttleworth*'s dictionary.

Since I have been deſired to adviſe the *Authors* of newſpapers to write intelligibly, I muſt ſay ſomething on that ſubject, leſt my ſilence ſhould be conſtrued into an acknowledgment of my little credit with thoſe gentlemen.

Of their ſkill in the learned languages, I pretend not to give any opinion. Thus much, however, I may be allowed to ſay without offence, that they are the hiſtorians of the vulgar; that, in our country, the perſons who paſs under the name of the vulgar, are not unconcerned ſpectators of national events; and, "that what re-" lates to all, ought to be underſtood of all."

A man may write in the native language of his readers, and yet be unintelligible. For example, when contrary propoſitions are poſitively aſſerted, when paragraphs encounter with paragraphs, and "joſtle in the dark," what muſt be the ſtate of him who ſits down to ſpell the newſpapers with the determined reſolution of believing whatever he ſees in print?

There is a pleaſure in giving good advice; and therefore I muſt take this opportunity of going a little beyond my friend's commiſſion.

A witty ſtateſman of the days of our fathers obſerved, "that *John Bull* was always in the " garret,

" garret, or in the cellar." John's *own* ſiſter *Margaret*, although not quite ſo delicate in her ſenſations, has much of the family diſpoſition. If the wind ſets in to the eaſt, then we are a betrayed, and abandoned, and loſt people; but on the wind coming round to the weſt, what nation ſo glorious and well-governed as ours? Our perfidious enemies ſhall know what it is to rouſe the *Lion*, to annoy the *Thiſtle*, or to put the *Harp* out of tune.

Such being the diſpoſition of readers apt to be depreſſed or elevated on every occaſion, or on no occaſion, the writers of newſpapers ought to be cautious as well in ſlackening as in overbracing the nerves of their cuſtomers; and the only method I can recommend for attaining this happy *medium*, is, " that they report nothing but " what they believe to be true;" or, if *that* be to require too much of fleſh and blood, " that " they report nothing which they believe to be " fictitious."

" The Britannia, captain George Manly com- " mander, is totally loſt on the coaſt of Barbary; " every ſoul on board periſhed."

On board the Britannia there was the only ſon of a widow, whoſe ſingle fund of ſubſiſtence depended on that pittance of his wages which her dutiful child allotted to her. In the ſame ſhip there was a ſober and induſtrious young man, who had quitted his wife a few months after marriage,

marriage, that he might provide for a young creature whom he hoped to ſee in its mother's arms at his return.

" It is confidently reported, that ſix or ſeven " men of the crew of the Britannia got ſafely to " ſhore, and that they were made ſlaves, unleſs, " as is to be feared, they were murdered by the " natives." *Here* there is a gleam of miſerable and dubious hope darting on the minds of thoſe who had relations on board the Britannia.

" The Britannia is ſafely arrived at Port Ma- " hon; *ſo that* the report of her having been " loſt is without foundation."—The inference is moſt logical!

In the very next paragraph it is ſaid, " We " have the pleaſure of informing the Public, that " a capital figure-dancer will ſoon make his ap- " pearance on the ſtage."

Are not ſuch things to be found in the newſpapers of every week; and is it not a cruel ſporting with the ſenſibilities of human nature, thus to wring the ſouls of parents and wives, of the aged and the helpleſs, and *that* merely to fill up the columns of a newſpaper?

It is of high national importance that the very earlieſt notice ſhould be given of the near appearance of a figure-dancer; but, ſurely, there was no neceſſity of ſaying any thing of the Britannia, in whoſe fate the fates of ſo many little families were involved, until it ſhould have been

certainly known whether ſhe was wrecked, or had ſafely arrived in port.

Of late years there has a practice crept in, of making the newſpapers not only the vehicle of *public* intelligence, but alſo of the misfortunes, real or imaginary, of private families. For example: "We hear that Mrs. Gadabout was lately "detected in an illicit commerce with her huſ- "band's poſtillion, and that a proceſs of divorce "will be brought," &c.

Invention immediately buſies itſelf in accounting for this incident. After the firſt ceremonies of ſurpriſe and deep regret, the education of the lady is ſcrutinized; it was too ſtrict, or it was too looſe: the character of the huſband is laid before the inqueſt of goſſips: he was moroſe and ſullen, or he ſet an example of extravagance and libertiniſm, which *poor* Mrs. Gadabout inconſiderately followed. Then ſome one, more expert in tracing effects to their cauſe, recollects having heard, that ſomething of a like nature befel the family many years ago; and that the grand-aunt of Mrs. Gadabout's father, if common fame lie not, ſtept aſide with the Duke of Buckingham, when he attended Charles II. in Scotland.

In this ſtate of uncertainty things remain for a week or two, when freſh intelligence is communicated to the Public. "The report of Mrs. "Gadabout's affair is premature.—The former "article was copied from another paper. We

" hope that all concerned will accept of this apo-
" logy." Doubtleſs a moſt ſatisfying apology to all concerned!

The writers of newſpapers are the hiſtorians of the day, but I ſee no cauſe why they ſhould be the hiſtorians of the lie of the day.

N° 76. SATURDAY, *January* 29, 1780.

REFINEMENT and delicacy of mind are not more obſervable in our ſerious occupations, than in the ſtyle of our amuſements. Of thoſe who poſſeſs them, the moſt vacant hours will generally be informed by taſte, or enlivened by imagination; but with men deſtitute of that ſentiment which they inſpire, pleaſure will commonly degenerate into groſſneſs, conviviality into intemperance, and mirth into riot.

Mr. *Melfort* is one of my friend Mr. *Umphraville*'s early acquaintance, who continues to reſide in this city, and of whom he ſtill retains ſome reſemblance.

That gentleman, in his youth, had applied to the ſtudy of the law, and was admitted to the bar; but having ſoon after ſucceeded to a tolerable fortune, he derives no other benefit from his profeſſion than an apology for reſiding part of the year in town, and ſuch a general

acquaintance there, as enables him to ſpend his time in that ſociety which is ſuited to his diſpoſition. He is often, indeed, to be ſeen in court; but he comes there only as he does to the coffee-houſe, to enquire after the news of the day, or to form a party for ſome of thoſe dinners which he uſually gives.

In my friend's laſt viſit to town, he met with this gentleman, and came under an engagement to dine with him. I was aſked to be of the party, and attended him accordingly.

The company was a large one. Beſides Mrs. *Melfort* and her two daughters, there were three other young ladies who appeared to be intimate in the family. The male part of the company was ſtill more numerous. It conſiſted, beſide our landlord, Mr. *Umphraville*, and myſelf, of two lawyers, a phyſician, a jolly-looking man in the uniform of a ſea-officer, and a gentleman advanced in life, who had ſomewhat of the air and manner of a foreigner, and, I afterwards learned, had left this country at an early age, and lived chiefly abroad ever ſince.

Mr. *Umphraville*, who was ſeated next Mrs. *Melfort*, ſeemed not leſs pleaſed with the converſation than with the manners of that lady, who is indeed perfectly well-bred and accompliſhed; and the ſtranger, whoſe name was *Melville*, appeared equally to reliſh the ſpirit which diſtinguiſhed the diſcourſe of Mr. *Umphraville*.

I had

I had early obſerved him to mark my old friend, as a member of the company not the leaſt worthy of his attention.

The dinner was ſucceeded by a round of toaſts, during which the ladies received ſcarce any other mark of attention from the company, Mr. *Umphraville*, Mr. *Melville*, and myſelf, excepted, than that of Mr. *Melfort*'s calling for their toaſts, which he always diſtinguiſhed, by deſiring us to fill a bumper.

Immediately after this ceremony was ended, they withdrew; a circumſtance which ſeemed nowiſe diſagreeable to the company they left, the greateſt part of whom had hitherto ſat mute, and plainly felt the preſence of the ladies a reſtraint on the freedom and jollity of converſation.

They had no ſooner retired, than Mr. *Melfort*, raiſing himſelf in his chair, announced a bumper to the ladies who had left us; an order which was readily complied with, and ſeemed to ſpread an air of ſatisfaction around the table. The ſea-captain ſaid, he was glad the frigates had ſheered off; "and now," added he, "if you "pleaſe, Mr. *Melfort*, as the ſignal is given, we "may clear the decks and form the line of "battle."

The Captain's joke was applauded with a loud laugh; during which honeſt *Umphraville*, whoſe face is no hypocrite, caſt to my ſide of the table a look of diſpleaſure and contempt,

which I was at no loſs to interpret. Meantime the ſervants removed one half of the table, that we might ſit ſociably, as Mr. *Melfort* termed it, round the other, which was immediately furniſhed with a ſet of freſh glaſſes, and cleared of every incumbrance that might retard the circulation of the bottle.

Our friends, who had been ſo ſilent during the preſence of the ladies, now began to take their revenge, and enlarge their ſhare of the converſation in proportion to the number of bumbers they ſwallowed: they vied with each other in the number of their ſtories and their jokes; all of which ſeemed to be equally reliſhed; and not the leſs ſo, that they now became ſomewhat looſe and licentious.

Mr. *Melville* had at firſt endeavoured, though in a very eaſy and polite manner, to give ſomewhat of a more refined turn to the converſation; but his endeavours, though ſupported by a good deal of wit and vivacity, could not long withſtand the general diſpoſition of the company. He now found himſelf as little able to reliſh their merriment as Mr. *Umphraville*, next whom he was ſeated; and they had begun to enter into converſation of a very different kind, when *Umphraville* received a ſlap on the ſhoulder from one of the company, who at the ſame time reminded him that he was *hunted*.

My

My friend was at firſt ſtartled with a familiarity to which he was little accuſtomed; having recovered his compoſure, however, he thanked the gentleman, though with an air rather formal and reſerved, for his attention, and drank off his bumper. But having, it ſeems, left a little more than was proper in the bottom of his glaſs, he was ſaluted with a call of "*No heeltops!*" from another corner of the table. This enigmatical advice being explained to him, he complied with it alſo, ſaying, however, with his natural firmneſs of tone and manner, "That it "was his rule to fill and drink his glaſs when "and how he pleaſed; and that, as he had "already gone greater lengths than uſual, Mr. "*Melfort* muſt excuſe him if he did not now "depart from it."

I ſaw that Mr. *Umphraville* was now heartily tired of the company, and was not ſorry when, a little after this incident, both he and Mr. *Melville* withdrew. Having remained long enough to witneſs ſome jocular remarks to which this gave occaſion, I followed them to the drawing-room, where I found they were much more agreeably employed in drinking coffee with Mrs. *Melfort*, while one of her daughters obliged my old friend by playing ſome Scots airs upon the harpſichord, which the other accompanied with a voice equally ſweet and expreſſive.

The converſation which ſucceeded was ſupported in an eaſy agreeable manner, by Mr. *Melville* and the ladies, with that mixture of ſerious remark which made it not unpleaſing to Mr. *Umphraville;* nor did he ſuffer in their opinion by the part he occaſionally took in it. The ſilent approbation of his countenance, during the performance of the young ladies, and the obſervations which it gave him an opportunity of making on the character of our native muſic, had already made the old gentleman a favourite; nor were the reſt of the company diſpleaſed with the turn of his ſentiments, when he complained, that the drawing-rooms, where, in his younger days, the ladies and gentlemen were accuſtomed to the company of each other, were now almoſt totally deſerted; and that, as far as he could obſerve amidſt the boaſted refinement of modern manners, the gentlemen paid leſs atention to the ladies, both in public places and in private ſociety, than they had done fifty years ago.

After ſome time paſſed in this manner, the noiſe of laughter and of vociferation on the ſtairs announced the approach of Mr. *Melfort* and his company. The phyſician, and one of the lawyers, were indeed the only members of it who had choſen to attend him to the drawing-room; both of whom were prodigiouſly fluſtered; and yet, to my aſtoniſhment, they contrived to put a decent face upon it, and fell into fewer

fewer improprieties than could have been expected. A drawing-room, however, was not their element; and, after ſwallowing a little coffee, they withdrew, leaving honeſt *Melfort* faſt aſleep in a corner of the ſettee.

Mr. *Umphraville* and I took our leave. We were ſcarce out of the houſe when he exclaimed,

"*O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam?*"

And after a little pauſe, "Good God!" ſaid he, "*Charles*, can ſuch ſcenes be common at "poor *Melfort*'s? To what a degree muſt he "have loſt all reſpect for himſelf, and all taſte "for true happineſs, who, for ſuch ſociety as "we have this day witneſſed, can forego the "agreeable converſation of his own family, or "who can allow the elegance of their amuſe-"ments to be diſturbed by the intruſion of his "looſe and riotous companions?"

I repreſented to my friend, that he ſaw the matter in too ſtrong a light. I obſerved, that the exceſs on this occaſion had probably been greater than uſual; Mr. *Melfort* was nowiſe ſingular in the manner of entertaining his friends; that, in this country, the general opinion juſtified the obſervation of the poet, "*Fe-*"*cundi calices quem non fecere diſertum;*" that wine was ſuppoſed neceſſary to remove the natural reſerve of our manner, and give a proper degree of eaſe and ſpirit to our converſation.

As

As to the appearance of *Melfort* and his friends in the drawing-room, I obſerved, that a little habit made the occaſional intruſion of a drunken company be conſidered as a ſort of interlude, which ladies could bear without uneaſineſs; and, at any rate, as it was an equal chance that their future huſbands would give ſuch dinners, and receive ſuch gueſts, as their father did, it might not be improper to accuſtom them, in their earlier days, to a ſpecies of converſation and behaviour which they muſt afterwards be obliged to endure.

"Ay," ſays he, "*Charles*, this is your way; "the follies of mankind are familiar to you, "and you are always ready to find an apology "for them; but I, who, for many years, have "only heard of them, cannot be ſuppoſed to bear "their defects with as much patience. I am ſick "of this town of yours; and, though I could "have as much pleaſure as any man in wit- "neſſing ſuch elegant manners, and partaking "in ſuch agreeable converſation, as we ſaw and "enjoyed during a part of this evening; if I "muſt purchaſe it by ſharing in the intempe- "rance, the noiſe, and the folly which ſucceeded "it, ſhould you wonder if I long to return to "my books and my ſolitude?"

N° 77. TUESDAY, *February* 1, 1780.

All impediments in fancy's courſe,
Are motives of more fancy.

SHAKESPEARE.

AMIDST the variety of objects around us, philoſophers have frequently been employed in pointing out and diſtinguiſhing thoſe which are the ſources of pleaſure, and thoſe which are productive of pain; they have endeavoured alſo to inveſtigate the cauſes and the qualities in the different objects by which their effects are produced. I ſuſpect that, in many caſes, we muſt be obliged to have recourſe to the original conſtitution of our frame, and that the moſt penetrating philoſophical inquiries can often go no farther than to ſay, *Thus Nature has made us.*

But whatever may be the original ſources of our pleaſure and pain, it is certain that there are various circumſtances which may be pointed out, as adding to, or diminiſhing, both the one and the other; circumſtances by which the warmth of expectation may be heighted or allayed, and the pangs of diſappointment increaſed or mitigated.

It

It is a common obſervation, the juſtice of which, I believe, will not be diſputed, that every paſſion increaſes according to the difficulty there is in its gratification. When once a deſire for a certain object is raiſed, every oppoſition which occurs to the attainment of it, provided it be not ſuch as cuts off all hopes of ſucceeding, and every perplexity and embarraſſment thrown in the way, when the mind is engaged in the purſuit, enflames the deſire; the object becomes heightened and exaggerated in our ideas, the mind grows more attached to it, and the expectation of enjoyment from the poſſeſſion is increaſed.

To account for this appearance in our nature, it may be obſerved, that nothing is ſo apt to make an object figure in the imagination, as to have our attention long and earneſtly fixed upon it. This makes it appear in ſtronger and more lively colours. If it be an object of deſire, it appears more and more calculated to give pleaſure; if an object of averſion, it appears more and more calculated to produce pain. Every time we view it, there is an addition made to the impreſſion we have received. The ſenſations it has already given us ſtill continue, and the paſſion it has created receives additional force. If the object be pleaſant, the mind dwells upon its good, if diſagreeable, upon its bad

bad qualities: it broods over them, it amplifies, it exaggerates them.

Now, no circumſtance is ſo much calculated to fix the attention upon any particular object, as thoſe difficulties which ariſe in our purſuit of it. The mind, unwilling to be overcome, cannot think of ſubmitting to a defeat, or of giving up thoſe expectations of enjoyment which it has formed. Every little oppoſition, therefore, that is met with, every obſtruction thrown in the way, calls forth a freſh conſideration of the object. We take a view of it in its every form, to try if we can get the better of thoſe difficulties, and remove thoſe obſtructions. The object itſelf, meanwhile, gains complete poſſeſſion of the ſoul. It ſwells and heightens in our imagination, and is no longer ſeen as it is by other men, nor as it would be by the ſame perſon, were other objects allowed to have place in his mind, or to divide his attention.

From this circumſtance in our nature, that fixing our attention upon any one object, or ſet of objects, is apt to increaſe or heighten them in our imagination, a variety of remarks might be made, tending to illuſtrate the hiſtory of the human heart. It is owing to this circumſtance, that a general lover ſeldom forms an attachment to any particular object. It is from the ſame cauſe, that the gentleman, who follows no particular profeſſion, ſeldom exaggerates the advantages

vantages of any one. It is the merchant, who limits his views ſolely to commerce, that ſees in too ſtrong a light the advantages of trade; it is the man of learning, who is ſhut up within the walls of a college, that exaggerates the advantages of literature; it is the ſcholar, who confines himſelf to one branch of ſcience, that is the complete pedant. The moral philoſopher wonders how any man can be occupied by the dry, unpleaſant ſtudy of the mathematics, while the curious fabric of the human mind remains unexplored. The mathematician is equally ſurprized that any man ſhould compare the certainty of mathematical evidence to the vague inquiries of the moral philoſopher. The geometrician, who, by the intreaty of his friends was prevailed with to read the *Cid* of *Corneille*, wondered that any body ſhould admire a thing in which nothing was proved. And the learned *Budæus*, when he was writing his treatiſe concerning the Roman *as*, being interrupted by his maid ſervant, who told him the houſe was on fire, bade her go tell his wife, for that he did not mind family-matters. "What a pity is it," ſays a learned foreign Profeſſor, in writing to his correſpondent in this country, "what a pity is it, "that the illuſtrious Dr. *Franklin*, the diſcoverer "of electricity, and the author of ſo many "inventions in the ſciences, ſhould deſcend "from the ſublime heights of philoſophy, to

"employ

" employ his time and ſtudy in directing the " trifling and unimportant contentions of na- " tions!"

It would far exceed the bounds of this paper to exhauſt this ſubject, or to take notice of the different remarks which may be drawn from it, either with regard to human ſentiments and conduct, or in relation to the fine arts *. I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to one other obſervation, on a point which has been treated of by Mr. *Addiſon*, in the 40th Number of *The Spectator*, where he juſtifies, againſt the ruling opinion at that time, the practice of thoſe writers of tragedy, who diſregard what are called the rules of *poetical juſtice*. To his defence of that practice, I think we may add one argument, which ſeems to have eſcaped him, drawn from the effect of the oppoſition above mentioned, to heighten our paſſion for a particular object.

There is implanted in the mind of every man a deſire that virtue ſhould be followed by reward, and vice by puniſhment. But this deſire, like every other, gathers new ſtrength by oppoſition, and riſes upon reſiſtance. When, therefore, a virtuous man, amidſt all his virtue, is repreſented as unhappy, that anxiety which we feel for his happineſs becomes ſo much the greater; the more undeſerved calamities he meets with, the higher is that principle raiſed,

* See *Elements of Criticiſm.*

by

by which we desire that he should attain an adequate reward; the more he is environed and perplexed with difficulties, the more earnestly do we wish that he may be delivered from them all; and, even when he is cut off by premature death, we follow his memory with the greater admiration; and our respect and reverence for his conduct are increased so much the more, as all our prayers for his happiness in this life are disappointed.

On the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites so strongly our indignation against vice, or our desire that it should be punished, as our beholding the vicious successful, and in the midst of his crimes, enjoying prosperity. Were we always to see the vicious man meeting with a proper punishment for his guilt, wretched and unhappy, our eagerness for his punishment would subside, and our hatred against him would be converted into pity; his guilt would be forgotten, and his misfortunes only would affect us. Before the trial of an atrocious criminal, the unanimous voice of the Public is, that he should be led out to punishment. Suppose him condemned, how altered is that voice! His fate is now universally pitied and deplored; and, did not the safety of thousands depend on his suffering, hardly, in any case, should we see the laws of justice finally put in execution.

There

There can be no good reaſon, therefore, for obſerving the rules of what is called *poetical juſtice*. The effect which a departure from theſe rules produces, affords the higheſt poſſible teſtimony in favour of virtue. It ſhews that, where virtue meets with calamities and diſappointments, this, inſtead of leſſening it in our eſtimation, only attaches us ſo much the more warmly to its intereſts; and that, where vice is ſucceſsful, inſtead of creating a feeling in its favour, this only increaſes our indignation againſt it. Were virtue always fortunate, were vice always unproſperous, that principle would be enfeebled, by which we deſire the reward of the one, and the puniſhment of the other.

P

N° 78. SATURDAY, *February* 5, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE praiſes of *friendſhip*, and deſcriptions of the happineſs ariſing from it, I remember to have met with in almoſt every book and poem ſince firſt I could read. I was never much addicted to reading: and, in this in-

ſtance, I think, I have little reaſon to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience, I know not; but, in mine, this ſame virtue of *friendſhip* has tended very little to my happineſs; on the contrary, Sir, when I tell you my ſituation, you will find that I am almoſt ruined by my friends.

From my earlieſt days I was reckoned one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world; and, at ſchool, though I muſt confeſs I did not acquire ſo much learning as many of my companions; yet, even there, I was remarkable for the acquiſition of *friends*. Even there, too, I acquired them at ſome expence; I was flogged, I dare ſay, an hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to *peach;* my companions were generous fellows too; but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generoſity was on the loſing ſide of the adventure.

I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in poſſeſſion of a very conſiderable eſtate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I ſoon took the opportunity, which this preſented me, of leaving the univerſity, and entering upon the world. I put myſelf under the tuition of one of my companions, who generally ſpent the *vacations*, and indeed ſome of the *terms* too, in *London*; and took up my reſidence in that city.

city. There I needed not that propenſity which I have told you, I always poſſeſſed, to acquire a multitude of *friends*; I found myſelf ſurrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-houſe about town. But I ſoon experienced, that though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Beſides a conſiderable mortgage on my eſtate, of which one of my beſt friends contrived to poſſeſs himſelf, I was obliged to expoſe my life in a couple of duels, and had very near loſt it by diſeaſe, in that courſe of friendſhip which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a ſocial ſacrifice to others than a gratification to myſelf. Naturally rather of a ſober diſpoſition, I found more frequently diſguſt than pleaſure amidſt thoſe ſcenes of diſſipation in which I was engaged. I was often obliged to roar out a *catch* expreſſive of our happineſs, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would almoſt have exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-ſlave; and to bellow for a *bumper*, when I would as ſoon have ſwallowed the bittereſt drug in the ſhop of my apothecary.

From this ſort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myſelf by matrimony. I married the ſiſter of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtleſs like myſelf, with whom I ſoon after retired into the country, and ſet out upon what we thought a ſober, well-regulated

plan. The ſituation was ſo diſtant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former town-companions; proviſions were cheap, and ſervants faithful: in ſhort, every thing ſo circumſtanced, that we made no doubt of living conſiderably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy as prudent. By the improvement of my eſtate, I was to be equally amuſed and enriched; my ſkill in ſportmanſhip (for I had acquired that ſcience to great perfection at the univerſity) was to procure vigour to my conſtitution, and dainties to my table; and, againſt the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent *neighbourhood.*

The laſt-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for *friend-making* has indeed extended the limits of *neighbourhood* a good deal farther than the word is commonly underſtood to reach. The pariſh, which is not a ſmall one,—the country, which is proportionally extenſive, comes all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us; and my neighbour *Gooſtry*, who pays me an annual ſporting viſit of ſeveral weeks, lives at leaſt fifty miles off.

Some of thoſe *neighbours*, who always become *friends* at my houſe, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertainment with their advice as to the cultivation of my farm, or the manage-

management of my eſtate; but I have generally found their counſel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end. Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants, ſeldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman, in particular, was ſo much penetrated by my kindneſs and hoſpitality, that he generouſly communicated to me a project he had formed, which he ſhewed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very ſhort time, and offered me an equal ſhare in the profits, upon my advancing the ſum of five hundred pounds, to enable him to put his plan more ſpeedily into execution. But, about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miſcarried, and that my five hundred pounds were loſt in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almoſt the only one of my *friends*, who, after having been once at my houſe, does not chuſe to frequent it again.

My wife is not a whit leſs happy in acquiring *friends* than myſelf. Beſides all her relations, of whom (for I choſe a woman of family) ſhe has a very great number, every lady ſhe meets at viſits, at church, or at the yearly races in our country-town, is ſo inſtantaneouſly charmed with her manners and converſation, that ſhe finds it impoſſible to leave our part of the country without doing herſelf the pleaſure of waiting

on Mrs. *Hearty* at her own houſe. Mrs. *Hearty*'s friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After ſuch viſits, I generally find ſome improvement in the furniture of my houſe, the dreſs of my wife, or the livery of my ſervants.

The attentions of our friends are ſometimes carried farther than mere words or viſits of compliment; yet, even then, unfortunately, their favours are juſt ſo many taxes upon us. When I receive a preſent of a delicate *ſalmon*, or a nice *haunch of veniſon*, it is but a ſignal for all my good neighbours to come and eat at my expence; and ſome time ago, when a nephew of my wife ſettled abroad, ſent me an hogſhead of excellent claret, it coſt me, in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchaſed a tun from the wine-merchant.

After ſo many inſtances in which my *friendſhips* were hurtful to my fortune, I wiſhed to hit on the way of making ſome of them beneficial to it. For this purpoſe, my wife and I have, for a good while paſt, been employed in looking out for ſome ſnug office, or reverſion, to which my intereſt with ſeveral powerful friends might recommend me. But, ſomehow or other, our expectations have been always diſappointed; not from any want of inclination in our friends to ſerve us, as we have been repeatedly aſſured, but from various unforeſeen accidents, to which ex-

pectations of that ſort are particularly liable. In the courſe of theſe ſolicitations, I was led to engage in the political intereſts of a gentleman, on whoſe influence I built the ſtrongeſt hopes of ſucceſs in my own ſchemes; and I flattered myſelf, that, from the friendly footing on which I ſtood with my neighbours, I might be of conſiderable ſervice to him. This, indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in the mean time, it kept my table open to all his *friends*, as well as my own, and coſt me, beſides, a head-ache twice a week during the whole period of the canvas.

In ſhort, Mr. MIRROR, I find I can afford to keep myſelf in friends no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my reſolution as ſpeedily as poſſible. Be ſo good, therefore, as inform ſuch of them as read your paper, that I have ſhut my gates, locked my cellar, turned off my cook, diſpoſed of my dogs, forgot my acquaintance, and am reſolved henceforward, let people ſay of me what they will, to be *no one's friend but my own.*

I am, &c.

JOHN HEARTY.

I

N° 79. TUESDAY, *February* 8, 1780.

——*Tanto major famæ ſitis eſt quam virtutis.*
JUVENAL, Sat. 10.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THERE is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men; people who ſtrictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in ſociety, whoſe conduct is ſquared to the rules of honeſty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this ſort ſeem to conſider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by ſavages, and overſpread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wiſh is to ſteer the ſafeſt courſe, to eſcape any hidden ſnares or precipices, and to avoid exaſperating the enemy; but to win them by offices of kindneſs, or attach them by real ſervices, they conſider as a fruitleſs waſte of time, a needleſs expence, and often a dangerous experiment.

It

It is not a little ſurpriſing, that theſe *good ſort of men* ſhould, by the decency of their exterior deportment, ſo far impoſe upon the world, as to glide on with eaſe and ſafety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the cenſure of every ſpecies of open vice, to obtain, not unfrequently, the reſpect which is due to virtue.

You, Mr. MIRROR, like ſome other rigid moraliſts, ſeem, from the general ſtrain of your writings, to require ſomething more towards the formation of a *good man* than the mere abſence of evil, or the mere *livery* of goodneſs. It muſt be allowed, however, that by a ſcrupulous obſervance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely uſe of the language and dialect of virtue, the exterior and viſible part of the character is to be attained, which, for moſt of the uſeful purpoſes of life, ſeems to be quite ſufficient. But as there are ſtill a few who go a little deeper, and are ſcrupulous enough to require a purity of heart as well as of manners, it is pity that thoſe ſincere good people ſhould loſe all recompence for the ſacrifice they make of many comfortable gratifications, while they ſee the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much ſmaller expence.

From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been conſidering, whether it were not poſſible to deviſe ſome means of unmaſking thoſe

thoſe of the former character, ſome ſtandard by which the two claſſes might be compared, or ſtatical balance which ſhould ſhew the difference of weight and ſolidity of ſuch objects as have a ſimilar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been ſucceſsful, and ſhall now propoſe to you my plan.

Imprimis, I lay it down as a rule, that men ſhall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by ſuch as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as thoſe uſeful chronicles of facts, called *newſpapers*, have hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily a-doing, I propoſe to publiſh a newſpaper of a different kind, which ſhall contain the daily intelligence of all ſuch things as are not done.

For the benefit of ſuch as chuſe to encourage my undertaking, I ſend you a ſpecimen of the work, which I can ſafely promiſe, and hereby engage, ſhall contain more in quantity than any other periodical regiſter whatever.

" Saturday laſt, being the feſtival of Chriſt-
" mas, a day which the late worthy Sir Thomas
" W——— uſed to commemorate by giving a
" warm dinner to all the poor of the pariſh, the
" ſame was celebrated by his ſon, the preſent Sir
" Thomas, with no ſolemnity whatever."

" Yeſterday George B———, Eſq. who, by
" the death of an uncle, ſucceeded lately to an
" eſtate

" eſtate of £. 4000 *per annum*, gave no anſwer " to five charity-letters from the natural children " of his deceaſed relation, and their mother, who " works hard for their maintenance."

" In the courſe of laſt week four poor people " died in the ſtreets—owing to the great *incle-* " *mency* of the ſeaſon."

" On Friday the 24th ult. the Duke of ——— " viſited the Royal Infirmary of this city, and, " after peruſing the liſt of contributions to that " humane and uſeful foundation, was pleaſed to " give a——pinch of ſnuff to the gentleman that " ſtood next him."

" It was confidently reported ſome days ago, " that C—— W——, Eſq. had paid his father's " debts; but this, we are aſſured, is without " foundation."

" In the action lately brought by E. L. a " *pauper*, againſt her ſon-in-law Lord ——, for " an alimony, ſeveral eminent counſel being " applied to in behalf of the plaintiff, refuſed " to take any concern in ſo ſhameful a proſecu- " tion."

" W. P. Eſq. who lately ſuſtained a conſi- " derable loſs by play, has not, as was aſſerted, " ſold his hunters and pack of harriers. He " has only diſmiſſed his chaplain, and cut off " the allowance of ſome ſuperannuated do- " meſtics, on whom his father beſtowed annual " penſions."

" Whereas

" Whereas it has been reported, that R. V. " Eſq. who ſome time ago made a compoſition " with his creditors of five ſhillings in the pound, " has of late given ſeveral entertainments of " three courſes, we are deſired to inform the " public, from the beſt authority, viz. his butler, " that the ſaid gentleman never gives more than " two courſes and a deſſert."

" Laſt night, between the hours of nine and " ten, a fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H. " Eſq. which, after burning with ſome violence, " for two hours, was happily extinguiſhed. It " did no farther damage than the conſuming of " about 20 lb. of coals. It is ſurpriſing how " very few *ſuch accidents* have happened of late " years."

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is the nature of the paper which I propoſe ſhall daily give intelligence of whatever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Beſides the recommendation of novelty, its general uſefulneſs muſt be ſo apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extenſive circulation.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

INTEGER.

I have been favoured, by an ingenious Correſpondent, with the following obſervations on Paſtoral Poetry.

NO ſpecies of poetry has given occaſion to more obſervation and criticiſm than what is called *paſtoral;* though I am ſtill inclined to ſuſpect that the nature of this compoſition has not, after all, been properly aſcertained. The critics have preſcribed a great number of rules upon that ſubject, but without attempting to point out any principle in nature upon which they are founded; expecting, perhaps, that, like receipts, they ſhould be implicitly followed upon the mere authority of the perſons by whom they are delivered. Thus we are informed that an *eclogue*, or *paſtoral*, is an imitation of the action of a ſhepherd, or of one conſidered under that character; and that thoſe who have introduced *reapers* or *fiſhermen*, into this ſort of compoſition, have acted improperly. Although an eclogue, however, ought to repreſent the manners of a ſhepherd, we are told that thoſe manners ſhould be painted, not as they are found in nature, but according to an ideal ſtandard of perfection in what is called the *golden age*, where mankind live

live a life of ſimplicity untainted by vice, and maintain a ſerenity and tranquillity of mind undiſturbed by avarice or ambition. In ſhort, the actions of a ſhepherd, exhibited in this ſort of writing, ought to have little reſemblance to ſuch as exiſt at preſent among that claſs of people, or probably ever did exiſt in any period of the world.

Is there not ſomething mighty whimſical and arbitrary in theſe critical tenets? May we not be permitted to aſk why a ſpecies of poetry ſhould be appropriated to one particular profeſſion or occupation, in contradiſtinction to all others? What is there in the life of a ſhepherd to diſtinguiſh it from that of the other inhabitants of a country, and to mark the peculiar ſtyle and character of thoſe verſes which are employed in deſcribing it?

A *paſtoral* ought, in my opinion, to be diſtinguiſhed from any other poem, not ſo much by the claſs of people whom it propoſes to exhibit, as by the kind of ſentiments which it is deſigned to expreſs. Love and friendſhip give riſe to ſentiments which are apt to engroſs the whole imagination, and to have an extenſive influence upon the diſpoſition and temper. The ſenſibility and delicacy produced in a mind where theſe affections are prevalent, is liable to be diſguſted with the ordinary commerce of ſociety, to feel an averſion to the cares and buſtle of an active life,

and

and a high reliſh for the eaſe and indolent enjoyments connected with rural retirement.

> And Wiſdom's ſelf
> Oft ſeeks the ſweet retired ſolitude,
> Where, with her beſt nurſe Contemplation,
> She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
> That, in the buſtling hurry of reſort,
> Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.

As theſe diſpoſitions and ſentiments have a peculiar tone and character, that poetry in which they are expreſſed is, with propriety, conſidered as diſtinct from every other; being obviouſly different from that which is employed in deſcribing great and heroic actions, or from that which is intended to call forth ſympathy by ſcenes of diſtreſs, or from that which is calculated to excite laughter by exhibiting objects of folly and ridicule.

In a poem expreſſive of tender ſentiments, it ſeems neceſſary that the ſcene ſhould be laid at a diſtance from places of buſineſs and public reſort, and ſhould be filled with a deſcription of rural objects and amuſements. Shepherds, therefore, being the earlieſt inhabitants of the country, enjoying eaſe and happineſs, were naturally pitched upon as the only perſons who could, with probability, be repreſented in compoſitions of this nature. Hence it ſeems to have ariſen, that the readers of ſuch poems, and even critics,

critics, attending more to the ſenſible objects that were exhibited, than to the end which the poet had in view, have conſidered that as primary which was merely an accidental circumſtance; and have regarded the employment of tending flocks as eſſential in the perſons repreſented. It is in conſequence of this that the name of *paſtoral* is now commonly appropriated to that ſort of compoſition, which has been ſubſtituted in place of *Eclogues*, *Idyllia*, *Sylvæ*, and ſeveral others uſed by ancient authors. No reaſon, however, occurs for adhering to thoſe early ideas in the preſent ſtate of the world, where the ſituation of things is totally changed. Many people at preſent may, with probability, be ſuppoſed to live in the country, whoſe ſituation in life has no connection with that of ſhepherds, and yet whoſe character is equally ſuitable to the ſentiments which ought to prevail in that ſpecies of writing.

It may even be doubted, whether the repreſentation of ſentiments belonging to the *real* inhabitants of the country, who are ſtrangers to all refinement, or thoſe entertained by a perſon of an elegant and cultivated mind, who, from choice, retires into the country, with a view of enjoying thoſe pleaſures which it affords, is calculated to produce a more intereſting picture. If the former is recommended by its *naïveté* and ſimplicity, it may be expected that the latter

ſhould

ſhould have the preference in point of beauty and variety.

Two of the greateſt poets of antiquity have deſcribed the pleaſures of a country life in theſe two different aſpects. The former view is exhibited, with great propriety and elegance, in one of the moſt beautiful poems of *Horace*.

Quod ſi pudica mulier in partem juvans
Domum, atque dulces liberos;
(Sabina qualis, aut peruſta ſolibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetuſtis exſtruat lignis focum
Laſſi ſub adventum viri:
Claudenſque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Diſtenta ſiccet ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet. Epod. 2.

But if a chaſte and virtuous wife
Aſſiſt him in the tender care,
Of ſun-burnt charms, but honeſt fame,
(Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame);
Fatigued when homeward he returns,
The ſacred fire with cheerful luſtre burns;
Or if ſhe milk her ſwelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flock confine;
While unbought dainties crown the feaſt,
And luſcious wines from this year's vintage preſt.
FRANCIS.

The more elevated *Virgil* has given a picture of the latter kind no leſs delightful, in that paſſage at the end of the ſecond book of the *Georgics*, beginning,

O fortunatos nimium ſua ſi bona nôrint
Agricolas.———

O happy if he knew his happy ſtate
The ſwain.———

The enlargement of the field of paſtoral poetry, which is here ſuggeſted, would ſurely be of advantage, conſidering how much the common topics of that ſpecies of writing are already exhauſted. We are become weary of the ordinary ſentiments of ſhepherds, which have been ſo often repeated, and which have uſually nothing but the variety of expreſſion to recommend them. The greater part of the productions which have appeared under the name of paſtorals are, accordingly, ſo inſipid, as to have excited little attention; which is the more remarkable, becauſe the ſubjects which they treat of naturally intereſt the affections, and are eaſily painted in ſuch deluſive colours as tend to ſooth the imagination by romantic dreams of happineſs.

M. *de Fontenelle* has attempted to write paſtorals upon the extenſive plan above mentioned; but, though this author writes with great elegance in proſe, his poetical talents ſeem rather below mediocrity; ſo that it is not likely he will be regarded, by ſucceeding poets, as a model for imitation.

N° 80. SATURDAY, *February* 12, 1780.

——*Ex fumo dare lucem*
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat. HOR.

AUTHORS have been divided into two claſſes, the inſtructive and the entertaining; to which has been added a third, who mix, according to *Horace*, the "*utile dulci*," and are, in his opinion, intitled to the higheſt degree of applauſe.

Readers complain, that in none of theſe departments is there, in modern writing, much pretenſion to originality. In ſcience, they ſay, ſo much has been already diſcovered, that all a modern writer has left, is, to explain and enforce the ſyſtems of our predeceſſors; and, in literature, our fathers have ſo exhauſted the acuteneſs of reaſoning, the flaſhes of wit, the luxuriance of deſcription, and the invention of incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not object, to his picture; new language, not ſituation, to his ſtory.

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one claſs of writers to whom the charge of triteneſs does, I apprehend, very little

apply. They are generally of the firſt ſpecies mentioned above, who publiſh uſeful information to mankind; yet, in the laſt quarter of the 18th century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of ſcience, when every field was open to the reſearches of induſtry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to, are the authors of thoſe little eſſays which appear in the learned world under the title of ADVERTISEMENTS.

The neceſſary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the claſs of authors whom I deſcribe. In both, I will venture to aſſert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their uſefulneſs.

It was formerly imagined, that diſeaſe was an evil which mankind had inherited as a puniſhment for the lapſe of their progenitor. *Milton* has given, in his Paradiſe Loſt, a catalogue of ſome of thoſe tormenting maladies which were to be felt by the race of fallen *Adam.*—— So has Dr. *Dominiceti* in an advertiſement, which is now lying before me; but, with the moſt extraordinary force of original diſcovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of thoſe diſorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleaſure, and even luxury. "*I engage*," ſays the Doctor, "*with* pleaſure "*and even* luxury, *to the patient to increaſe or*

"*diminiſh*

" *diminiſh the vital heat, and the circulatory, ſe-*
" *cretory, and excretory functions; to ſoften and*
" *relax the too hard and dry muſcular and nervous*
" *fibres, and contracted ligaments; and to harden*
" *and make compact, and give the proper tone and*
" *elaſticity to the too moiſt and flabby muſcular and*
" *nervous fibres and relaxed ſinews, and provide*
" *and eſtabliſh an equilibrium between the fluids*
" *and veſſels; to ſweeten acrid, corroſive, and ſa-*
" *line humours; and to cure the dropſy, aſthma,*
" *conſumptions, colic, gravel, rheumatiſm, palſy,*
" *pleuriſy, and fevers, ſtone and gout, ſcurvy and*
" *leproſy; to mollify and deſtroy inveterate collo-*
" *ſities, to deterge and cure obſtinate ulcers*, &c.
" *Theſe are not the repreſentations of a Quack's*
" *bill; I deteſt the arts of quackery as much as*
" *any man living. I deal not in noſtrums or*
" *myſteries, or magic or expedient to captivate:*

" Non ſibi, ſed toto genitum ſe credere mundo."

If he who invented one new pleaſure was formerly thought entitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the Doctor deſerve, who has added as many luxuries to the liſt, as there are diſeaſes in the catalogues of noſology?

Scotland, though not remarkable in this department of literature, has the honour of producing an author, who, in an advertiſement publiſhed not long ago, has added to the ſtores of *natural hiſtory* the following very curious

facts, with regard to the properties of air and heat. Mr. *Fair*, maſon, oppoſite to the White Hart Inn, Graſs-market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himſelf on the ſubject of *pneumatics*: "*Air and ſmoke*," ſays he, "*are two elaſtic* "*fluids, capable of being condenſed and expanded.* "*Heat, or the fire in the grate, expands the* "*air. Being expanded, it becomes lighter. And,* "*as it is in nature for light matter to ſwim to* "*the top of heavier, it riſes up the vent, carrying* "*the ſmoke along with it. This is the principle* "*by which fire burns, and ſmoke aſcends. Now,* "*that the particles of air may be brought above the* "*fire, that they may be heated to expand and carry* "*off the ſmoke, ſhould be the chief care of a maſon* "*in finiſhing of the fire-places. On the contrary* "*it is the cauſe of ſmoke.*

"*The other cauſe of ſmoke is the wind. Wind* "*is a current of the air always ruſhing into voids.* "*At the ſame time it goes forward, by the law of* "*gravity, it has a tendency to preſs downwards.* "*Now, when it blows over any one object higher* "*than the chimney-top, gravity brings it down-* "*ward, preſſing the ſmoke before it.*"

It will be obſerved, that, like many other great theoriſts, Mr. *Fair* uſes a language in ſome places a little obſcure; and that in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to preſs downwards, his expreſſion borders on the jocular; a liberty in which ſome

ſome of the greateſt philoſophers have frequently indulged.

Theſe diſcoveries, however new and aſtoniſhing, are not ſupernatural. But I have juſt now read an advertiſement, which carries its information *beyond the bounds of ſpace and time;* and, though the modeſty of its author allows that ſhe has borrowed ſomething from the *Eaſtern Magi*, may fairly be deemed an original. "*Mrs. Corbyn, at* N° 41, *Stanhope-ſtreet, Clare-market, London, by the genuine rules of the real aſtronomical arcana, for which the wiſe men of the Eaſt were ſo noted, undertakes to anſwer all legal aſtrological queſtions, in a moſt ſurpriſing manner. Continues to give the moſt amazing accounts of perſons by ſea and land. Gives attendance at the warehouſe every day from ten in the morning to eight at night.*" The wiſe men of the Eaſt, and ſome other aſtrologers, might perhaps *retail* ſome predictions; but the idea of a *warehouſe* of prophecy was, I am perſuaded, reſerved for Mrs. *Corbyn*, of *Clare-market.*

In the *ornamental* department of ſcience, has there been any thing, ſince the days of *Medea*, that could ſo effectually give beauty to homelineſs, or reſtore youth to age, as the *Circaſſian Waſh*, or the *Venetian Flower-water?* or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of

nature more ſucceſsfully than in the *Elaſtic Cuſhion* and *Spring Curls*, " *which*," ſays the advertiſement, " *are as natural and becoming*, " *nay, by many thought more ſo, than the natural* " *hair itſelf?*"

Nor is the merit of thoſe gentlemen much inferior, where they apply arts already diſcovered, to purpoſes which their inventors never dreamed of. *Socrates* was ſaid to have brought down philoſophy from heaven to dwell with men. I think the ſame eulogium may be fairly beſtowed on the very ingenious artiſt, who has informed us in an advertiſement, " *That he* " *makes* leather-breeches *by the rules of* trigo- " nometry."

Having thus done juſtice to the merit of thoſe authors in point of ſubſtance, I proceed to ſhew their excellence in the compoſition and ſtyle of their productions. Amidſt a variety of inſtances, I ſhall make choice of one, merely becauſe it ſtrikes my view in laſt night's Public Advertiſer. It is the production of a very voluminous writer in this department, Mr. *Norton*, of *Golden-ſquare*.

" *E. S. Gent. of Tenterden in Kent, was long* " *afflicted with an inveterate ſcorbutic diſorder.* " *It firſt broke out in hot pimples and dry ſcales all* " *over his face; then appeared in great blotches on* " *various parts of his body, and ædematous ſwell-* " *ings in his legs, which terminated in dreadful* " *excoriations*

" *excoriations and fætid ulcers. All this was at-*
" *tended with a total loſs of appetite, and, at laſt,*
" *with ſuch extreme languor and debility, that*
" *the poor gentleman was utterly deſpaired of by*
" *ſeveral of the moſt eminent of the faculty who at-*
" *tended him; till, at laſt, by the providential diſ-*
" *covery in the newſpapers of the efficacy of* Mare-
" dant's drops, *by taking a few bottles of them,*
" *all the above terrible ſymptoms began gradually*
" *to diſappear, his appetite returned, his com-*
" *plexion regained its priſtine bloom, his ſkin be-*
" *came as ſmooth as that of a new-born babe, and*
" *his fleſh recovered the ſoundneſs and elaſticity of*
" *the moſt vigorous habit. He has ever ſince*
" *been perfectly ſtout, hale, and active, and has*
" *had three children born to him, all thriving and*
" *healthy.*"

This may be conſidered as a ſort of tragi-comic recital, and, if examined by the rules of Ariſtotle, will be found to contain all the requiſites of the beſt dramatic compoſition. Here is a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning, the breaking out of Mr. S.'s diſorder; the middle, the progreſs of the diſeaſe; the end, its perfect cure. Here too, in ſome ſort, is the Αγνωρισις, and here evidently the Περιπετεια, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the Αγνωρισις, the providential diſcovery of Maredant's drops; the Περιπετεια, the change of ſituation from pimples and ſcales to a blooming com-

plexion,

plexion, from blotches and ulcers to ſmoothneſs of ſkin and ſoundneſs of fleſh, from extreme debility and languor, to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this claſs of writers leſs remarkable for adaptation of ſtyle than for correctneſs of compoſition. The advertiſement above recited of Dr. *Dominiceti*, and the daily performances of Meſſ. *Chriſtie* and *Anſell*, ſhew to what *elevation* they can raiſe it, when the ſubject requires elevation. On the other hand, where ſhall we find more truly characteriſtic ſimplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? "*Wanted, by a ſingle gentleman-*
"*tailor, a ſervant-maid, to act as houſekeeper and*
"*cook, where a girl is kept to attend and wait*
"*upon the maſter. None need apply who will*
"*pretend to manage the kitchen-fire without his*
"*directions, as he underſtands the management of*
"*coal-fires, which few ſervants in this town do.*
"*As he commonly dines out of a Sunday, he ex-*
"*pects his ſervants to go to church, inſtead of*
"*cooking dainties to themſelves, ſuch as ſhoulders*
"*of veal ſtuff'd*, &c.; *as, though he is a ſingle*
"*man, he is very well inſtructed by a neighbour*
"*how to manage his family.——Apply next door*
"*to the ſteps, Panton Square.*"

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the claſs of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love

love of ſcience, or the deſire of fame, but from motives merely intereſted and ſelfiſh. But a little acquaintance with many of their productions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr. *Speediman*, in ſpite of his natural modeſty, to addreſs the Public in an advertiſment? "Mr. Speedi-"man *would be unjuſt to the Public if he any* "*longer delayed acquainting them of the virtues of* "*his* ſtomach pills." Are there not daily advertiſements of ſales "*far below prime coſt*," which continue for ſeveral years, to the evident advantage of the Public, and loſs of the advertiſer? And does not Mr. *Moleſworth* preſs adventurers in the lottery to purchaſe his tickets and ſhares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn *prizes?*

To ſuch men, may not the above quoted motto of the illuſtrious Dr. *Dominiceti* be moſt deſervedly applied?

"Non ſibi, ſed toto genitum ſe credere mundo;"

which, however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked wag of my acquaintance tranſlate t'other day to a company of ladies, That the Doctor's fumigations "were "to make himſelf live, and to kill all the world "beſide."

N° 81. TUESDAY, *February* 15, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago you inſerted in your paper a letter from a lady who ſubſcribed herſelf *S. M.* giving an account of the hardſhips ſhe has ſuffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midſt of affluence, and then left to the ſupport of a very ſlender proviſion. I own the ſituation to be a hard one; but it may, perhaps, afford her ſome conſolation to be told, that there are others, ſeemingly enviable, which are yet as diſtreſsful, that derive their diſtreſſes from circumſtances exactly the reverſe of thoſe in which Miſs *S. M.* is placed.

I loſt my father, a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, at an age ſo early, that his death has ſcarce left any traces on my mind. I can only recollect, that there was ſomething of buſtle, as well as of ſorrow, all over the houſe; that my coloured *faſh* was changed for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink papa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my mamma being ſick, and that there was

was a little brother born who was much more attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer play-things, and being oftener the ſubject of diſcourſe among our viſitors; and that ſometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nurſery, *Billy*'s maid would tell mine, that Miſs muſt wait till her betters were ſerved.

A ſuperiority to which I was ſo early accuſtomed, it gave me little uneaſineſs to bear. The vivacity natural to children, which in me was ſupported by uninterrupted good health, left me no leiſure to complain of a preference, by which, though my brother was diſtinguiſhed, he was ſeldom or never made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birthright entitled him, was often more a hardſhip than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with mamma, when he would have much rather been with me in the garden; he was made to repeat his leſſon to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progreſs, while I was ſuffered to be playing blindman's-buff below ſtairs; he was ſet at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toaſt and water, and to behave himſelf like a gentleman, while I was allowed to devour apple-dumplin, gulp down ſmall-beer, and play monkey-tricks at the ſide-table.

That

That care, however, which watched his health, was not repaid with ſucceſs; he was always more delicate, and more ſubject to little diſorders than I; and at laſt, after completing his ſeventh year, was ſeized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my anceſtors.

After the firſt tranſports of my mother's grief were ſubſided, ſhe began to apply herſelf to the care of her ſurviving child. I was now become inheritreſs of her anxiety, as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amuſements. Inſtead of going along with a ſet of other girls of my own age to a claſs for learning *French*, and a public *writing-ſchool*, teachers were brought into the houſe to inſtruct me privately; and, though I ſtill went to a *dancing-ſchool* three days in the week to practiſe the leſſons which I received from an eminent maſter at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governeſs, or ſomebody, by whoſe ſide I was ſtuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myſelf, and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too conſiderable a perſon to aſſociate with thoſe in whoſe ſports and amuſements I had formerly been ſo happy to

ſhare; if at any time I ventured to mention a wiſh for their ſociety, I was immediately checked by an obſervation of my mamma, that ſhe believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the ſolitude in which my ſuperiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother's maid, was taken into the houſe, whoſe office it was to attend me during all my hours of ſtudy or amuſement, to hold the pin-cuſhion while my maid was dreſſing me, to get leſſons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at *Draughts*, which ſhe was never to win, and to lift the *Shuttlecock*, which I commonly let fall; in ſhort, ſhe was to ſerve me for the practice of all that inſolence which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to aſſume. I feel, at this moment, Mr. MIRROR, the moſt ſincere compunction for the hardſhips which this poor girl ſuffered while ſhe was with me; hardſhips, from which, at laſt, ſhe freed herſelf, by running off with a recruiting ſerjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her ſubſiſtence a bounty, and to account myſelf generous when I beſtowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in perverſion, the culture of my body was little leſs prepoſterous. The freedom and exerciſe which formerly beſtowed health and vigour, I

now

now exchanged for the conſtraints of faſhion, and the lazineſs of pride. Every ſhackle of dreſs which the daughters of any great man were underſtood to wear, I was immediately provided with, becauſe I could afford it as well as they. I was never allowed the uſe of my limbs, becauſe I could *afford* a coach; and, when attacked by the ſlighteſt diſorder, immediate recourſe was had to the phyſician, becauſe I could *afford* a fee. The conſequence was natural; I loſt all my former ſpirits, as well as my former bloom; and, when I firſt put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale, and nerves as weak, as the fineſt.

I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almoſt ſolely to one object, the diſpoſal of my perſon in marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the ſlave of my mother's hopes and fears. I was dreſſed and re-dreſſed, ſqueezed and pinched, that I might catch a fine gentleman who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried ſeveral miles in the dark to a ball at our country-town, to diſplay myſelf to a Lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country 'ſquire of a very large eſtate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a-

hunting

hunting with a Duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man had been seen to look at me. I was forced to leave the parish-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a shilling, to admit him into the next pew; my dancing-master was changed, because his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-master, an old bachelor of threescore, was dismissed because he happened to put his hand on mine in shewing me how to manage my *Crayons*. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to associate was the clergyman of our parish, a very old gentleman of the most irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reason to hope. Possessed of excellent sense and great learning, the good man was at pains to teach me the use of the first, and the value of the latter. By his assistance, my mind, which before had always been either uncultivated or misled, was informed with knowledge more useful than the extent of my fortune, or the privileges of my birth. He shewed me the folly of pride, and the meanness of insolence; he taught me the respect due to merit, the tenderness to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I first learned the dignity of condescension, the pleasures of civility, the luxury of beneficence.

He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his inſtructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perverſion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel the weakneſs of my mind, than to recover its ſtrength.

My mother did not long ſurvive him. I had been forced to ſee the errors of her judgment, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to loſe her aſſiſtance, when her aſſiſtance would have been more uſeful, and her indulgence leſs prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which has now devolved on me, I am perplexed with buſineſs which I do not underſtand, and haraſſed by applications which I know not how to anſwer. I am ſometimes puzzled with ſchemes for improving my eſtate, ſometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to diminiſh it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiouſneſs of rich ones. I never open a letter from my ſteward in the country without uneaſineſs; and a viſit from my agent in town is to me like that of a bailiff. Amidſt all theſe difficulties, I have no relation whom I can truſt, and no friend to whom I can lean; the intereſt which people have in deceiving me deprives me of confidence in advice, or pleaſure in approbation. In ſhort, it is my ſingular misfortune to poſſeſs wealth with

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all the embarraſſment of poverty, and power with all the dependance of meanneſs.

I am, &c.

OLIVIA.

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N° 82. SATURDAY, *February* 19, 1780.

THE paper of to-day was received from an unknown hand ſeveral weeks ago. The publication of it may, perhaps, appear rather unſeaſonable, after the laſt Gazette. There is ſtill, however, much truth in my Correſpondent's obſervations, who, I dare ſay, will not regret that Sir *George Rodney*'s ſucceſs has ſomewhat leſſened their force.

For the MIRROR.

Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti.
HOR. EP.

MEN, who either poſſeſs a natural ſourneſs of temper, or who have been unfortunate in the world from accident or imprudence, or

perhaps think they have been ſo, from over-rating their own deſerts, are apt to aſcribe to human nature a variety of vices and imperfections. They conſider theſe as the chief ingredients of the compoſition of mankind, and that their virtues and good qualities are only exceptions from the general rule, like accidental ſtrokes of genius, or colouring in the works of a painter, whoſe performances, on the whole, are coarſe and irregular.

Nothing can be more groundleſs and unjuſt than this accuſation. I am convinced that, upon a thorough examination, though we might diſcover many vicious and profligate individuals, we ſhould find, in general, that human nature is virtuous and well-diſpoſed, and little merits the abuſe that peeviſh or unfortunate men are inclined to beſtow upon it.

One charge, much inſiſted upon againſt mankind, is public ingratitude. With what juſtice or truth this is urged, we may judge, by examining the behaviour of men from the earlieſt period to the preſent times; and, in doing ſo, I flatter myſelf we ſhall be able to diſcover that the reverſe is true, and that a ſtrong ſpirit of gratitude has appeared on all occaſions where it was due, though in different ages and countries it has been expreſſed in a different manner.

In Egypt and ancient Greece, the tribute paid by the public voice to the benefactors of mankind,

kind, was to consider them as objects of divine worship, and for that purpose to inrol them among the gods. Such was *Ceres*, for the invention of corn; *Bacchus*, for the discovery of wine; and a variety of others, with whom every school-boy is acquainted. If a man of superior strength and valour happened to repel an invader, destroy a monster, or perform any notable deed of public service, he was revered while living, and, after his death, his memory was respected, and a species of inferior worship was paid to him, as a hero, or a demi-god.

In later times, in the Grecian states, the general who fought a successful battle, or destroyed an enemy's fleet, had statues erected to him by the public voice, and at the expence of the public. The Romans did not think of honouring their active or fortunate commanders with statues; but they had their triumphs and ovations bestowed by the public, and supported by the voluntary applause and attendance of a grateful populace.

I should be extremely sorry if the moderns yielded in the article of public gratitude either to the Greeks or Romans. I shall not enter upon the practice or manners of other European nations; but I can venture to assert, with some degree of confidence, that the people of Great Britain possess a degree of public gratitude unexampled in any other age or country.

In making this assertion, I do not allude to public monuments, hereditary pensions, or thanks of parliament, which, though of a public, and seemingly of a general nature, may nevertheless proceed from a very limited cause. I allude to that universal effusion of honest gratitude which the good people of England frequently bestow on successful commanders, by putting up their pictures as *signs* for their taverns and ale-houses, and frequenting these more than any other, till the reputation of the original begins to be obscured by the rising glory of some new favourite.

I must, at the same time, observe, that great statesmen have seldom experienced this mark of public applause. The late Mr. *Pitt* was, indeed, an exception from the remark; but he was, in fact, a minister of war only, and never meddled with finance. A first Lord of the Treasury, let him be as wise as *Ximenes*, and as moderate as *Fleury*, cannot expect to be revered on the sign-post of an ale-house; every article of consumpt there has felt the weight of his hand; and whether the company get drunk in wine or punch, or enjoy the cool collations of tea and coffee, still the reckoning recalls ideas that lead to execrations on the whole system of finance and taxation, from the department of the first minister to the walk of the lowest exciseman; and, by an easy transition, the

the diſlike of the ſyſtem and the offices paſſes, in ſome degree, to the perſons of thoſe who fill them.

But as the ſame cauſe of unmerited obloquy does not exiſt with reſpect to our admirals and generals, they have been often and much the objects of this ſpecies of public gratitude. It is needleſs to go far back. In the year 1739, Admiral *Vernon* took *Porto-bello, with ſix ſhips only.* This public gratitude to him was boundleſs.—He was ſung in ballads.—At the enſuing general election in 1741, he was returned from three different corporations; but, above all, his portrait filled every ſign-poſt; and he may be figuratively ſaid to have ſold the ale, beer, porter, and purl of England for ſix years.

Towards the cloſe of that period, the Admiral's favour began to fade apace with the colours of his uniform; and the battle of Culloden was total annihilation to him. When the news of that victory reached England, a new object preſented itſelf to the public favour; and the honeſt Admiral, in every ſign-poſt, made way for the more portly figure of the *glorious Duke of Cumberland.*

The Duke kept poſſeſſion of the ſign-poſts a long time. In the beginning of laſt war, our Admiral in the Mediterranean, and our Generals in North America, did nothing that could tend, in the leaſt degree, to move his Royal Highneſs from his place; but the doubtful battle of *Ha-*

mellan, followed by the unfortunate convention of *Stade*, and the riſing glories of the *King of Pruſſia*, obliterated the glorious Duke of Cumberland as effectually as his Royal Highneſs and the battle of Culloden had effaced the figure, the memory, and the renown of Admiral Vernon.

The Duke was ſo totally diſplaced by his Pruſſian Majeſty, that I have ſome doubts whether he met with fair play. One circumſtance, indeed, was much againſt him; his figure being marked by a hat with the *Kevenhuller* cock, a military uniform, and a fierce look, a very ſlight touch of the painter converted him into the King of Pruſſia; but what crowned the ſucceſs of his Pruſſian majeſty, was, the title beſtowed upon him by the brothers of the bruſh, "*The glorious* "*Proteſtant hero;*" words which added ſplendour to every ſign-poſt, and which no Britiſh ſubject could read, without peculiar ſenſations of veneration and of thirſt.

For two years *the glorious Proteſtant Hero* was unrivalled; but the French being beat at Minden upon the 1ſt of Auguſt 1759, by the army under *Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick*, the King of Pruſſia began to give place a little to two popular favourites, who ſtarted at the ſame time, I mean *Prince Ferdinand*, and the *Marquis of Granby*. *Prince Ferdinand* was ſupported altogether by his good conduct at Minden, and his high reputation over Europe as a general;—the *Marquis of Granby*

Granby behaved with ſpirit and perſonal courage every where; but his ſucceſs in the ſign-poſts of England was much owing to a compariſon generally made between him and another Britiſh general of higher rank, but who was ſuppoſed not to have behaved ſo well. Perhaps too, he was a good deal indebted to another circumſtance, to wit, the *baldneſs* of his head.

The next who figured in the ſign-poſt way was the celebrated *John Wilkes*, Eſq.—This public honour conferred on him was alſo an effuſion of gratitude; for he was ſuppoſed to have written the Earl of *Bute*, who was both a Scotſman and a favourite, out of power, and to have reſiſted and explained the illegality of general warrants. Beſides, he fought a bloodleſs duel with E. *Talbot*, and was ſhot in the cauſe of liberty by Mr. *Martin* of the treaſury. All theſe were great weights in the ſcale of popularity; and, though Mr. *Wilkes* never attained the glory either of *Admiral Vernon* or the *Duke of Cumberland*, yet his viſage has filled many a ſign-poſt, and much ale and gin has been ſold under his auſpices.

Theſe are the laſt whom the people of Great Britain have thought worthy of being ſo honoured; and though the thing itſelf may ſeem ludicrous, yet the tale has a moral, by no means flattering to the well-wiſhers of this country. We have been now for five years employed in attempting to reduce our rebellious colonies; we

have

have been two years at war with France, and one with Spain; many troops have been raiſed, many millions have been expended; expeditions without number have been planned and ſupported, and the moſt powerful fleets have been fitted out that the coaſts and dock-yards of England ever beheld; yet, during this long period, with ſo many opportunities, and ſo much force, we have not an admiral whoſe head would ſell a ſingle can of flip, nor a general whoſe full length would procure cuſtom for an additional pot of porter.

That this expreſſion of public gratitude may be ſometimes miſplaced, I will by no means deny; but ſtill this tribute paid by the people is more likely, than any other circumſtance, to be a ſure proof of real merit. The Sovereign may be miſinformed as to the deſervings of thoſe whom he is pleaſed to honour; and although, in the preſent reign, no ſubſtantial mark of unmerited favour has been conferred, yet every body remembers the late *General Blakeney*, who gave up Minorca, made a lord for defending it, merely to ſupport a ſinking adminiſtration. What reliance can be had on the thanks of parliament as a proof of public merit, may be learned from the anſwer of a gallant ſea-officer (not an admiral), who, upon being told that the Houſe of Commons meant to give him thanks for his intrepid and ſucceſsful conduct on the coaſt of France, ſwore, if they did, he would inſtantly reſign his commiſſion.

Perhaps

Perhaps at that time, ſome recent inſtance of party injuſtice and partiality had brought the thanks of parliament into diſrepute; but, be that as it may, I ſhall never think our affairs, either by ſea or land, in a proſperous condition, till I ſee the ſign-poſts of England filled with freſh figures of generals and admirals. When that happens, it will be a ſure proof that our affairs have taken a favourable turn, and that ſome of our commanders have, at laſt, acted in a manner ſuitable to the troops and treaſure with which, from the beginning of this war, they have all been ſo liberally ſupplied.

N° 83. TUESDAY, *February* 22, 1780.

IN a paper publiſhed at *Edinburgh*, it would be improper to enter into any compariſon of the writers of this country with thoſe on the other ſide of the *Tweed:* but, whatever be the comparative rank of *Scottiſh* and *Engliſh* authors, it muſt ſurely be allowed, that, of late, there have been writers in this country, upon different ſubjects, who are poſſeſſed of very conſiderable merit. In one ſpecies of writing, however, in works and compoſitions of *humour*, there can be no ſort of doubt that the *Engliſh* ſtand perfectly

fectly unrivalled by their northern neighbours. The *Engliſh* excel in comedy; ſeveral of their romances are replete with the moſt humorous repreſentations of life and character, and many of their other works are full of excellent ridicule. But, in *Scotland*, we have hardly any book which aims at humour, and, of the very few which do, ſtill fewer have any degree of merit. Though we have tragedies written by *Scots* authors, we have no comedy, excepting *Ramſay's Gentle Shepherd;* and though we have tender novels, we have none of humour, excepting thoſe of *Smollet*, who, from his long reſidence in *England*, can hardly be ſaid to have acquired in this country his talent for writing; nor can we, for the ſame reaſon, lay a perfect claim to *Arbuthnot*, who is ſtill a more illuſtrious exception to my general remark. There muſt be ſomething in the national genius of the two people which makes this remarkable difference in their writings, though it may be difficult to diſcover from what cauſe it ariſes.

I am inclined to ſuſpect, that there is ſomething in the ſituation and preſent government of *Scotland*, which may, in part, account for this difference in the genius of the two countries. *Scotland*, before the union of the two kingdoms, was a ſeparate ſtate, with a parliament and conſtitution of its own. Now the ſeat of government is removed, and its conſtitution is involved

involved in that of *England*. At the time the two nations came to be so intimately connected, its great men were less affluent than those of *England*, its agriculture was little advanced, and its manufactures were in their infancy. A *Scotsman* was, therefore, in this situation, obliged to exert every nerve, that he might be able to hold his place.

If preferment, or offices in public life, were his object, he was obliged to remove from home to a city, which, though now the metropolis of the united kingdoms, had formerly been to him a sort of foreign capital. If wealth was the object of his pursuit, he could only acquire it at home by great industry and perseverance; and if he found he could not easily succeed in his own country, he repaired to other countries, where he expected to be able to amass a fortune. Hence it has been remarked, that there are more natives of *Scotland* to be found abroad than of any other country.

People in this situation are not apt to indulge themselves in humour; and few humorous characters will appear. It is only in countries where men wanton in the extravagancies of wealth, that some are led to indulge a particular vein of character, and that others are induced to delineate and express it in writing. Besides, where men are in a situation which makes it necessary for them to push their way in the

the world, more particularly if they are obliged to do ſo among ſtrangers, though this may give them a firmneſs and a reſoluteneſs in their conduct, it will naturally produce a modeſt caution and reſerve in their deportment, which muſt chill every approach to humour. Hence, though the *Scots* are allowed to be brave and undaunted in dangerous ſituations; yet baſhfulneſs, reſerve, and even timidity of manner, unleſs when they are called forth to action, are juſtly conſidered as making part of their character. Men of this diſpoſition are not apt to have humour; it is the open, the careleſs, the indifferent, and the forward, who indulge in it; it is the man who does not think of intereſt, and who ſets himſelf above attending to the proprieties of conduct. But he who has objects of intereſt in view, who attends with circumſpection to his conduct, and finds it neceſſary to do ſo, is generally grave and ſilent, and ſeldom makes any attempt at humour.

Theſe circumſtances may have had a conſiderable influence upon the genius and temper of the people in *Scotland;* and if they have given a particular formation to the genius of the people in general, they would naturally have a ſimilar effect upon its authors: the genius of an author commonly takes its direction from that of his countrymen.

To these causes, arising from the present situation and government of our country, may be added another circumstance, that of there being no court or seat of the monarch in *Scotland*. It is only where the court is, that the standard of manners can be fixed; and, of consequence, it is only in the neighbourhood of the court that a deviation from that standard can be exactly ascertained, or a departure from it be easily made the object of ridicule. Where there is no court, it becomes of little importance what dress the people wear, what hours they observe, what language they express themselves in, or what is their general deportment. Men living at a distance from the court become also unacquainted with the rules of fashion which it establishes, and are unable to mark or point them out. But the great subject for wit and ludicrous representation arises from men's having a thorough knowledge of what is the fashionable standard of manners, and being able to seize upon, and hold out a departure from it, in an humorous point of view. In *Scotland*, therefore, which, since the removal of the court, has become, in a certain degree, a provincial country, there being no fixed standard of manners within the country itself, one great source of ridicule is cut off, and an author is not led to attempt humorous composition; or, if he does, has little chance of succeeding.

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There is another particular which may have had a very conſiderable effect upon the genius of the *Scots* writers, and that is, the nature of the language in which they write. The old *Scottiſh* dialect is now baniſhed from our books, and the *Engliſh* is ſubſtituted in its place. But though our books be written in *Engliſh*, our converſation is in *Scotch*. Of our language it may be ſaid, as we are told of the wit of *Sir Hudibras*, that we have a ſuit for holidays and another for working-days. The *Scottiſh* dialect is our ordinary ſuit; the *Engliſh* is uſed only on ſolemn occaſions. When a *Scotſman* therefore writes, he does it generally in trammels. His own native original language, which he hears ſpoken around him, he does not make uſe of; but he expreſſes himſelf in a language in ſome reſpects foreign to him, and which he has acquired by ſtudy and obſervation. When a celebrated *Scottiſh* writer, after the publication of his *Hiſtory of Scotland*, was firſt introduced to *Lord Cheſterfield*, his Lordſhip, with that happy talent of compliment for which he was ſo remarkable, addreſſed him, at parting, in theſe words: "I am happy, Sir, to have met with "you,—happy to have paſſed a day with you,— "and extremely happy to find that you ſpeak "*Scotch*.—It would be too much, were you to "*ſpeak*, as well as *write* our language, better "than we do ourſelves."

This

This circumstance of a *Scottish* author not writing his own natural dialect, must have a considerable influence upon the nature of his literary productions. When he is employed in any grave dignified composition, when he writes history, politics, or poetry, the pains he must take to write, in a manner different from that in which he speaks, will not much affect his productions; the language of such compositions is, in every case, raised above that of common life; and therefore, the deviation which a *Scottish* author is obliged to make from the common language of the country, can be of little prejudice to him. But if a writer is to descend to common and ludicrous pictures of life; if, in short, he is to deal in humorous composition, his language must be, as nearly as possible, that of common life, that of the bulk of the people: but a *Scotsman* who wishes to write *English* cannot easily do this. He neither speaks the *English* dialect, nor is it spoken by those around him: any knowledge he has acquired of the language is got from books, not from conversation. Hence *Scottish* authors may have been prevented from attempting to write books of humour; and, when they have tried it, we may be able, in some measure, to account for their failure.

In confirmation of these remarks, it may be observed, that almost the only works of humour which we have in this country, are in the *Scottish*

dialect, and moſt of them were written before the union of the kingdoms, when the *Scotch* was the written, as well as the ſpoken language of the country. The *Gentle Shepherd*, which is full of natural and ludicrous repreſentations of low life, is written in broad *Scotch*. Many of our ancient *Scottiſh* ballads are full of humour. If there have been lately any publications of humour in this country, written in good *Engliſh*, they have been moſtly of the graver ſort, called *irony*. In this ſpecies of writing, where the author himſelf never appears to laugh, a more dignified compoſition is admiſſible; and, in that caſe, the diſadvantage of writing in a language different from that in which the author ſpeaks, or thoſe around him converſe, is not ſo ſenſibly felt.

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N° 84. SATURDAY, *February* 26, 1780.

Clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres. HOR.

TO diſpute the right of *Faſhion* to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper,

paper, who throws himſelf, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be ſuppoſed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the obſervations of ſome antiquated Correſpondents, who pretend to ſet up what they call the invariable notions of things, againſt the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the ſame time, I muſt obſerve, that, as there is a *College* in *Phyſic*, and a *Faculty* (as it is called in *Scotland*) in *Law*; ſo, in *Faſhion*, there is a ſelect body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeneſs, and wit in the folly of a perſon of faſhion, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretenſion.

I am afraid that our city (talking like a man who has travelled) is but a ſort of mimic metropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the ſame licence of making a fool of itſelf, as *London* or *Paris*. The circle, therefore, taking them in the *gros*, of our faſhionable people here, have ſeldom ventured on the ſame beautiful irregularity in dreſs, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practiſed by the leaders of the *ton* in the capitals of *France* or *England*.

With individuals, the ſame rule of ſubordination is to be obſerved, which, however, perſons of extraordinary parts, of genius above

their condition, are ſometimes apt to overlook. I perceive, in the pit of the play-houſe, ſome young men, who have got fuddled in *punch*, as noiſy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking *Burgundy*; and others, who have come ſober from the counter, or the writing-deſk, give almoſt as little attention to the play as the men of £.3000 a-year.——My old ſchool-acquaintance, *Jack Wou'dbe*, t'other morning, had a neckcloth as dirty as a Lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner, for a quarter of an hour, by the aſſiſtance of the little *mirror* in the lid of his *tooth-pick caſe*. I take the firſt opportunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of *Europe*.

Nature and *Faſhion* are two oppoſite powers, that have long been at variance with one another. The firſt is allowed to preſide over the bulk of the people known by the denomination of the *vulgar*; the laſt is peculiar to the higher orders of the ſtate, and by her honours they have a title to be diſtinguiſhed. Attention to intereſting ſcenes, civility to thoſe we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to Nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of *Faſhion*, if the inferior members of the community ſhall laugh where they ſhould cry, be noiſy where

where they ſhould be ſilent, rude where they ſhould be civil, or dirty where they ſhould be cleanly. Theſe are the badges of greatneſs, and, like certain *coats armorial*, are only to be borne by illuſtrious perſonages.

Theſe are matters in which, I think, I may venture to interpoſe my adviſe or animadverſion. But, as to ſome more delicate ſubjects, I am very doubtful whether they come within the limits of my juriſdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exerciſe it, if they did. I mean this as a general apology for not inſerting a variety of letters from unknown Correſpondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the faſhionable world, which they deſire may be taken immediate notice of in the MIRROR. One who writes under the ſignature of *Ruſticus*, tells me, that *painting* is now become ſo common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftner than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himſelf of her name, he was ſurpriſed to receive a curtſey at the play or the concert. Another, who ſubſcribes himſelf *Modeſtus*, deſires me to imitate the example of the *Tatler*, by animadverting, not on the large but the ſmall ſize of the *petticoat*, which, he ſays, has ſo ſhrunk up this winter, that there is more

of the—*ankle* ſeen than he can find countenance to look at.

To the firſt of theſe Correſpondents I muſt anſwer, that I think the ladies (whoſe number I am inclined to believe is ſmall) who chooſe to dreſs their faces in *rouge* or *carmine*, are exempted from all cenſure; they certainly do it to pleaſe themſelves, as they know how much it is deteſted by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varniſh over their beauty, as *virtuoſi* do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of *Modeſtus*, I can only account for the preſent ſhortneſs of the petticoat, from the attention of the ladies being ſo much engroſſed about their *heads*, as to leave them no leiſure to take care of the other extremity; as generals, who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an oppoſite quarter defenceleſs.

But the moſt ſerious complaint I have received, is a letter ſubſcribed *Cenſor*, arraigning, with true *Juvenalian* ſeverity, the conduct of a certain *Club*, which, in the words of my Correſpondent, "continues, in defiance of decency "and good manners, to inſult the public in "*Large Characters*, in the front of every newſ- "paper in town. This (he adds) moves my "indig-

" indignation the more, when I conſider that " ſeveral of its principal members are arrived at " a period of life which ſhould teach decorum, " at leaſt, if it does not extinguiſh vice."

In anſwer to this angry Correſpondent, I will tell him the following ſtory: Some years ago, I happened to be in *York* at the time of the *aſſizes*. Dining one day in a tavern with ſome gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were violently diſturbed by the noiſe of ſomebody below, who hooted and halloo'd, ſmacked his whip, and made his ſervants ſound their *French* horns; in ſhort, rehearſed, during the whole time of our dinner, all " the glorious tumult of the chace." Some of the company, after ſeveral ineffectual meſſages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very ſerious remonſtrance with the ſportſman below. But an elderly perſon, who ſat oppoſite to me, pacified their reſentment: " I know the gentleman who diſturbs you," ſaid he; " his head-piece was never one of the " beſt; but now, poor man! I believe we muſt " let him alone—Since he is paſt running down " the fox in the field, he muſt e'en be allowed " to hunt him in the parlour."

I

N° 85. TUESDAY, *February* 29, 1780.

Poſſum oblivīſci qui fuerim? Non ſentire qui ſim? Quo caream honore? Quâ gloriâ? Quibus liberis? Quibus fortunis? CIC. ad ATT.

A PERIODICAL publication, ſuch as the MIRROR, is, from its nature, confined chiefly to proſe compoſitions. My illuſtrious predeceſſor, the SPECTATOR, has, however, ſometimes inſerted a little poem among his other eſſays; and his example has been imitated by moſt of his ſucceſſors. Perhaps it may be from this cauſe, that, among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them conſiſt of poetical compoſitions. I muſt obſerve in general to theſe Correſpondents, that, though the inſertion of a poem now and then may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical compoſition that is fit for it. A poem may be poſſeſſed of very conſiderable merit, and may be entitled to applauſe, when publiſhed in a poetical collection, though, from its ſubject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be ſuited to the MIRROR. I hope my poetical Correſpondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inſerted, and will by no means conſider their excluſion as proceeding

proceeding from their being thought deſtitute of merit.

Among the poetical preſents I have received, there is, however, one, which ſeems very well ſuited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it ſays, he has been informed that it was founded on the following inſcription (probably written from real feeling) on the window of an inn, ſituated in the *Highlands* of *Scotland*.

" Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
" A life of wandering is the greateſt woe;
" On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
" And Pine and Penury, a meagre train,
" A wretched *Exile* to his country ſend,
" Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend."

This poem contains a deſcription of the ſituation of a *Scotch* gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion againſt our preſent happy government. It points out the fatal conſequences of ſuch treaſonable attempts, and repreſents the diſtreſs of the perſon deſcribed, in a very intereſting and pathetic manner.

THE EXILE. AN ELEGY.

WHERE, 'midſt the ruins of a fallen ſtate,
The once fam'd *Tiber* rolls his ſcanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a ſtatue yet records the brave:

With

With trembling ſteps an *Exile* wander'd near,
In *Scottiſh* weeds his ſhrivell'd limbs array'd;
His furrow'd cheek was croſs'd with many a tear,
And frequent ſighs his wounded ſoul betray'd.

Oh! wretch! he cry'd, that like ſome troubled ghoſt
Art doom'd to wander round this world of woe,
While memory ſpeaks of joy for ever loſt,
Of peace! of comfort, thou haſt ceas'd to know!

Theſe are the ſcenes, with fancy'd charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, caſting pearls away,
The fools of ſound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliſs and freedom ſtray.

Wou'd that, for yonder dome, theſe eyes could ſee
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill!
Theſe urns let ruin waſte; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

Oh! ſacred haunts! and is the hillock green
That ſaw our infant-ſports beguile the day?
Still are our ſeats of fairy faſhion ſeen?
Or is my little throne of moſs away?

Had but Ambition, in this tortur'd breaſt,
Ne'er ſought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependance holds the vaſſal bleſt,
Where faith and friendſhip fix the chieftain's reign;

Thus had I liv'd the life my fathers led;
Their name, their family had not ceas'd to be;
And thou, *Monimia!* on thy earthly bed!—
My name, my family, what were theſe to thee!—

Three little moons had ſeen our growing love,
Since firſt *Monimia* join'd her hand to mine;
Three little moons had ſeen us bleſt above
All that enthuſiaſt hope could e'er divine.

Urg'd by the brave, by fancy'd glory warm'd,
In treaſon honeſt, if 'twas treaſon here;
For rights ſuppos'd, my native band I arm'd,
And join'd the ſtandard *Charles* had dar'd to rear.

Fated we fought, my gallant vaſſals fell,
But ſav'd their maſter in the bloody ſtrife;
Their coward maſter, who cou'd live to tell
He ſaw them fall, yet tamely ſuffer'd life.

Let me not think;—but, ah! the thought will riſe,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
Monimia faintly breath'd—a laſt farewel!

" They come," ſhe ſaid; " fly, fly theſe ruthleſs foes,
" And ſave a life, in which *Monimia* lives;
" Believe me, *Henry*, light are all her woes,
" Except what *Henry*'s dreaded purpoſe gives!

" And would'ſt thou die, and leave me thus forlorn,
" And blaſt a life the moſt inhuman ſpare?
" Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn
" That ſtirs within me to aſſiſt my prayer!"

What could I do? Contending paſſions ſtrove,
And preſs'd my boſom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, ſoft perſuaſive love——
I fled and left her—left her to her fate!

Faſt came the ruffian band; no melting charm,
That e'er to ſuffering beauty Nature gave,
The ruthleſs rage of party can diſarm;
Thy tears, *Monimia*, wanted power to ſave!

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whoſe faithful love ſtill link'd them to her ſide,
Torn from their dwelling, trode the deſert plain,
No hut to ſhelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick

Thick drove its ſnow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkneſs wrapp'd the heath they paſt,
Save one ſad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient manſion of my father's caſt.

Calmly ſhe ſaw the ſmouldering ruins glare;
" 'Tis paſt, all-righteous God! 'tis paſt," ſhe cried!
" But for my *Henry* hear my lateſt pray'r!"—
Big was her burſting heart;—ſhe groan'd, and died!—

Still, in my dreams, I ſee her form confeſs'd,
Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled ſky!—
And ſoon, ſhe whiſpers, ſhall my *Henry* reſt—
And, dimly ſmiling, points my place to die!

I hear that voice, I ſee that pale hand wave!
I come once more to view my native ſhore;
Stretch'd on *Monimia*'s long-neglected grave
To claſp the ſod, and feel my woes no more!

Z

N° 86. SATURDAY, *March* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MANY ineſtimable medicines, as well for preſerving health as for curing diſeaſes, are overlooked by our modern practitioners. An attempt to revive ſome of thoſe obſolete remedies, though it may appear better ſuited to a *medical*

dical performance, yet does not seem altogether foreign to the MIRROR; since a *sound mind*, according to the well-known apophthegm, is in natural alliance with a *sound body*, the same publication which is calculated for the improvement of the one, may not improperly be made subservient to the health of the other.

I. The first that I shall mention is of sovereign efficacy in restoring debilitated stomachs to their proper tone. It renders the body vigorous, and it prolongs the days of man even unto extreme old age. Of it *Tulpius*, an eminent physician of *Amsterdam*, treats in his *Observationes Medicinales*.

In some languages it is called *Cha*, in others, *Tzai*; but with us it has received the appellation of *Tea*.

II. There is another simple of a singular kind: according to the great traveller *Pietro della Valle*, it is cooling in summer, and warms in winter, without, however, changing its qualities.

It expelled a gout, of thirty years standing, from the toes of the Reverend *Alexander d'Albertus*, a bare-footed friar of *Marseilles*, aged seventy.

For a long time *Madame de Lausun* could not walk without the aid of a crutch; and no wonder; for the good lady "had numbered the frosts "of fourscore and two winters." She was seized with what my author calls a *tertian quartan* ague,

ague, which undoubtedly is a very bad thing, though I do not find it in my dictionary: but ſhe tried father *Alexander*'s remedy; her youth was renewed, as one might ſay [*comme rajeunie*], and ſhe threw away her crutch.

The wife of M. *Morin*, phyſician at *Grenoble*, was reduced to the laſt extremity by a confirmed *Pthyſic*, of no leſs than ſixteen years endurance: at length the Doctor found out a method of laying the diſeaſe that had ſo obſtinately haunted his bed. By way of experiment he adminiſtered the remedy to his *cherie moitie* (dear half), which is *French* for a wife. She recovered of her Pthyſic, and afterwards, by uſing the ſame remedy, of another diſeaſe with a horrible *Greek* name, a *Peripneumony*.

I might add many and various effects of this medicine ſtill more wonderful. *That* of the public ſpeaker, who was ſeized with a fit of modeſty, is moſt remarkable. By taking a ſingle doſe, he felt himſelf reſtored to his wonted compoſure of mind; and he declared that he could, with eaſe, have ſpoken out another hour.

For this and other authenticated cures, the inquiſitive reader is referred to the treatiſe of *Philip Sylveſter du Tour*, concerning the virtues of *Coffee*.

III. There is a certain weed, "which, taken "a while after meat, helps digeſtion; it voids "rheum, &c. A little of it being ſteeped over "night

" night in a little white wine, is a vomit that " never fails in its operation. It cannot endure " a ſpider or a flea, or ſuch like vermin: it " is good to fortify and preſerve the ſight, " being let in round about the balls of the eyes " once a-week, and frees them from all rheums, " driving them back by way of repercuſſion: " taken into the ſtomach it will heal and cleanſe " it; for my Lord Sunderland, preſident of York, " taking it downwards into his ſtomach, it cured " him of an impoſthume, which had been of a " long time engendering out of a bruiſe he had " received at foot-ball, and ſo preſerved his life " for many years."

Theſe are the words of *Howel*, in his letters, where he enlarges on the praiſe of *Tobacco*.

IV. But there is ſtill another medicine of aſtoniſhing virtues, which have been circumſtantially related by *Matthiolus*, an Italian phyſician of the ſixteenth century: it is " a liquid which, when " ſkilfully prepared, proves a powerful anti- " ſeptic [an oppoſer of corruption] to every " thing ſteeped in it; and ſo, by removing all " tendency to corruption, it is a comforter and " a reſtorative, and preſerves and prolongs the " lives of thoſe who uſe it. It not only che- " riſhes the natural heat, and preſerves it in its " full vigour, but it likewiſe renovates, as it were, " and vivifies the animal ſpirits, gives an agree- " able warmth to the ſtomach, ſharpens the ap-

" prehenſion

" prehenſion and underſtanding, clears the eye-
" ſight, and repairs the memory: it is more
" peculiarly beneficial to thoſe who are of too
" cold a temperament, and who are ſubject to
" crudities of the ſtomach, and other diſorders
" proceeding from cold affections. It therefore
" affords a ſovereign relief to all who are
" tormented with pains in the ſtomach or bowels,
" proceeding from wind or indigeſtion; as alſo
" to thoſe who are ſubject to giddineſs, the fall-
" ing ſickneſs, a relaxation of the nervous ſyſ-
" tem, inveterate melancholy, hypochondriacal
" diſorders, palpitations of the heart, tremors,
" and fainting fits."

Matthiolus ſubjoins the method of uſing this medicine:

℞. *Once a day a table-ſpoonful of* Aquavitæ *diſtilled from the beſt wine.* But, with all deference to his authority, *Aquavitæ*, diſtilled even from the beſt wine, is not ſuperior in any of its virtues to our great ſtaple, *Whiſky:* for, from the reſearches of our own patriotic philoſophers, theſe two concluſions may be deduced; 1*ſt*, That *Whiſky* is a liquor pleaſant to the taſte; and, 2*dly*, That it is a *wholeſome ſpirit.*

V. I ſhall conclude with a receipt which might have been conſidered as of general importance in the ſeventeenth century, and may prove of no leſs importance in the nineteenth.

Bartho-

Bartholomeus Carrichters, in his *Secret*, b. 2. c. 12. publiſhed a *recipe* which is mightily commended by *Hector Schlands*, in an epiſtle to his learned friend *Gregorius Horſtius*; ſee *Horſtii* Epiſt. Medic. i. § 7. 1612. "℞. Dogs greaſe, "well diſſolved and cleanſed, 4 ounces. Bears "greaſe, 8 ounces. Capons greaſe, 24 ounces. "Three trunks of the miſletoe of hazle, while "green; cut it in pieces, and pound it ſmall, "till it becomes moiſt: bruiſe it together, and "mix all in a phial. After you have expoſed it "to the ſun for *nine* weeks, you ſhall extract a "green ointment, wherewith if you anoint the "bodies of the *bewitched*, eſpecially *the parts* "*moſt affected*, and the joints, they will certainly "be cured."

This *recipe* was tried with amazing ſucceſs in the caſe of a young girl, whoſe condition was truly deplorable; for "ſhe vomited feathers, "bundles of ſtraw, and *a row of pins ſtuck in* "*blue paper*, *as freſh and new as any in the* "*pedlar's ſtall*, pieces of glaſs windows, and "nails of a cart-wheel; as may be ſeen in *The* "*Wonderful and true Relation of the bewitching* "*a young Girl in Ireland*, 1669," by Daniel Higgs.

It is with the utmoſt diffidence that I give my own ſentiments in the *Materia Medica*, eſpecially on a ſubject which has been expreſsly treated by ſuch men as Dr. Bartholomeus Carrichters, and

Dr. Hector Schlands. May I then be permitted humbly to propose this *quere*, Is there not some reason to conjecture, that the *recipe*, so effectual in the case of *bewitching*, would answer equally well in the case of *childblains?*

I am, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

N° 87. TUESDAY, *March* 7, 1780.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. BACON.

THERE is in the mind of man a fund of superstition, which, in all nations, in all ages, and in all religions, has been attended with effects powerful and extraordinary. In this respect, no one people seem entitled to boast of any superiority over the rest of mankind. All seem, at one time or other, to have been alike the slaves of a weak, a childish, or a gloomy superstition. When we behold the Romans, wise and great as they were, regulating their conduct, in their most important affairs, by the accidental flight of birds; or, when threatened by some national calamity, creating a dictator for the sole purpose

purpoſe of driving a nail into a door, in order to avert the impending judgment of Heaven; we are apt, according to the humour we are in, to ſmile at the folly, or to lament the weakneſs of human nature.

A little reflection, however, is ſufficient to ſhew, that, with all our advantages, we ourſelves are, in this particular, equally weak and abſurd. The modern citizen of Rome, who thinks he can appeaſe an offended Deity, by creeping on his knees up the ſteps of St. *Peter*'s ſo many times a day; or the pious Neapolitan, who imagines that carrying forth the relics of St. *Januarius*, is ſufficient to ſtop an eruption of mount Veſuvius; are equal objects of pity with the good Roman, who devoutly aſſiſted at driving the nail into the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

It is amuſing to obſerve the conduct of our firſt reformers in this particular. Their penetration led them to diſcover the groſs errors and manifold ſuperſtitions of the church of Rome; and their ſpirit and ſtrength of mind, aided by fortunate circumſtances, enabled them to ſet themſelves free from thoſe ſhackles in which Europe had been held for ſo many ages. But no ſooner had they done ſo, than they and their followers adopted another mode of ſuperſtition, in the place of that which it had coſt them ſo much pains to pull down. To *maſſes*, and *cru-*

cifixes, and *images*, were ſubſtituted a *preciſe ſeverity of manner*, and *long ſermons*, and a certain mode of *ſanctifying the Sabbath*, which were inculcated as conſtituting the *ſum* of virtue, and as comprehending the whole duty of a Chriſtian. So ingenious are men in finding out ſomething to put in the place of true piety and virtue!—Neither is this confined to one religion or to one ſect. To the ſame cauſe muſt be attributed the broad brim and plain coat of the *Quaker*, the ablutions of the *Gentoo*, the pilgrimages of the *Mahometan*, the ſevere faſts obſerved in the *Greek church*, with numberleſs other inſtances that might be mentioned.

There is a ſpecies of ſuperſtition, which, perhaps, might be traced back to a ſimilar origin, that often lays ſtrong hold of the imagination, and fills the mind with terrors and apprehenſions, which reaſon and philoſophy have not power to eradicate, when once they have fairly got hold of us. Of this ſort is the dread of apparitions, of ſpirits, and of witches. Mr. Addiſon, in an excellent paper in the *Spectator*, has ſhewn the folly of thoſe apprehenſions, and has cautioned parents to be particularly careful to preſerve their children from thoſe little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to ſhake off when they grow up. He juſtly obſerves, that, next to a clear judgment and a

good

good conſcience, a ſound imagination is the greateſt bleſſing of life. Perhaps it might be going too far to attribute to this eſſay of Mr. Addiſon the reformation ſo ſtrongly recommended by him. It is, however, certain, that all theſe apprehenſions, formerly productive of ſo much real uneaſineſs, are now, in a great meaſure, unknown. We have ſo far ſucceeded in *plucking the old woman out of our hearts;* and we no longer ſee a brave ſoldier afraid to walk through a dark paſſage, or an intrepid ſailor ſhrink with horror at the thought of paſſing the night in a ſolitary apartment.

There is, however, another weakneſs ſomewhat a-kin to this, that, I am afraid, ſtill prevails among us, which my fondneſs for children, and the pleaſure I find in prattling with them, give me frequent opportunities of obſerving. I mean, a cuſtom of terrifying children, and filling their young minds with gloomy apprehenſions of death. This is one of the moſt common methods employed by ignorant nurſery-maids, and fooliſh parents, to frighten infants into obedience. But nothing can be more abſurd, or attended with more pernicious conſequences. Were a perſon of a timid frame of mind under a neceſſity of croſſing the ocean, would it be the part of a friend to magnify the danger, and to amuſe him, all the way to the port where he was to embark, with accounts of ſtorms and tempeſts,

and with a fearful picture of the many and various hazards to which he must be exposed on the voyage?

A wise parent, attentive to the future happiness of his children, ought to follow a very different rule of conduct. From their earliest infancy, he ought to make the idea of death familiar to them; he ought to accustom them to look upon it, not only without fear, but with the same indifference as on any other unavoidable occurrence to which they are daily exposed. By this means they will, as they advance in life, be led to consider it as a friend rather than an enemy; they will perceive that, but for death, this world would be a prison more dreadful than any the most cruel tyrant ever invented; they will look forward to it as the only period to the cares of this life,—as a happy passage to that better world, where only they can expect a complete reward for a faithful discharge of their duty in this.

However absurd a dread of witches and apparitions may be, the consequences attending it are not so bad as those that flow from the fear of death. The one, it is true, fills the mind with many disagreeable apprehensions, and causes many uneasy moments; but the other unfits a man for discharging his duty in society, and too often exposes him to infamy and disgrace. Courage is a quality that depends, in

some

ſome meaſure, on the conſtitution of the body; and it has been obſerved, that the ſame individual is not, at all times, and upon all occaſions, equally brave. I cannot help being of opinion, however, that if a boy, from his earlieſt infancy, were taught to view death in a juſt light, he would imperceptibly acquire a ſtrength of mind, that would enable him to face danger, and to do his duty, on all occaſions, without being obliged to ſummon up his reſolution, and to call reaſon to his aid, upon every trying emergence.

I have heard it ſaid, that, if men were accuſtomed to deſpiſe death, they would be apt, through a ſort of fool-hardineſs, to throw away their lives on every ſlight occaſion or idle quarrel. But, for my own part, I entertain a very different opinion; that fool-hardineſs is ſeldom to be met with in a man of a calm, firm, determined mind, who knows how to eſtimate the true value of life. In general, it proceeds from a ſecret conſciouſneſs, that leads a man to put too high a value on the quality of courage, and to indulge his vanity by a diſplay of it; as we often ſee men moſt deſirous to be thought to poſſeſs thoſe virtues and theſe talents, to which, in reality, they have the leaſt pretenſions.

I was much pleaſed with a converſation I had on this ſubject, on a viſit I lately paid to Lady ———, the wife of my much valued friend

General ———, who is now abroad fighting the battles of his country. I found her in her dreſſing-room, ſurrounded by a group of the moſt lovely children. After they retired, ſhe began to complain, that, with all the attention a parent could beſtow, it was often impoſſible to prevent children from receiving bad and improper impreſſions from ſervants and attendants. "It was but juſt now," ſaid ſhe, "your fa-"vourite, little Charles, told his brother, that, "if he was a bad boy, he would be put into a "black box, carried to the church-yard, thrown "into a hole, and covered over with earth." After ſome obſervations on the bad tendency of repreſenting death in frightful colours, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had often been diſpoſed to think the poets to blame in this particular, who, by dwelling on all the circumſtances attending our diſſolution, and preſenting them to the imagination in ſtrong and lively colours, often leave an impreſſion which reaſon is not able entirely to wear off. She inſtanced the well-known lines of Shakeſpeare:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
"To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
"This ſenſible warm motion to become
"A kneaded clod; and the dilated ſpirit
"To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
"In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
"To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
"And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
"The pendent world; or to be worſe than worſt

"Of

" Of thoſe that lawleſs and uncertain thought
" Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!
" The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life
" That age, ache, penury, impriſonment
" Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
" To what we fear of death."

" It is impoſſible," ſaid ſhe, " to read thoſe " lines without being affected by them. Yet, " were I to judge from my own feelings, I " ſhould think the ſentiment unjuſt. If to me," continued ſhe, ſtealing a glance at the picture of my friend, while an involuntary tear half ſtarted in her eye, " if to me there be any thing ter- " rible in death, it proceeds from the thoughts " of what I ſhould leave, not from the dread of " what I ſhould meet with."

M

N° 88. SATURDAY, *March* 11, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MY father was a farmer in a tolerably reputable ſituation. I was his eldeſt ſon; and, at the age of ſix years, I was ſent to the pariſh-ſchool, to be taught reading and writing.

My

My father naturally made enquiries concerning my progreſs, and the ſchoolmaſter gave him the moſt flattering accounts. After I had ſpent the uſual time in learning to read and write, my maſter ſaid, it would be a pity to cut ſhort a boy of my genius, and adviſed my father to allow me to remain a year or two longer at his ſchool, that I might get a little Latin. This flattered my father's vanity, as it put his ſon in a ſituation to appear ſomewhat above that of the children of the neighbouring farmers. I was allowed to ſit on the ſame bench at ſchool with our landlord's ſon, and I had ſometimes the honour to be whipped for his faults. In ſtudying *Latin* I ſpent three years. The account which my father received of my progreſs in that language, led him to follow my teacher's ſuggeſtion, to give me a little *Greek*. Having gone thus far, the tranſition was eaſy; it would be a pity, ſaid our ſanguine adviſers, to loſe all the knowledge I had got; with my application, and my genius, if I proſecuted my ſtudies, I might become a very learned, and a very great man. If I ſtudied divinity (which was propoſed), I might, in time, preach in the pulpit of the very pariſh in which my father lived; nay, I might riſe to be a Profeſſor in the Univerſity, or become *Moderator* of the *General Aſſembly* of the church of Scotland.

I was accordingly entered a ſtudent in the univerſity.

univerſity. My father conſidered my fortune as now made; and my expectations were not inferior to his. But I ſoon found my ſituation at the univerſity a very hard and uneaſy one. My father had been able to ſupply me tolerably with neceſſaries at the pariſh-ſchool; but to do this at the univerſity, ſituated in a great and expenſive town, was above his power. I was obliged to walk about, therefore, with a ſhabby coat, and with an empty purſe. I could not attend all the lectures I wiſhed, for want of money to purchaſe admiſſion, or to procure the neceſſary books. I now likewiſe found, that, far from being more knowing than my college companions, as my country ſchoolmaſter flattered me would be the caſe, moſt of them knew more than I did; they had been better taught, and had profited accordingly. Poverty, want of books, of friends, and of the other conveniencies of life, were not circumſtances very well ſuited for the ſtudy of the beauties of *Homer* and *Virgil*, nor for making a progreſs in the abſtract ſciences; but, with all theſe difficulties, I gave ſuch cloſe and intenſe application, that I was able to pick up a good deal of learning, and my diligence drew the attention of ſome of the profeſſors. By their intereſt I was recommended to Mr. *M*———, a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, who reſided in the town where the univerſity is ſituated, to be tutor to his

his children; and accordingly he was pleaſed to engage me at the ſalary of £ 20 a-year, with the additional advantage of living in his houſe. I now thought the world was all before me; and every thing ſeemed to flatter me with preſent happineſs and future exaltation. Out of my ſalary I hoped to afford to be better dreſſed, to buy more books, and to attend more lectures. I expected, from the knowledge I had acquired, to be able to make a figure in the company which reſorted to Mr. M.'s. I doubted not that they would ſingle me out as a prodigy of learning and genius; that, by their favour, I might be recommended to ſome lucrative or honourable place; or, at leaſt, that I ſhould, by Mr. M.'s intereſt, be ſettled as a miniſter in ſome church, after having pleaſantly ſpent a year or two in his family in attending to my pupils, from whoſe progreſs and improvement I expected equal pleaſure and reputation. How theſe hopes have been anſwered, I proceed to inform you.

When I entered into Mr. M.'s family, I found it was expected that I ſhould not only attend to the ſtudies of the eldeſt ſon, a lad of about fourteen, but that I was likewiſe to take care of all the younger children, conſiſting of no fewer than ſix. Some of theſe were to be taught to read; others, who were too young for that, I was to look after, and walk out with them when they went abroad, to keep them out

of

of harm's way, to prevent them from falling into a ditch, or being run down by a carriage. This I ſaw muſt occupy my whole time; and every thought of reading for my own improvement was to be laid aſide. But though, in this manner, a temporary ſtop was to be put to my learning, I ſtill flattered myſelf I ſhould make it up by the improvement and knowledge of the world I ſhould acquire from the ſociety and converſation at Mr. M.'s. But this expectation was as vain as the former. When there were ſtrangers of diſtinction at the houſe, I was not allowed to ſit at table, but was placed in a corner of the room with the younger children, where my province was to attend to what they eat, and to cut their meat for them. When the family were alone, or the gueſts were ſuch as Mr. M. did not think neceſſary to treat with much ceremony, I was permitted to ſit at table; but I ſoon found, even when this was the caſe, that I was not to be permitted to talk there. Seldom, indeed, was there any converſation which was worth joining in; but when any occurred in which I ventured to join, what I ſaid was received in ſuch a manner, that I was obliged to reſolve to be ſilent. If I threw in an obſervation which ſtarted a doubt of the juſtice of any thing that was ſaid, I was conſidered as an impertinent conceited fellow, who had no right to expreſs his doubts; if I endeavoured to

ſupport

ſupport any opinion, I ſaw I was deemed officious and troubleſome. Mr. M. who, to the credit the world juſtly gave him for a great fortune, wiſhed alſo to add the reputation, though without any pretenſions, of learning, was afraid, when I opened my mouth, leſt people ſhould think that his ſon's tutor was more knowing than he; and, therefore, took care always to contradict me flatly, and with an air of ſuperiority; and, ſometimes, even made a joke of that awkwardneſs of manner, which it was impoſſible one in my ſituation could have eſcaped. You may judge what effect this treatment muſt have upon one who can reliſh the beauties of the claſſics, and has read many of the moſt eminent *French* and *Engliſh* authors. Poor, helpleſs, and dependant as I am, ſomething within tells me that I am ſuperior—but I have no title to be proud.

For ſome time, the only pleaſant moments which I had in Mr. M.'s family, were thoſe employed in reading with my eldeſt pupil. But this continued a very ſhort time. The young gentleman ſoon began to deſpiſe one, whom he ſaw his father and his father's friends treat with ſo much diſreſpect; and, inſtead of following my directions, took care to do the very reverſe of whatever I deſired him. I perceived alſo he made me the ſubject of jeſt with his companions. In vain did I endeavour to repreſent

this in the gentleſt manner to Mr. M. I was the worſe uſed for my complaints; he aſcribed his ſon's little progreſs to my remiſſneſs; not to any fault in the boy, who, I ſoon found, had much more influence with his father, in regard to his education, than I had.

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is my ſituation with the upper members of the family. With thoſe of an inferior rank, it is not a whit more agreeable. John, the footman, receives a ſalary nearly equal to mine, and he wears a better coat. He, therefore, looks upon himſelf as a finer gentleman than me; and as I am but little reſpected by thoſe whom he conſiders as his betters, he does not think himſelf bound to reſpect me at all. At dinner, he ſeldom hears when I call; and, when he does, I often get fiſh-ſauce to my pudding, and pepper inſtead of ſugar to my pancakes. Nor is John to be blamed for this; for he ſees his maſter give me port or punch, while he and his gueſts drink claret. For ſome time, indeed, after I came to reſide in the family, I received much complaiſance from Mrs. *Deborah Hitchcock*, the houſekeeper. Mrs. Deborah is now conſiderably paſt her fortieth year; in her perſon thick and ſquabby, with a mouth a little awry, and eyes a little aſquint. Mrs. Deborah frequently ſends her compliments, and aſks me to drink tea with her, or invites me to evening entertainments with her

her goſſiping companions. She is ſometimes alſo ſo kind as to viſit me in my own apartment, —ſays, ſhe wonders I do not tire when alone; that ſhe and I, from our ſituation in the family, ſhould be companions to each other; and ſhe has ſeveral times hinted, that, by her long reſidence in Mr. M.'s, ſhe has acquired a ſum which might be of uſe to a young man like me.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a view of my ſituation in Mr. M.'s family for more than two years paſt that I have reſided in it. My pupil is doing no good under my care. I am not reſpected in the family; the ſervants inſult me; and my farther progreſs in learning is ſtopped. I have often reſolved to give up my place; but what will become of me if I do? Others will not enter into my motives; they will attribute my conduct to folly or ill temper; and I ſhall be thrown upon the wide world without a friend, without money, and with a mind ill calculated to ſtruggle with poverty and misfortunes. It has occurred to me, that, if you print this letter, and Mr. M. chance to ſee it, it may produce ſome change in my ſituation; or, if it has no other effect, it may at leaſt ſerve as a juſtification of my conduct in leaving his family.

I am, &c.

K. B.

The caſe of Mr. K. B. may perhaps be exaggerated; but I ſuſpect his ſituation is not altogether uncommon. Indeed, I have been often ſurpriſed to ſee men of excellent ſenſe in every other particular, and fond of their children, ſo inattentive to thoſe who have the care of them. It ſhould not, methinks, require much reflection to convince them, that there is a good deal of reſpect due to thoſe on whom ſo important a truſt as the education of their children is devolved; it ſhould require but little obſervation to ſatisfy them, that, unleſs the parents regard the tutor, it is impoſſible the children can; that, unleſs the inſtructor be honoured, his precepts will be contemned. Even independent of theſe conſiderations, ſomething is due to a young man of education and of learning, who, though his ſituation may make it neceſſary for him to receive a ſalary for his labours, may, from that learning which he has received, and that taſte which it has given him, have a mind as independent as the wealthieſt, and as delicate as the higheſt born.

But, while I venture to ſuggeſt thoſe hints to ſuch gentlemen as may be in a ſituation to afford tutors for their children, I would recommend the peruſal of Mr. B.'s letter to perſons in that

condition from which he has ſprung. I have of late remarked with regret, in this country, a diſpoſition in many, who, from their ſtation and circumſtances, ought to have been bred farmers or manufacturers, to become ſcholars, and men of learned profeſſions. Let ſuch perſons and their parents be aſſured, that, though there may be a few ſingular inſtances to the contrary, there is no purſuit which requires a competency in point of fortune, more than that of a man of learning. A young man who has not enough to make him eaſy, and to bear the expence requiſite for carrying on his education, can hardly be expected to riſe to any eminence. The meanneſs of his ſituation will humble and depreſs him, and render him unfit for any thing elegant or great; or, if this ſhould not be the caſe, there is much danger of his becoming a prey to anxiety and chagrin, and perhaps paſſing a neglected and a miſerable life. K. B. ſeems to have ſuffered much; he may ſtill have much to ſuffer; had he followed his father's profeſſion, he might have been both happy and uſeful.

A

N° 89. TUESDAY, *March* 14, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS lately one of a pretty numerous company of both ſexes, when a lady then going to be married was the ſubject of converſation, and was mentioned, by a gentleman preſent, as a very *accompliſhed woman*, to which the company in general aſſented. One lady remarked, ſhe had often heard that phraſe made uſe of, without being able preciſely to underſtand what was meant by it; that ſhe doubted not it was beſtowed with propriety on Miſs ———; but, as ſhe was not of her acquaintance, ſhe wiſhed to know, whether, when one was ſaid to be an accompliſhed woman, we were to underſtand ſuch accompliſhments as muſic, dancing, French, &c. which a boarding-ſchool affords; or thoſe higher attainments which the mind is ſuppoſed to acquire by reading and reflection? "Read-"ing and reflection!" repeated, with an ironical ſneer, a very fine gentleman, who ſat oppoſite to her; "I wonder how any one can fill "girls heads with ſuch ridiculous nonſenſe. I "am ſure I never ſaw a woman's learning have

" any other effect than to make her conceited " of herself, and a plague to her neighbours. " Were I to enter the *shackles*, I have too much " regard to my own ease to chuse a lady of *re-* " *flection*; and, had I any daughters, I should " probably have plague enough with them, " without their being *readers*." Another lady, without taking the smallest notice of what the gentleman had said, observed, that she did not wonder young ladies were discouraged from taking much pains in improving their minds, as, whatever a girl's understanding or mental accomplishments might be, they were universally neglected, at least by the gentlemen; and the company of any fool, provided she was handsome, preferred to theirs.—But, as this lady was rather homely, I durst not rely on her opinion.—An elderly gentleman then said, he did not see that reading could do a woman any harm, provided they confined themselves to books fit for them, and did not meddle with subjects they could not understand—such as religion and politics. As to the first, he said, that if a woman went regularly to church, said her prayers, read her Bible, and did as she was bid, he thought it all that was necessary; and as for politics, it was a subject far beyond the reach of any female capacity. This gentleman had a little before given a very circumstantial (and I am sure I thought a very tiresome) account of the method

thod of making votes for the next general election, to which the company ſeemed to pay very little attention; and if that was what he meant by *politics*, he was certainly in the right; for I acknowledge I did not underſtand one word of it; nor did any of the ladies preſent, as I afterwards found, comprehend it more than myſelf.

A young gentleman, who, from his correct manner of ſpeaking, I ſuppoſe practiſed the law, and who had hitherto liſtened with great attention, then took upon him to be our ſex's advocate, and was proceeding to ſhew (in a very ſenſible manner, as I thought) the little danger that was to be feared, and the great advantage that might be reaped, from a young lady's appropriating a conſiderable part of her time to reading, provided her ſtudies were properly directed; when the arrival of ſome ceremonious viſitors put an end to the converſation; and the company ſat down to cards.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting, with a good deal of uneaſineſs, on what I had heard. For if there is really no ſuch thing as mental accompliſhments rendering a young lady more amiable, or if reading is to be of no real ſervice to us, I have certainly employed a great part of my paſt life to very little purpoſe. I was brought up in the country, where reading was not only my greateſt amuſement, but I was always told, that by that, and making

proper reflections on what I read, I ſhould become contented with myſelf, and be beloved and reſpected by all who knew me; and by theſe improvements alone could hope to equal my ſiſter, who is a great deal handſomer than I, but who could ſeldom be perſuaded to open a book.

But the converſation above mentioned, which happened very ſoon after I came to town, has raiſed many doubts in my mind as to the real importance of my former ſtudies. I have mentioned my uneaſineſs to ſeveral of my female companions, who are all (eſpecially ſuch as are not handſome) very much intereſted in it, and would be very happy to ſee a MIRROR on this ſubject, though they were much ſurpriſed at my courage in propoſing to write to you; which, indeed, I never could have done, had I been able to find any other way to communicate my diſtreſs.

If you think this letter worthy your attention, I intreat you to give us, as ſoon as poſſible, your opinion as to what ſort of accompliſhments a young lady ought to be moſt anxious to acquire, and whether there is not ſome real advantage to be derived from reading; for I would fain think the young gentleman was in the right; though I am ſorry I have never ſeen him ſince, to hear what he had further to ſay on the ſubject.

But

But if, on the contrary, you convince me, that I either cannot, or need not, aim at any mental accompliſhments, I ſhall lay by my book, and proceed to finiſh ſome ornamental pieces of work, which have hitherto advanced very ſlowly, as I was always more ſolicitous to improve my mind, than to adorn my perſon.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader and admirer,

EMILIA.

It were hard, indeed, if the word *accompliſhment*, when applied to a woman, excluded the idea of ſuch mental embelliſhments as *Emilia* ſeems particularly to have ſtudied. In the Author of the MIRROR, ſhe has choſen a partial umpire; for he will fairly own, that he addreſſes many of his papers chiefly to the ladies, and feels a high degree of pleaſure when he is told that any one of them has been lucky enough to intereſt or to pleaſe the fair part of his Readers. Such a paper he ſets down as one *à bonnes fortunes*, and grows vain upon it accordingly.

It muſt, however, be confeſſed, on the other hand, that the leſſer order of *accompliſhments*, mentioned by *Emilia*, are very neceſſary attendants on that higher ſort, which *reading* and *re-*

flection confer. They are neceſſary even to the men; for without them learning grows pedantry, and wit becomes rudeneſs. But, in *women*, a certain ſoftneſs of addreſs and grace of manner are ſo indiſpenſable, that no talents or acquirements can poſſibly pleaſe without them. To give that ſoftneſs, to confer that grace, reading and reflection will not ſuffice alone; to impart them in the higheſt degree, no other accompliſhments will ſuffice, without reading and reflection. Emilia's harpſichord will ſettle the matter. Let us take *treble* for the firſt ſort of accompliſhments, and *baſs* for the latter; ſtrike with the right hand—'tis muſic, but without ſtrength; with the left—'tis harſh, and wants ſoftneſs; touch it with both hands, and the inſtrument is quite as it ſhould be.

It is not from the poſſeſſion of knowledge, but from the diſplay of it, that a woman ceaſes to be feminine. To lecture with authority, to argue with violence, to diſpute with obſtinacy, are qualifications purely maſculine. It were too much to ſay, that to be in the right, is a male quality; but to feel one's ſelf in the right, or rather to ſhew that feeling, is not delicately female. The muſical department will furniſh us with another illuſtration. *Emilia* has heard of that ſort of ſinging below the full powers of the performer's voice, which the Italians call ſinging *ſotto-voce*; now, let a woman's underſtanding

ſtanding be ever ſo ſtrong, let her mind be ever ſo accompliſhed, it ſhould always be delivered *ſotto-voce*.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM juſt going to commence buſineſs as a *Milliner*, and am reſolved to beſtow more than common pains in furniſhing out as elegant a ſhop-liſt as poſſible; being of opinion, that much of the employment a ſhopkeeper gets, is owing to the attraction of a happy-fancied ſign, advertiſement, or ſhop-bill. In executing this intention I have met with ſeveral difficulties; and therefore am induced to trouble you for a ſolution of them. A friend of mine, whom I conſulted (becauſe, as he was often reading, I imagined him to be a wiſe and learned man), adviſed me to look into a book called *Johnſon's Dictionary*, which he ſaid would ſpell, explain, and deſcribe to me, any thing I was at a loſs about. Accordingly, after ſome difficulty, I procured a ſight of this book from a relation, who was acquainted with a bookſeller. But as this ſame Johnſon explains his words in a foreign language, I am as much at a loſs as ever; becauſe I am totally ignorant what language it is,

is, and, therefore, cannot judge, whether what he says be such a description of my commodities as will bring me customers. Upon my looking, for instance, at his explanation of *network*, I find it to be "any thing reticulated or "decussated with interstices betwixt the inter-"sections." Now, Mr. MIRROR, I beg the favour of you to tell me what language this is. You certainly can easily do it, when you have obtained such a character in town for wisdom and learning. If it should be French, be so good as translate it to me; and, if it proves to be such a description as I think suits the network I have on hand, I shall most gladly insert it in my bill. But if it should turn out to be Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Dutch, or any other Heathen language, I would not meddle with it for all the world; for no person then would come near my shop. I am advised by all my friends to put as much French into my bills and advertisements as possible; and, indeed, I believe the advice is good; for I have a relation, a *Perruquier*, as he calls himself, who has told me, that he believed he owed almost all his business (and a great deal he had) to an advertisement in the newspapers interlarded with French words. It began thus, for I copied it letter for letter: "*Perruques au dernier gout*, made to "fit the head, *avec une air bien degagé*, to be had," &c. This wigmaker informed me, that there

there was ſcarcely a young beau in town who wore a wig, that could reſiſt his advertiſement.

I ſhould beg pardon for the freedom I am uſing, in thus taking up your time about a matter which muſt appear ſo trifling to you; but if you are a benevolent man (and ſuch I have heard you are), it will readily occur to you, that, though my requeſt appears of a trivial nature, yet it treats of an affair of very great conſequence to me. This conſideration has emboldened me to apply to you; and, if you take the trouble to give me your aſſiſtance on this occaſion, I promiſe you to take in your MIRROR to my ſhop for the amuſement of my cuſtomers; though, upon ſecond thoughts, I am doubtful whether it may not rather hurt my buſineſs. A mirror is as neceſſary to a milliner's ſhop, as the goods that are in it; but then it muſt be a mirror for the body. Now yours is one for the mind; and my beſt cuſtomers, in all probability, will conſiſt of a ſet of ladies who ſeldom or never look into their minds at all: for thoſe ladies, Mr. MIRROR, who decorate their perſons in the higheſt extravagance of the faſhion, and who, of conſequence, are the beſt cuſtomers to the milliners, are generally ſuch, I am told, as have their minds worſt dreſſed and leaſt ornamented. Beſides, the ladies generally find ſomething in the bodily mirror which pleaſes them; but your mental looking-glaſs is one of ſuch

juſt

juſt reflection, that, if my ladies ſhould view themſelves in it, I am afraid they would be ſo diſſatisfied and diſpleaſed with ſeeing their minds ſo unadorned as they really are, that they would go away in very bad humour, and without laying out a ſixpence in ornaments for their perſons.

I muſt, therefore, before I venture upon this ſtep, conſider further of it, and have the opinion of my friends on the matter. I have a good mind, Sir, to conſult yourſelf upon it. I think ſo highly of you, that I ſcruple not to abide by your determination. Be ſo good, therefore, as to tell me in your anſwer, whether you think I ought to venture to take in your MIRROR to lie on my counter.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

LETITIA LAPPET.

N° 90. SATURDAY, *March* 18, 1780.

Verum etiam amicum qui intuetur tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur ſui. Quocirca et abſentes abſunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, quod difficilius dictu eſt, mortui vivunt; tantus eos honos, memoria, deſiderium proſequitur amicorum. Ex quo illorum beata mors videtur, horum vita laudabilis. CICERO.

"LIFE," ſays Sir *William Temple*, "is like "wine; who would drink it pure, muſt "not draw it to the dregs." Such, I confeſs, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly eſtimated as one of its chief bleſſings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well-ſpent life, in which he finds nothing to regret, and nothing to be aſhamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his exiſtence, is one of the moſt venerable and reſpectable of all objects. The idea that he is ſoon to quit the buſy ſcenes of life, throws a tenderneſs around him, ſimilar to that we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time.

There is, however, ſomething wonderfully unpleaſant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the neceſſary conſequence of extreme old

old age. To thoſe around them, particularly to thoſe with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecility which almoſt always attends perſons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the moſt affecting ſpectacles that can well be conceived. It is a ſituation truly intereſting; and, while it teaches us to make every allowance for the weakneſs of age, it diſpoſes us, by every attention, by every mark of obſervance, to ſmooth the ſteps of the aged, and to remove, as much as poſſible, thoſe clouds that hang on the evening of life.

It muſt, at the ſame time, be admitted, that there are men who live to a very great age, in the full poſſeſſion of their faculties, and, what is ſtill more, with all the affections of the mind alive and unabated. Yet, even where this is the caſe, I cannot, for my part, conſider long life as an object much to be deſired.

There is one circumſtance, which with me is alone ſufficient to decide the queſtion. If there be any thing that can compenſate the unavoidable evils with which this life is attended, and the numberleſs calamities to which mankind are ſubject, it is the pleaſure ariſing from the ſociety of thoſe we love and eſteem. Friendſhip is the cordial of life. But every one who arrives at extreme old age, muſt make his account with ſurviving the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his friends. He muſt ſee them fall from him

by degrees, while he is left alone, ſingle and unſupported, like a leafleſs trunk, expoſed to every ſtorm, and ſhrinking from every blaſt.

I have been led to theſe reflections by a loſs I lately ſuſtained in the ſudden and unlooked-for death of a friend, to whom, from my earlieſt youth, I had been attached by every tie of the moſt tender affection. Such was the confidence that ſubſiſted between us, that, in his boſom, I was wont to repoſe every thought of my mind, and every weakneſs of my heart. In framing him, nature ſeemed to have thrown together a variety of oppoſite qualities, which, happily tempering each other, formed one of the moſt engaging characters I have ever known. An elevation of mind, a manly firmneſs, a *Caſtilian* ſenſe of honour, accompanied with a bewitching ſweetneſs, proceeding from the moſt delicate attention to the ſituation and the feelings of others. In his manners ſimple and unaſſuming; in the company of ſtrangers modeſt to a degree of baſhfulneſs; yet poſſeſſing a fund of knowledge, and an extent of ability, which might have adorned the moſt exalted ſtation. But it was in the ſocial circle of his friends that he appeared to the higheſt advantage; there the native benignity of his ſoul diffuſed, as it were, a kindly influence on all around him, while his converſation never failed at once to amuſe and to inſtruct.

Not

Not many months ago I paid him a viſit at his ſeat in a remote part of the kingdom. I found him engaged in embelliſhing a place, of which I have often heard him talk with rapture, and the beauties of which I found his partiality had not exaggerated. He ſhewed me all the improvements he had made, and pointed out thoſe he meant to make. He told me all his ſchemes and all his projects. And, while I live, I muſt ever retain a warm remembrance of the pleaſure I then enjoyed in his ſociety.

The day I meant to ſet out on my return, he was ſeized with a ſlight indiſpoſition, which he ſeemed to think ſomewhat ſerious; and, indeed, if he had a weakneſs, it conſiſted in rather too great anxiety with regard to his health. I remained with him till he thought himſelf almoſt perfectly recovered; and, in order to avoid the unpleaſant ceremony of taking leave, I reſolved to ſteal away early in the morning, before any of the family ſhould be aſtir. About day-break I got up, and let myſelf out. At the door I found an old and favourite dog of my friend's, who immediately came and fawned upon me. He walked with me through the park. At the gate he ſtopped, and looked up wiſhfully in my face; and, though I do not well know how to account for it, I felt, at that moment when I parted with the faithful animal, a degree of tenderneſs, joined with a melancholy ſo pleaſing, that

that I had no inclination to check it. In that frame of mind I walked on (for I had ordered my horſes to wait me at the firſt ſtage) till I reached the ſummit of a hill, which I knew commanded the laſt view I ſhould have of the habitation of my friend. I turned to look back on the delightful ſcene. As I looked, the idea of the owner came full into my mind; and, while I contemplated his many virtues and numberleſs amiable qualities, a ſuggeſtion aroſe, if he ſhould be cut off, what an irreparable loſs it would be to his family, to his friends, and to ſociety. In vain I endeavoured to combat this melancholy foreboding, by reflecting on the uncommon vigour of his conſtitution, and the fair proſpect it afforded of his enjoying many days. The impreſſion ſtill recurred, and it was ſome conſiderable time before I had ſtrength of mind ſufficient to conquer it.

I had not been long at home when I received accounts of his being attacked by a violent diſtemper, and in a few days after I learned that it had put an end to his life.

This blow, for a time, unmanned me quite. Even now, the chief conſolation I find, is in the ſociety of a few choſen friends. Should they alſo be torn from me, the world would to me be as a deſert; and, though I ſhould ſtill endeavour to diſcharge my duty in that ſtation which Providence has aſſigned me in life, I ſhould never

ceaſe to look forward, not without impatience, to thoſe peaceful manſions where the weary are at reſt, and where only we can hope to meet again with thoſe from whom we have been parted by the inexorable hand of death.

R

N° 91. TUESDAY, *March* 21, 1780.

Non quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruſcos
Incoluit fines, nemo generoſior eſt te;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitârint,
Ut plerique ſolent, naſo ſuſpendis adunco
Ignotos. HOR.

IN eſtimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account, not only the merit or blame of their actions, abſtractedly conſidered, but alſo that portion of either which thoſe actions derive from the ſituation of the perſons performing them. Beſides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumſtances have their peculiar obligations; and he who attains elevation of place, or extent of fortune, increaſes not only the pleaſure he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moraliſts have always

ways complained, is apt to be forgotten; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure: but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life the same rule takes place, and is, in the same manner, but little attended to. In these, indeed, it is more liable to be disregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet, to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as essential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injustice in the one as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men who could forgive the oppression of the powerful, and the encroachments of the wealthy, in more material instances, who never could pardon the haughtiness of their demeanour, and the fastidiousness of their air.

It is strange, methinks, that the desire of depressing the humble, and overawing the modest, should be so common as it is among those on whom birth or station has conferred superiority. One might wonder how it should ever happen, that people should prefer being feared to being loved, to spread around them the chillness of unsocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the case; there is scarce any one who cannot recol-

lect inſtances of perſons who ſeem to have exchanged all the pleaſures of ſociety, all intercourſe of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of ſtate and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform ſuch perſons, they are frequently miſtaken. It muſt be on a mind very contemptible indeed, that mere greatneſs can have the effects they are apt to aſcribe to it. They cannot blaſt with a frown, or elevate with a ſmile, from rank or ſtation alone, without ſome other qualities attending them. 'Tis with rank and ſtation, as an acquaintance of mine, ſomewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, obſerved to me of dreſs: "Every man," ſaid he, looking at himſelf in a mirror, "every man can "put on a fine coat; but it is not every man "who can wear one."

It is by no means ſo eaſy to do the honours of a high ſtation, as many who attain high ſtations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himſelf is a feeling common to all; to ſettle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourſelves, requires no inconſiderable degree of diſcernment; and the jealouſy of inferior ſtations in this matter, will criticiſe with the utmoſt nicety the determinations of their ſuperiors. In proportion as the great claim reſpect or adulation, the ſpirit of thoſe beneath them will commonly refuſe it. We ſee daily examples of men,

who

who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with ſlights where they demand reſpect, and are refuſed even the attention to which they are intitled, becauſe they would impoſe attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtineſs of demeanour that people ſhew themſelves moſt haughty. There is a claim of ſuperiority, amidſt the condeſcenſion of ſome men, infinitely more diſguſting than the diſtant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of ſuch people play, "holding the "lower end of familiarity." *Orgilius* keeps a *pack* of theſe end-holders conſtantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds; they open at his jeſts, follow the ſcent of every obſervation he makes, and run down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table; and, like the maſter of many a pack, he is deſpiſed by all his neighbours who have underſtanding, and hated by all thoſe who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a *patron;* the power of patroniſing is but one ingredient in its compoſition. A patron muſt be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections; he muſt be ſo deſerving of praiſe as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he

had no claim, and give it value where it is juſt, by reſiſting adulation. He muſt have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his place in the circle; yet that gentleneſs which may not overpower the moſt timid, or overawe the meaneſt. If he patroniſes the arts, he muſt know and feel them; yet he muſt ſpeak to the learned as a learner, and often ſubmit the correctneſs of his taſte to the errors of genius. With ſo many qualifications requiſite for a patron, it is not wonderful that ſo few ſhould ariſe; or that the bunglers whom we ſee attempt the part, ſhould ſo frequently make enemies by offices of friendſhip, and purchaſe a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a ſort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be ſomewhat out of place here. It is conſidered as of little importance, though, I am apt to believe, its conſequences are ſometimes of a very ſerious nature. In ſome great houſes, *My Lady*, as well as My Lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate thoſe manners which her rank and faſhion are ſuppoſed to ſanctify. Let the humanity of ſuch a patroneſs lead her to beware leſt her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the reliſh of ſober enjoyments; if the eaſe of faſhionable

ſhionable behaviour ſeduce them from the ſimplicity of purer manners; they will have dearly purchaſed the friendſhip which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let ſuch noble perſons conſider, that, to the young ladies they are pleaſed to call their friends, thoſe ſober pleaſures, thoſe untainted manners, are to be the ſupport of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happineſs of a future life. It were cruel, indeed, if, by any infringement of thoſe manners, any contempt for thoſe pleaſures (too eaſily copied by their inferiors), they ſhould render the little tranſient diſtinctions which they beſtow in kindneſs, a ſource of laſting miſery to thoſe who receive them.

To the behaviour of the rich, the above obſervations may apply; wealth, in a commercial country like ours, conferring, in a great meaſure, the dignity of title or of birth. There are, however, ſome particular errors, into which the poſſeſſors of ſuddenly acquired fortunes are apt to fall, that defeat the ends at which they aim, that diſguſt where they meant to dazzle, and only create envy where they wiſh to excite admiration. When *Lucullus*, at a dinner to which he has invited half a dozen of his old acquaintance, ſhews his ſideboard loaded with plate, and brings in ſeven or eight laced ſervants to wait at table, I do not reckon the dinner given, but ſold. I am expected to pay my

reckoning as much as in a tavern; only here I am to give my admiration, and there my money; and it is certain that many men, and some very narrow ones too, will sooner part with the last than with the former. I have sometimes seen a high-spirited poor man at *Lucullus*'s table, affronted by the production of *Burgundy*, and refuse *Champaigne*, because it had the *borachio* of our landlord's fourscore thousand pounds on't. This was honest, and *Lucullus* had not much title to complain; but he knows not how often his Burgundy and Champaigne are drank by fellows who tell all the world, next day, of their former dinners with him at a shilling ordinary, with sixpenny-worth of punch, by way of regale, upon holidays.

There is an obligation to complacency, I had almost said humility of manners, which the acquisition of wealth or station lays on every man, though it has often, especially on weak minds, a directly opposite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or even rudeness, which from an equal we may easily pardon, from a superior becomes a serious injury. When my school companion *Marcus* was a plain fellow like myself, I could have waited for him half an hour after the time of appointment, and laughed at his want of an apology when we met. But now that he is become a great man, I count the minutes of my attendance with impatience; and,

and, when he ſwaggers up to his elbow-chair without an acknowledgment, I hate him for that arrogance which I think he aſſumes, and almoſt hate myſelf for bearing it as I do. The truth is, *Marcus* was born in the rank, but without the ſenſibilities, of a gentleman; a want, which no office in the ſtate, no patent of dignity, can ever ſupply. If the term were rightly underſtood, I might confine my admonitions on the ſubject of this paper to three words, "Be a *gentleman*." The feelings of this character, which, in point of manners, is the moſt reſpectable of any, will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneaſineſs by his own behaviour, as of ſuffering uneaſineſs from the behaviour of another.

V

N° 92. SATURDAY, *March* 25, 1780.

LOOKING from the window of a houſe where I was viſiting ſome mornings ago, I obſerved on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet, a ſign-poſt, ornamented with ſome little buſts and bronzes, indicating a perſon to live there, by trade a *Figure-maker*. On remarking to a gentleman who ſtood near me, that this was a profeſſion

feſſion I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing obſervations from trifles, and, I muſt confeſs, is a little inclined to take things on their weak ſide, replied, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, that it was one of the moſt common in life. While he ſpoke, a ſmart young man, who has lately ſet up a very ſhowy equipage, paſſed by in his carriage at a briſk trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a ſlight acquaintance with him, with that air of civil conſequence which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himſelf intitled to. "That young gentleman," ſaid my friend, "is a *Figure-maker*, and the cha-"riot he drives in is his *ſign-poſt*. You might "trace the brethren of this trade through every "ſtreet, ſquare, and houſe in town. *Figure-*"*making* is common to all ranks, ages, tem-"pers, and ſituations: there are rich and poor, "extravagant and narrow, wiſe and fooliſh, "witty and ridiculous, eloquent and ſilent, "beautiful and ugly *Figure-makers*. In ſhort, "there is ſcarce any body ſuch a cypher from "Nature, as not to form ſome pretenſions to "making a figure in ſpite of her.

"The young man who bowed to you is an "extravagant *Figure-maker*, more remarkable "from being ſucceſſor to a narrow one. I "knew his father well, and have often viſited "him in the courſe of money-tranſactions, at

"his

" his office, as it was called, in the garret-
" ſtory of a dark airleſs houſe, where he ſat,
" like the genius of Lucre, brooding in his
" hole over the wealth his parſimony had ac-
" quired him. The very ink with which he
" wrote was adulterated with water, and he de-
" layed mending his pen till the characters it
" formed were almoſt illegible. Yet he too
" had great part of his enjoyment from the
" opinion of others, and was not inſenſible to
" the pleaſures of *Figure-making*. I have often
" ſeen him in his threadbare brown coat, ſtop
" on the ſtreet to wait the paſſing of ſome of
" his well-dreſſed debtors, that he might have
" the pleaſure of inſulting them with the inti-
" macy to which their ſituations intitled him;
" and I once knew him actually lend a large
" ſum, on terms leſs advantageous than it was
" his cuſtom to inſiſt upon, merely becauſe it
" was a *Peer* who wanted to borrow, and that
" he had applied in vain to two right honour-
" able relations of immenſe fortune.

" His ſon has juſt the ſame deſire of ſhew-
" ing his wealth that the father had; but he
" takes a very different method of diſplaying
" it. Both, however, diſplay, not enjoy, their
" wealth, and draw equal ſatisfaction from the
" conſequence derived from it in the opinion
" of others. The father kept guineas in his
" coffers which he never uſed; the ſon changes,
" indeed,

" indeed, the ſpecies of property, but has juſt " as little the power of uſing it. He keeps " horſes in his ſtable, miſtreſſes in lodgings, " and ſervants in livery, to no better purpoſe " than his father did guineas. He gives din- " ners, at which he eats made diſhes that he " deteſts, and drinks Champaigne and Bur- " gundy, inſtead of his old beverage of port " and punch, till he is ſick, becauſe they are " the diſhes and drink of great and rich men. " The ſon's ſituation has the advantage of " brilliancy, but the father's was more likely " to be permanent; he was daily growing " richer with the aſpect of poverty; his ſon " is daily growing poorer, with the appearance " of wealth.

" It is impoſſible to enumerate the pranks " which the ſudden acquiſition of riches, joined " to this deſire of *Figure-making*, ſets people " a-playing. There is nothing ſo abſurd or " extravagant, which riches, in the hands of " a weak man, will not tempt him to commit, " from the mere idea of enjoying his money in " the way of exhibition. Nay, this will hap- " pen to perſons of whoſe ſenſe and diſcretion " the world had formerly a high opinion, even " where that opinion was a juſt one; for " wealth often makes fools where it does not " find them."—My friend happening to caſt his eye towards me at that moment, diſcovered a

ſmile

ſmile on my countenance: "You are thinking "now," ſaid he, "that you and I could en- "dure being left twenty or thirty thouſand "pounds notwithſtanding the truth of my ob- "ſervation."—"It would ſpoil your lecture," I replied; "but you may go on in the mean "time."—He took the pinch of ſnuff which my remark had ſtopped in its progreſs towards his noſe, and went on.

"From this motive of *Figure-making*," continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, "Beauty puts on her airs, and Wit labours for "a *bon mot*, till the firſt becomes ugly, and "the latter tireſome. You may have fre- "quently obſerved *Betſy Ogle*, in a company "of her ordinary acquaintance, look charm- "ingly, becauſe ſhe did not care how ſhe look- "ed, till the appearance of a gentleman, with "a fine coat or a title, has ſet her a-toſſing her "head, rolling her eyes, biting her lips, twiſt- "ing her neck, and bringing her whole figure "to bear upon him, till the expreſſion of her "countenance became perfect folly, and her "attitudes downright diſtortion. In the ſame "way our friend *Ned Glib* (who has more wit "than any man I know, could he but learn "the economy of it), when ſome happy ſtrokes "of humour have given him credit with him- "ſelf and the company, will ſet out full tilt, "mimicking, caricaturing, punning, and ſtory- "telling,

" telling, till every body preſent wiſhes him " dumb, and looks grave in proportion as he " laughs.

" That wit and beauty ſhould be deſirous of " making a figure is not to be wondered at, " admiration being the very province they con- " tend for. That folly and uglineſs ſhould " thruſt themſelves forward to public notice, " might be matter of ſurpriſe, did we not re- " collect that their owners moſt probably think " themſelves witty and handſome. In theſe, " indeed, as in many other inſtances, it unfor- " tunately happens, that people are ſtrangely " bent upon making a figure in thoſe very de- " partments, where they have leaſt chance of " ſucceeding.

" But there is a ſpecies of animal, ſeveral of " whom muſt have fallen under the notice of " every body preſent, which it is difficult to " claſs, either among the witty or the fooliſh, " the clever or the dull, the wiſe or the mad, " who, of all others, have the greateſt propen- " ſity to *Figure-making*. Nature ſeems to have " made them up in haſte, and to have put the " different ingredients, above referred to, into " their compoſition at random. They are more " common in ſuch a place as this, than in a " more extenſive ſphere; like ſome vermin, that " breed in ponds and rivulets, which a larger " ſtream or lake would deſtroy. Our circle is

" juſt

" juſt large enough to give their talents room,
" and ſmall enough to be affected by their
" exertion. Here, therefore, there is never
" wanting a junto of them of both ſexes, who
" are liked or hated, admired or deſpiſed, who
" make people laugh, or ſet them aſleep, ac-
" cording to the faſhion of the time, or the
" humour of their audience, but who have al-
" ways the ſatisfaction of talking themſelves,
" and of being talked of by others. With us,
" indeed, a very moderate degree of genius is
" ſufficient for this purpoſe; in ſmall ſocieties,
" folks are ſet agape by ſmall circumſtances. I
" have known a lady here contrive to make a
" figure for half the winter, on the ſtrength of
" a plume of feathers, or the trimming of a pet-
" ticoat; and a gentleman make ſhift to be
" thought a fine fellow, only by outdoing every
" body elſe in the thickneſs of his *queue*, or the
" height of his foretop.

" But people will not only make themſelves
" fools; I have known inſtances of their be-
" coming knaves, or, at leaſt, boaſting of their
" being ſo, from this deſire of *Figure-making*.
" You ſhall hear a fellow, who has once got
" the character of being a ſharp man, tell
" things of himſelf, for which, if they had been
" true, he deſerved to be hanged, merely be-
" cauſe his line of *Figure-making*, lies in trick
" and chicane; hence too, proceed all thoſe

" hiſtories of their own profligacy and vice, " which ſome young men of ſpirit are perpetu- " ally relating, who are willing to ' *record them-* " *ſelves villains*,' rather than not be recorded at " all.

" In the arts, as well as in the characters of " men, this ſame propenſity is productive of " ſtrange diſorders. Hence proceed the bom- " baſt of poetry, the tumour of proſe, the gariſh " light of ſome paintings, the unnatural *chiaro* " *ſcuro* of others; hence, in muſic, the ab- " ſurd mixture of diſcordant movements and " the ſqueak of high-ſtrained cadences; in " ſhort, all thoſe ſins againſt nature and ſim- " plicity, which artiſts of inferior merit are " glad to practiſe, in order to extort the no- " tice of the public, and to make a figure by " ſurpriſe and ſingularity."

The accidental interruption of a new viſitor now ſtopped the current of my friend's diſ- courſe; he had, indeed, begun to tire moſt of the company, who were not all diſpoſed to liſ- ten quite ſo long as he ſeemed inclined to ſpeak. In truth, he had forgot that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty ſtrongly to himſelf, and that, though he might ſuppoſe he was lecturing from the deſire of re- formation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the ſpirit of *Figure-making*.

N° 93. TUESDAY, *March* 28, 1780.

Parva leves capiunt animos. OVID.

THAT life conſiſts, in a great meaſure, of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon ſagacity or attention to diſcover. Notwithſtanding the importance we are apt to aſcribe to the employments and the time, even of the greateſt and moſt illuſtrious, were we to trace ſuch perſons to the end of their labours and the cloſe of their purſuits, we ſhould frequently diſcover, that trifles were the ſolace of the one, and the purpoſe of the other. Public buſineſs and political arrangement are often only the conſtrained employments to which accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are deſtined, perhaps, to light amuſements and to careleſs mirth.

It is not, then, ſurpriſing, that trifles ſhould form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the Public has no claim, and individuals have little dependence. But, of thoſe trifles, the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumſtances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion or delicate ſentiment, will ſtoop with a certain conſciouſ-

neſs of its deſcent, that will not allow it to wanton into abſurdity, or ſink into groſſneſs. There is, in ſhort, a difference, which ſenſe and feeling will not eaſily forget, between the little and the mean, the ſimple and the rude, the playful and the fooliſh.

But the ſureſt mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidſt the enjoyment of trifles, a buſtle of ſerious buſineſs amidſt the moſt inſignificant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones, is the true burleſque in character as well as in ſtyle; yet ſuch characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired ſome eſtimation in the world. In this particular, the world is eaſily deceived; dulneſs may often ape ſolemnity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard; as objects are magnified by miſts, and made awful by darkneſs.

Of a character of this ſort I received, ſome time ago, the following ſketch from a young lady, who ſometimes honours me with her correſpondence, whoſe vivacity can give intereſt to trifles, and entertainment to abſurdity.

Dear Sir,

You made me promiſe, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country, at preſent, merely as country, preſents no landſcape, but one undiſtinguiſhed tract of ſnow; vegetation is locked up in froſt, and we are locked up within doors, but ſomething might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpoſe.—Mine hoſt, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad ſubject: ſuppoſe I make him ſit for his picture.

Believe me, he is not quite the ſenſible intelligent man we were told he was.—So much the better, I like oddities—even now and then in town; ſtill better in the country; but in froſt and ſnow, and all the dreary confinement of winter,—Oh! your *battledore* and *ſhuttlecock* are a joke to them.

You remember a long while ago (ſo long, that I have forgot every part of the book but the name) we read *Nature Diſplayed* together. You then told me of a certain Mr. *Leeuwenhoek*, I think you called him, whoſe microſcope ſhewed the circulation of frog's blood, the ſcales of the ſcales of fiſhes, the briſtles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the world. Now, my

worthy landlord, Mr. G. R. has always ſuch a glaſs as *Leeuwenhoek*'s in his noddle; every little thing is ſo great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of ſuch importance!—but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better; and now for a few ſketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whoſe government I live.

I diſcovered, on my firſt entry into his houſe, that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its reſpective uſe. The gentlemen were to put their hats and ſticks in one corner, and the ladies, their clogs, in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family apothecary get a ſevere rebuke for violating the chaſtity of the clog-corner with his rattan. I have hitherto eſcaped much cenſure on this ſcore: luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr. R.'s youngeſt ſiſter, a grave, conſiderate, orderly young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got in favour with thoſe grave ladies—God knows, I little deſerve it.—Miſs Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with ſome apology; or, if all won't do, I laugh, as is my way; Mr. R. calls me Rattleſkull; ſays, he ſhall bring me into order by and bye, and there's an end on't.

By that attention to trifles, for which, from his earlieſt days, he was remarkable, Mr. R. made

made himſelf commodious to ſome perſons of conſiderable influence, and procured many advantages, to which neither from birth nor fortune he was any wiſe entitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and diſtinguiſhed abilities, by whoſe means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and when he returned from abroad, was often in the ſociety of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like a gauze ſearce, it admitted nothing of any magnitude: amidſt great men and great things, it took in only the duſt that fell from them.

He was reading in the news-papers, the other morning, of the marriage of the Honourable Miſs W—— to Sir H. S——. "Ah!" ſaid he, "to think how time paſſes! I remember her "grandfather Lord W—— well; a great man, "a very great man. We met at *Naples*, and "afterwards went to *Parma* together. I gave "him the genuine receipt for the *Parmeſan* "*cheeſe*, which I went purpoſely to procure, "while he was examining ſome ſtatues and an-"cient manuſcripts. We were afterwards on "the moſt friendly footing imaginable. I was "with him a few mornings before the marriage "of Lord C. W——, this very Miſs W——'s "father. I remember it well;—it was at break-

" faſt;—I often breakfaſted with him before " he went to the houſe;—he always eat *butter'd* " *muffins;* but when I was there, he uſed to " order *dry toaſt;* I always eat *dry toaſt.*—The " bride was with us; I was intimately ac- " quainted with her too; ſhe let me into the " whole ſecret of the courtſhip. Her father's " principal inducement to the match,—it was " a long affair,—the B——— eſtate was to be " ſettled on the young folks at the marriage; " no, not all—part of the B——— eſtate, with " the manor in Lincolnſhire.—But, as I was " ſaying, we were at breakfaſt at Lord W——'s. " His ſon and the bride were by; Lord C. had " velvet breeches, and gold clocks to his ſtock- " ings; the queſtion was, whether this was pro- " per? I put it to the bride; I made her bluſh, " I warrant you;—ſhe was a fine woman, a " prodigious fine woman; ſhe always uſed my " waſh-ball; I wrote out the receipt for her; it " was given me at *Vienna* by Count O——; " a very great man Count O——, and knew " more of the affairs of the empire than any " man in Germany.—From him I firſt learned " with certainty, that the Ducheſs of *Lorraine*'s " two fore-teeth were falſe ones. I remember " he had an old grey monkey.—Siſter Mary, " you have heard me tell the ſtory of Count " O——'s monkey."—But here it pleaſed Hea-

ven

ven that *William* called his maſter out of the room, and ſaved us from the Count and his old grey monkey.

This ſuperficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with ſome of the vocables of ſtate buſineſs, has given him a conſequential ſort of phraſeology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the moſt trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaiſe for his eldeſt ſiſter, himſelf, and me, the white pad for *Sophy*, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it, "*regulating the order of* "*the proceſſion.*" When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the ſtore-room (for he does both in perſon), he tells us, he has been "*granting the ſupplies*;" the acceptance, or offer of a viſit, he lays before "*a com-*"*mittee of the whole houſe*;" and for the killing of the fat ox this Chriſtmas, he called the gentlemen three ſucceſſive mornings to "*a* "*grand council of war.*"

It were well if all this were only matter of amuſement; but ſome of us find it a ſource of very ſerious diſtreſs. Your managing men are commonly plagues; but Mr. R. manages ſo much to a hair's-breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yeſterday we had the honour of a ceremonious viſit from ſome great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to

eat their *mince-pies* in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of ſervants, and trampling upon the ſtairs all morning, Mr. R. came down to the drawing-room at a quarter before three, with all his uſual *fiddle-faddlation*, but, as I thought, in very good humour. He had on his great company wig, and his round ſet ſhoe-buckles. The ſervants had their liveries new white-ball'd, and the beſt china was ſet out, with the large ſilver ſalvers, and the emboſſed porter-cups on the ſide-board. The covers were ſtripped from the worked chair-bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roler, and laid, like a patch, on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which was all ſhining with bees-wax. The company came at their hour; the beef was roaſted to a turn; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and ſtupidity; ſupper was equally regular and ſleepy; in ſhort, every thing ſeemed quite as it ſhould be: yet, next morning, I perceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr. R. and his ſiſter ſcarce ſpoke to one another, and he talked, all the time of breakfaſt, of female careleſſneſs and inattention. *Miſs Sophia* explained it to me when we were left alone. "Oh! do you "know," ſaid ſhe, "a ſad affair happened laſt "night: my brother and ſiſter had ſuch a *tiff!* "You muſt underſtand, before the company ar-

"rived

" rived yeſterday, he had, as uſual, adjuſted the " ceremonial of their different apartments; but " he diſcovered, on attending them to their " rooms at night, that my ſiſter had put the " gilt-china bottle and baſon into the *callico* " bed-chamber, and the ordinary blue and " white into the *pink damaſk*."—It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his ſiſters, and ſee all the odds and ends about me—But what has he to do to be a guardian? Yet Nature, perhaps, meant him for ſomething, if fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a *pin-ſhop*, in ſticking the rows in a *pin-paper*.

I fancy you have quite enough of my landlord. You uſed to ſay I was the beſt of your philoſophers, your *Democritus* in petticoats. If I have an inch of philoſophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I aſſure you; you are welcome to it, however, ſuch as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the *great views* of Nature and Life; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of *inſects*.

Yours moſt truly,

C. F.

N° 94. SATURDAY, *April* 1, 1780.

AMONG the other privileges of an anonymous periodical author, is that of writing letters in praiſe of himſelf, which he is, now and then, obliged to inſert on account of their merit, however offenſive they may be to his modeſty. This ſort of correſpondence, which I ſuppoſe is a very pleaſant one, I have not ventured to indulge in. The correſpondents whom I have perſonated, always talk of themſelves inſtead of the MIRROR; and, on the other hand, ſeveral of the papers I have received, are written in the perſon of the author, a character in which it were improper to praiſe him, and which, when *aſſumed*, gives, perhaps, no great inclination to do it. Of this laſt ſort is the firſt of two communications to which I devote the paper of to-day; the ſecond, containing one of the very few compliments which the MIRROR has exhibited of itſelf, is a genuine letter from London, written by a gentleman in the very ſituation, the feelings of which he ſo naturally deſcribes.

In my first paper I took occasion to mention a few particulars of my situation and character, and my object in this publication. My design has been to afford an agreeable and innocent amusement; and by laying before my readers those characters I was acquainted with, and which presented themselves before me, I had some hopes, though I should not reclaim the completely vicious, that I might be able to guard the young and inexperienced, to alarm the inconsiderate, to confirm the wavering, and to point out, even to the worthy, some of those errors and imperfections, from which, perhaps, the finest minds are in the greatest danger of suffering.

How far I have been able to afford any amusement, I will not take upon me to say; but I am sorry to find, that many of the characters which I have presented to the public, with a view to point out men's errors and defects, have been considered as proper objects of imitation, and that some of my readers have so far mistaken the purpose I had in presenting such characters, as to be flattered by thinking that themselves bear some resemblance to them.

When

When I made my readers acquainted with my friend Mr. *Fleetwood*, I never meant to recommend that exceſſive delicacy and falſe refinement which often prevents him from being happy; on the contrary, my intention was to point out the danger of that exceſſive refinement, and to guard ſuch of my readers as ſhould be diſpoſed to indulge in it, againſt its fatal conſequences; and yet I know a gentleman who is ſo deſirous of being thought poſſeſſed of delicacy and refinement, that, the other day, I ſaw him very much pleaſed when one of his friends told him he was a very *Fleetwood*. Luckily for him, I know him to be poſſeſſed of Fleetwood's good qualities, without his imperfections. I cannot ſay ſo much for his acquaintance C. D.; he is a peeviſh diſcontented creature, quick in his temper, jealous of his friends, and diſſatisfied with every thing about him. He has of late taken it into his head to be *a man of taſte*, though he has not the leaſt pretenſions to the character; and while he indulges his own peeviſhneſs and chagrin, he flatters himſelf with the thought that he is a Fleetwood, and apologiſes for his bad temper, by calling it the effect of his delicacy and refinement of mind. Though I confeſs my partiality for Fleetwood's good qualities, yet, had I not known C. D. I could hardly have thought that any one would have been

been vain of his imperfections, who was not poſſeſſed of any of his merits.

When I introduced Mr. *Umphraville* to my readers, I never meant to recommend that ſeclusion from the world, and that abſtraction from the duties of life, which, with all the dignity of mind he is poſſeſſed of, have given occaſion to his little oddities, and diſqualified him for every active purpoſe; and yet *Tom Meadows*, who gave up the profeſſion of the law, becauſe he was too idle to attend to it, and who has lately ſold his commiſſion in the army, becauſe he would not undergo the fatigues of a foreign campaign, has thought proper to juſtify his conduct by appealing to Mr. Umphraville's example; and pretends to ſay, that he, forſooth, has too much pride of mind, to occupy himſelf in applying the rules of law to the unintereſting diſputes of individuals, or to be engaged in aſſiſting at a review, or lining the ſtreets at a proceſſion.

H. B.'s letter, in my 51ſt Number, deſcribes the dangerous effects of giving too much culture, and too many accompliſhments, and of ſoftening too much the mind of a young girl, who has to ſtruggle with the difficulties of life, and is not placed in ſuch a ſituation as makes her independent of the world. It repreſents, in a very feeling manner, the delicate diſtreſs which theſe circumſtances had occaſioned. I

have

have lately, however, received a letter from a Correſpondent, who, from her language and expreſſions, ſeems to be a great reader in the circulating library. She ſays, ſhe has lately ſpent much of her time in ſtudying the *Belles Lettres*; that, of all things, ſhe would wiſh to be learned and accompliſhed;—that ſhe regrets that her father did not educate her better;—that of all the perſons ſhe ever read of, ſhe would wiſh to be like my Correſpondent H. B.;—that ſhe envies her affliction, for that "*affliction makes part* "*of her dream of happineſs.*"

The letter publiſhed in my 78th Number, gives an excellent deſcription of the bad effects of that too great eaſineſs of temper which leads a man into folly and extravagance, and makes him be ruined by having too many friends. My neighbour *Will. Littlebit*, whoſe heart is ſo contracted as not to be ſuſceptible of the ſentiment of friendſhip, and who, far from being in danger of being preyed upon by his friends, never admits a gueſt within his houſe, ſays, that the 78th is the only good paper he has ſeen in the MIRROR, and that the laſt paragraph in particular ſhould be printed in letters of gold, to ſerve as a leſſon of imitation for all the young men of the age.

The particulars above mentioned have taught me how difficult is the attempt to inſtruct or reform.—There is no virtue which is not nearly

connected

connected with ſome vice; there is no imperfection which does not bear a near reſemblance to ſome excellency.—And mankind, fond of indulging their favourite paſſions and inclinations, inſtead of diſtinguiſhing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues; inſtead of ſeparating the bad from the good grain, they bind all up together, and hug themſelves in the belief of holding only what is valuable.

P

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *London, March* 13, 1780.

I AM, though at this diſtance, one of your conſtant readers, and mark with pleaſure not only the general good tendency of your papers, but perceive alſo, that you draw your pictures of human nature from the only pure fountain, Nature herſelf.

You muſt know I am a native of *Edinburgh*, where I paſſed my youth, and received my education; but have been long ſettled in this place. Some years ago I was impelled by a very natural deſire to reviſit my native country, and I now ſit down to communicate to you the ſenſations I felt upon that occaſion.

On

On my arrival in *Edinburgh*, I will own that what firſt ſtruck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and thoſe ſo altered in their appearance, ſo much the ſhadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many ſerious reflections. Hardly a ſingle houſe did I find inhabited by the ſame perſons I left in it; but every where a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In ſhort, I found myſelf, in almoſt every ſenſe of the word, an utter ſtranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long abſence diſpleaſed me. The corn-fields on the ſouth ſide of the town were quite covered with ſubſtantial houſes; *Barefoot's parks*, where I have had many a retired and pleaſant walk, converted into a ſplendid city, and, in the old town, many ruinous buildings, the ſcenes of ſome of my youthful amuſements, now rebuilt with equal ſolidity and elegance.

Nor were theſe my only grievances. The removal of the *Croſs*, of the *Netherbow-port*, and of many other incumbrances; in ſhort, every alteration, though evidently for the better, that had taken place ſince my departure, more or leſs diſpleaſed me. You will more eaſily account than I can, how it comes to paſs that the human mind ſhould be ſo much ſet againſt all innovations of what nature ſoever. This may, perhaps,

perhaps, inſenſibly ariſe from the picture they exhibit of the mutability of every object before us, and a tacit intimation that we ourſelves are compoſed of the ſame changeable materials, and muſt ſoon quit the ſcene.

I will acknowledge, however, that I had the ſatisfaction to find many places that did not hurt me by any alteration or improvement. Your *wynds* and *cloſes* were nearly in the ſtate I had left them; and where, in ſome parts of the ſtreets, you have got new pavements, the good people who live at the ſides of them take care that there ſhall be no innovation in point of cleanlineſs. Your *Theatre* and *Concert-Hall* are new buildings; but your *Aſſembly-Room*, where people of the higheſt faſhion reſort, is juſt as paltry as ever. But as they dance there for the benefit of the *poor*, I ſhall forbear any further remarks on it—" *charity covereth a mul-* " *titude of ſins.*"

The *High-School* *, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the yards appeared to me to be much diminiſhed in their extent. The *College*, too, remained the ſame plain, mean, unadorned building it was half a century ago, and ſeemed to me, after having ſeen the ſplendid palaces of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature, as

* This ſchool, I underſtand, has been ſince rebuilt.

in religion, *Sister Peg* confines herself to substance, without much regard to ornament; yet, methinks, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country, that, amidst all its improvements, this university, so much celebrated over Europe for the ability of its Professors, and the success with which every branch of science is there cultivated, should present to the eye of a stranger a set of buildings so inconvenient as well as mean. The present period is, perhaps, not very favourable to expensive public designs; but I would have your readers, among whom, I hope, are included all the men of fortune and taste in the kingdom, think of the *College*, as soon as the pressure of the times will admit. As an individual, from that regard to the honour of the land of my nativity, which, I hope, will never be extinguished, I shall willingly and liberally contribute, whenever this necessary work is determined upon.

I will not tire you with my various observations during several excursions I made into different parts of the country; because some of them might, to your readers, appear too trite, and others, perhaps, too trivial. But I cannot omit telling you, that the spirit of industry, so conspicuous in the various manufactures set on foot of late years, and in the improved face of the country, gave birth to many pleasing sensations which are not easily described. Yet I was

not much better pleaſed with ſome of the fine buildings of the country than with thoſe of the town. In many places I could not help regretting the Gothic grandeur of ancient caſtles, diſplaced by modern ſhewy edifices. Some of their owners, I fancy, are of my mind; for I was informed that their fathers uſed to reſide at the manſions in their former ſtate nine months in the year; but that the preſent poſſeſſors of thoſe elegant houſes are ſcarcely ſeen there at all. Nor could I refrain, as I paſſed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houſes; which, however they might have been perverted from the original purpoſes of their erection, I could not help conſidering as ſplendid monuments of the piety of our anceſtors. Some of them I ſaw that had ſtill more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played when a boy, under arches, which time had ſince mouldered away, with companions, the echo of whoſe voices was ſtill freſh in my memory, though they, alas! as well as thoſe arches, were now crumbled into duſt!

Were I to go on, I find I ſhould be in danger of growing too ſerious. Recalling to remembrance days long paſt, and the juvenile ſociety of thoſe who are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind; and, while it ſpeaks loudly the truth of St. *Paul*'s obſervation, that "*the faſhion of this world paſſ-*

"*eth away*," imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might here be out of place, though it is neither unpleasing nor unsuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accustomed to consider himself as an immortal part of the creation.

I am, &c.

N° 95. SATURDAY, *April* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

As you have, by several of your publications, given proof that you do not think the occurrences of domestic life unworthy your attention, I shall, without further preface, address you on a subject full as deserving of it as any yet offered to your consideration. It is now above four years since I became the wife of a gentleman, my equal in rank and fortune; and what was more material, of a disposition and turn of mind every way suitable to mine. His estate lies at a considerable distance from the capital; but as it is situated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and as we have both a taste for reading,

reading, and Mr. B. is not averſe to rural employments, we ſpent our time as happily as poſſible, till about half a year ago, that my ill ſtars directed me to renew my acquaintance with a young lady, who had been my companion at ſchool, and who now came on a viſit to a relation who lived at no great diſtance from our houſe.

Before I proceed in my ſtory, I muſt beg a candid conſideration of it. From the introduction to the diſagreeable part of it, you will be apt to imagine that I am one of thoſe ſelf-tormentors juſtly ridiculed by the ingenious author of the *Jealous Wife*. No ſuch thing, Mr. MIRROR; my huſband's attention to other women never gave me the ſligheſt uneaſineſs. Convinced of his attachment, ſatisfied with his treatment of me, I never expected him to be blind to the charms of a beautiful woman, or inſenſible of the merit of an agreeable one; nor had I the miſtaken policy of many wives, of never ſuffering a tolerable female to enter my doors, or of courting the intimacy of ſome tall elderly maiden, that I might gain by the compariſon. No, Sir; I depended wholly upon my unremitting attention to pleaſe Mr. B. for the continuance of his attachment. Nor can I in the leaſt reproach myſelf with giving cauſe for the abatement I too plainly perceive in it.

But to return to my ſtory. I was much pleaſed at ſeeing my old ſchool-fellow: we had been parted many years, and I found the wild lively romp improved into an elegant woman. She ſtill, however, retained a good deal of the heedleſs manner that marked her childiſh days; and, though ſhe has an excellent underſtanding, ſhe never ſeemed to make uſe of it in the regulation of her conduct or behaviour. She expreſſed herſelf much pleaſed at finding me ſo happily ſettled; Mr. B. appeared to her a moſt amiable man, and my children (particularly my little *Beſs*) ſhe ſaid were angels. Her attention to them, I own, endeared me to her very much; though, indeed, Mr. MIRROR, no one can help loving them, for they are charming children. Her good-humoured playful ways made the little creatures dote on her. At my return from walking, I have frequently found her on her knees on the floor, building card-houſes for their entertainment. Mr. B. has obſerved to me, on thoſe occaſions, how amiable it was in a young admired woman, who ſpent her life in the uſual round of folly and diſſipation, to preſerve ſuch natural and right feelings. He generally concluded his obſervations with ſaying, that he believed ſhe would make a moſt excellent wife. I, for a long time, agreed with him in opinion, and uſed to tell her before his face, the fine things

things Mr. B. ſaid of her. She received them in a rattling good-humoured way, inſiſting that her conduct in the married ſtate would depend on her huſband's: for ſhe declared that ſhe did not find in herſelf that exalted turn of mind to love virtue for its own ſake, and ſhe believed ſhe would make but an indifferent wife to half the men in the world. Such converſation generally produced an argument between her and Mr. B. which, as it was carried on with ſpirit and temper, had no other effect than making them ſtill more pleaſed with one another. If ſhe found the argument growing ſerious, ſhe would call over the children, and, putting them on their father's knee, deſire them to kiſs him into good humour, which never failed having the effect; or, if ſhe ſaid a flippant thing to him, with which he ſeemed half offended, ſhe uſed to take his hand, and ſmile ſo ſweetly in his face, it was impoſſible for him to continue diſpleaſed with her; and generally a kiſs, and a game at billiards, ſealed their reconciliation. I own to you, I began not to reliſh her behaviour; yet it ſeemed ſo unpremeditated, and ſo perfectly correſponding with her general character, that I did not know how to make her ſenſible of the impropriety of it. I even doubted my own judgment of the matter. I had, for ſome time, lived ſo much out of the gay world, that I did not know but *Maria*'s very great freedom of

manner might be the fashionable behaviour of the people she had been accustomed to see: if so, how was she to blame? or why should I be uneasy, knowing her to be a woman of honour, surely incapable of so base an action as endeavouring to alienate my husband's affections from me? By such reasonings I strove to quell the first emotions (jealous, if you will have them so) that rose in my breast. But, alas, Mr. MIRROR, to what purpose! I have every hour fresh cause of uneasiness. About a week ago I went suddenly into the parlour, and found *Maria* sitting on Mr. B.'s knee, her head leaning on his shoulder: he looked a little out of countenance; but she was not in the least distressed at my appearance, but asked me, with her usual good-humour, what made me look so grave? then, slapping Mr. B. gently on the cheek, said, "It is your fault, you harsh thing you! when "I knew her formerly, she used to be all life "and spirits." He answered (coldly I thought), that it was his wish ever to see me in spirits, and that he was sorry he was not so happy as to hit on a method to make me so. I turned my head aside, to hide the starting tear. *Maria*, as if guessing at my emotion, put her arm about my neck, and, drawing round my averted face, said, in a loud whisper, "My dear Mrs. B. how can you in-"dulge such weakness?" Mr. B. snatched up his

his hat, and left the room; I heard the word "childiſh," as he ſhut the door. I remember the time when he could not bear the leaſt cloud on my looks, without tenderly enquiring the cauſe; but now he ſeems often to forget that I am preſent, while *Maria* engroſſes his whole attention. I have been for ſome days deprived of his company, and have ſpent the time in reflecting ſeriouſly on my ſituation. The more I conſider it, the more it appears to me of a particular and diſtreſſing nature. I have at laſt determined to requeſt your opinion of it, and, through the channel of your paper, to give *Maria* a hint, that to keep clear of the groſſneſs of vice, is not ſufficient for the delicacy of the female character; and that the woman who, by an alluring and refined coquetry, engages the thoughts, and intereſts the feelings of a married man, is a more dangerous, and perhaps not a leſs criminal companion, than the avowed wanton, who excites a ſhort-lived paſſion, ſoon extinguiſhed by remorſe, and, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, fully compenſated for by the returning tenderneſs of the repenting huſband.

I am, &c.

E. B.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr. MIRROR,

I MARRIED, for love, a moſt charming woman, who has made me the happy father of two very fine children: I have a thouſand a-year eſtate, and enjoy a moſt perfect ſtate of health; yet a very ſlight and contemptible cauſe was near deſtroying all thoſe fair proſpects of happineſs, by interrupting the harmony of a union founded on mutual liking, and cemented by mutual eſteem. In your obſervations on the female world, you have ſuffered to eſcape your notice a dangerous and moſt deſtructive race, whoſe hearts, hardened by vanity, are equally impenetrable to the ſhafts of love, and inſenſible of the charms of friendſhip; yet the buſineſs of their lives is to excite paſſions they never mean to gratify, and ſentiments they are incapable of returning. My dear Mrs. B. unfortunately for us both, ſome months ago renewed an intimacy, formed in her childiſh days, with one of thoſe females. To *Maria* I was introduced as the huſband of her friend; as ſuch I was received by her, without reſerve, and ſoon treated with the moſt flattering diſtinction. *Maria* poſſeſſes all thoſe powers of allurement which men for ever condemn, and can

never withſtand: ſhe can aſſume every ſhape that is fitted to captivate the ſenſes, or delight the imagination, and can vary her appearance at pleaſure. So conſummate is her art, that one could not, for an inſtant, ſuſpect her of any deſign in her behaviour; and even at this moment, that an accident has laid open her whole character to me, I ſhould not anſwer for my reſolution were ſhe to enter the room, and ſmilingly take my hand, as was her frequent cuſtom, with ſuch a mixture of ſweetneſs and tenderneſs in her looks!—I almoſt fear I ſhould be weak enough to forget that my opinion of her is founded on the cleareſt proofs of her diſſembling arts, and ſtand before her ſelf-condemned, as the defamer of innocence and undeſigning ſimplicity.

Luckily I am out of her reach: I left my own houſe immediately upon the diſcovery I made of the fair hypocrite's real diſpoſition. I mean to ſend for my dear Mrs. B. and with her pay a viſit to the capital, and there uſe all my efforts to make her amends for any uneaſineſs my fooliſh infatuation may have given her; but firſt I wiſhed to make this public acknowledgment of it; and, as *Maria* deſerves no mercy, I ſhall ſhew her none, except concealing her family-name.

For five months, Mr. MIRROR, the Proteus-like animal had found out a thouſand different ways

ways to charm me. Was I in ſpirits, ſhe was all life and good humour; when in a graver mood, I found her all ſenſe and ſerioufneſs. If what I had been reading excited in me a tender and not unpleaſing melancholy, the ſympathetic tear ſtood ready in her eye. A few days ſince, upon my reading to her the ſtory of *La Roche*, ſo beautifully told in your papers, ſhe wept leaning upon my ſhoulder; and I own to you, Mr. MIRROR, as her tears fell upon the fineſt boſom Nature ever formed, while her white hand lightly preſſed my arm, I thought I had never beheld ſo intereſting an object. Mrs. B. came ſuddenly into the room; her grave cold manner was at the moment diſagreeably contraſted to *Maria*'s animated feelings. For the firſt time ſince our marriage, I thought I ſaw a change in Mrs. B.'s temper, and that ſhe was not the very amiable woman I took her for. She took amiſs ſomething I ſaid, and I left the room in diſguſt. I ſtrolled down a ſhady walk that goes round part of my improvements: at the end of it I found *Maria* ſeated on the graſs, with one of my little girls on her lap. She roſe at my approach, and, deſiring the child to walk before us, took me under the arm, and, in the gentleſt terms, expoſtulated with me on the abruptneſs of my manner. She had, ſhe ſaid, after a vain attempt to ſoothe her, left Mrs. B. in tears. She acknowledged I had not given

her

her very ſerious cauſe of uneaſineſs, but that a man of my ſenſe ſhould make allowance for the trifling blemiſhes of a very good woman; adding, with a ſmile, "My dear Mr. B. we are "none of us angels."—I was puppy enough to be ready to exclaim, "Upon my ſoul, you "are one."—I contented myſelf with ſaying, "whoever you marry, *Maria*, will have no "reaſon to complain of your temper." She bluſhed, drew out her handkerchief to cover her face with it, as if to conceal her emotions, but gave me ſuch a look from below it!—A ſervant appeared to tell us that dinner waited, and we went into the houſe together.

In the afternoon one of my little girls came into the parlour, where I was ſitting alone; "See what I found in the walk, Papa!" ſaid ſhe, holding out a paper. I took it from the child, and, ſeeing it was *Maria*'s hand, was about to go up ſtairs to reſtore it to its owner, when my own name, written in large characters, ſtruck my eye. My good manners were overpowered by the immediate impulſe of my curioſity; I opened the paper, and read what follows; it was part of an unfiniſhed letter to a friend in town.

"You aſk what havoc I have made among "the beaux at ———? Alas! my dear Bell, "you know but little of my ſituation when you "talk

" talk of beaux; not a creature one would " allow to pick up one's fan within ten miles " of us. Having nothing upon my hands, I " have ſtruck up a ſort of ſentimental Platonic " flirtation with a Mr. B. who lives within a " ſmall diſtance of our houſe. I knew his " wife at ſchool, and ſhe was one of the firſt " who viſited me upon my arrival here. Her " violent praiſes of her beloved, gave me a ſort " of deſire to ſee him; and, I own, I found " him tolerable enough in his appearance, and " by no means deficient in underſtanding, but " vain of his ſlight pretenſions to talents, and " very fond of being thought profound. At " the firſt glance I ſaw into him, and could " now twiſt him round my finger. It is very " diverting to obſerve by what fooliſh prin- " ciples your men, who think themſelves very " wiſe, are governed. Flatter this man's va- " nity, and you might lead him round the " world. Now I know you will treat me, in " return for my frankneſs, with a lecture upon " coquetry, married men, impropriety, and ſo " forth. Take my advice, my dear Bell, and " ſave yourſelf the trouble; it would be all to " no purpoſe. A coquette I am, and a coquette " I will remain, to the laſt day of the exiſtence " of my powers of pleaſing."

The paper was there at an end. It raiſed in me the ſtrongeſt indignation and contempt for the

the writer. And I felt ſo aſhamed of my folly, that I determined not to ſee my dear Mrs. B. until I had made ſome atonement, by ſending you an account of my errors and repentance.

I am, &c.

J. B.

N° 96. SATURDAY, *April* 8, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM neither ugly, nor old, nor poor, nor neglected; I have a clear conſcience: nor have I ſuffered any calamity by the inconſtancy of lovers, or the death of relations. I am not unhappy. The world would laugh at me if I ſhould ſay I were unhappy. But I am not happy. I will tell you my caſe: I confide in your feelings; for you ſeem to underſtand, what few people underſtand, that a perſon may be in eaſy circumſtances, have a clear conſcience, and enjoy ſufficient reputation, and yet be—no, I will not ſay miſerable,—but not happy.

I am the only daughter of an eminent merchant. My father made his own fortune; and a very

a very good fortune he has made of it. He married my mother before his ſituation was ſo comfortable as it is at preſent. They are neither of them niggardly. Having wherewithal to live, not only with eaſe, but with ſome degree of ſplendour, they chuſe, as they ſay, to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Accordingly, we live in an elegant houſe, have a handſome carriage, keep a good number of ſervants, and ſee a great deal of company. You will eaſily conceive, however, that the ſhew attending my father's preſent ſyſtem of living, and the manners ſuited to his preſent condition, do not juſt agree with his former habits. But this does not ſignify much. He is a good-natured worthy man; and they muſt be very captious indeed, who will not ſuffer his merits to conceal his defects.

With regard to myſelf, my parents, having no other daughter, and intending to give me a genteel portion, were determined I ſhould have a good education. "For," ſaid my father, "a "young woman of fortune, and of an agreeable "appearance, muſt go into company. You and "I, Bridget," addreſſing himſelf to my mother, "ſet out in life in a different manner. But "Mary muſt have education."

So they ſent me to a famous boarding-ſchool; and, in ſo far as my improvement was concerned, they ſpared no expence.—Sir, I ſpeak to you

you without reſerve; and I hope you will not think me too vain, if I tell you, that my education was no difficult matter. I underſtand muſic, and had little difficulty in acquiring the French and Italian languages. Indeed the worthy perſon who had the charge of my education, was well calculated to promote my improvement. She was a woman of family, of fine education, exquiſite taſte, great goodneſs of heart, and had ſhewn ſpirit enough, on the decline of her father's fortune, rather than live a dependant on her relations, to procure an independent, and now ſhe has rendered it a reſpectable, livelihood for herſelf. In a word, Sir, I am what they call tolerably accompliſhed; and you will think it ſtrange, and I think it ſtrange myſelf, that this ſhould be the ſource of my uneaſineſs.

It is now ſome time ſince I returned to my father's houſe. When I came home, I was received with rapture. My father and mother adored me. They would refuſe me nothing. They ſtrove to prevent my wiſhes.—Good people! may heaven grant them peace of mind, and long life to enjoy the fortune they ſo juſtly deſerve!—But why, Sir, did they make me, as they term it, ſo very accompliſhed? They have made me a different creature from themſelves. I am apt to fancy myſelf of a higher order.—Forgive my preſumption; and I am ſure you

will forgive me, when I tell you, I really wiſh myſelf lower. Indeed, Sir, and it grieves me to the ſoul, I am ſometimes impatient of my parents; but I will not dwell upon this.

I told you, we ſee a great deal of company; and all the people we ſee are diſpoſed to admire me. "Mighty well," you will ſay: "Give a "young woman admiration, and what more "can ſhe wiſh for?"—Sir, I wiſh they loved me more, and admired me leſs. I am made to ſing, and to play on the harpſichord; and, to oblige my father, am ſometimes conſtrained to repeat verſes: and all this to people who underſtand no muſic, and know no other poetry than the Pſalms of David in metre. Indeed, till I became better acquainted with them, I found that, even in our converſation, there was a mutual miſapprehenſion; and that they were ſometimes as unintelligible to me as I was to them. I was not at all ſurpriſed to hear them call ſome of our acquaintance *good* men; but, when I heard them call our neighbour *John Staytape* a *great* man, I could not help aſking what diſcovery he had made in arts or ſcience, or what eminent ſervice he had rendered his country? I was told in return, that within theſe few years he had *realiſed* a *plum*. This phraſe was alſo new to me; and I wiſhed to have known ſomething about the nature of ſuch *realization*. Chuſing, however, to aſk but one queſ-

tion at a time, I said nothing; and soon learned, that, whatever services Mr. *Staytape* might do his country, he had hitherto made no great discovery in arts or sciences.

I confess, indeed, that at one time I fancied they might have some little notion of books; and when I heard them speak about *underwriters*, I thought it might perhaps be some ludicrous term for the *minor poets*.

So when they spoke about *policies*, I fancied they were using the Scotch word for improvements in gardening; and ventured to say something in favour of *clumps;* "Clumps," said a gentleman, who is a frequent visitor at our house; "she is to be laden with Norway fir." I found they were speaking about the good ship Rebecca.

A grave-looking man who sat near me one day at dinner, said a good deal about the *fall*, and of events that should have happened before and after the *fall*. As he also spoke about *Providence*, and *Salem*, and *Ebenezer;* and as great deference was shewn to every thing that he said, and being, as I told you, a grave-looking man in a black coat, I was not sure but he might be some learned theologian; and imagined he was speaking about Oriental antiquities, and the *fall of Adam*. But I was soon undeceived. The gentleman had lived for some time in *Virginia;* by *Providence* he meant the town of

that name in *Rhode-Iſland;* and by the *fall* he meant, not the *fall* of our firſt parents, for concerning them he had not the leaſt idea, but, as I ſuppoſe, the fall of the leaf; for the word is uſed, it ſeems, in the American dialect, for autumn.

In this ſituation, Sir, what ſhall I do? By my boaſted education, I have only unlearned the language, and loſt the manners, of that ſociety in which I am to live.—If you can put me on any method of bringing my friends up to me, or of letting myſelf down to them, you will much oblige

Your's, &c.

MARY MUSLIN.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

As you are very ſucceſsful in delineating the manners of modern times, it might add, perhaps, to the effect of your pictures, if you ſometimes gave a view of former manners. The contraſt would be agreeable; and, if I may uſe the expreſſion, would give a certain *relief* to your other delineations. I offer you a ſmall ſketch of an incident, ſuppoſed to have happened in the times of our forefathers. I flatter myſelf

myſelf you have no objection to it on account of its being in verſe. It is merely an outline; yet, I hope, it is ſo marked, as that concomitant circumſtances, though not expreſſed, may readily be conceived.

MONTANUS.

The MARRIAGE of EVAL.

I.

Loud from JURA's rocky ſhore,
Heard ye the tumultuous roar?—
Sudden from the bridal feaſt,
By impetuous ire poſſeſs'd,
Fury flaſhing in their eyes,
Kinſmen againſt kinſmen riſe:
And iſſuing to the fatal field,
Bend the bow, the falchion wield.——
From her eyry, with diſmay,
The tow'ring eagle ſores away.
The wild-deer from their cloſe retreat,
Start with terror and amaze,
Down on the furious conflict gaze,
Then to deep foreſts bend their nimble feet.

II.

Ah! that reckleſs ſpeech ſhould fire
Kinſmen with inhuman ire!———
Goaded by vindictive rage,
Lo! the martial clans engage.
Now the feather'd arrows ſing;
Now the boſſy targets ring.
With rav'ning ſwords the ſudden foes
Now in fierce encounter cloſe.
Lo! the blade horrific gleams;
And now the purple torrent ſtreams;

The torrent ſtreams from Eval's ſide,
Tinging with his flowing gore
The white foam on the ſea-beat ſhore.—
Ah! who will ſuccour his afflicted bride?

III.

Lo! ſhe flies with headlong ſpeed;
" Bloody, bloody was the deed;"
Wild with piteous wail, ſhe cries,
Treſſes torn and ſtreaming eyes;
" Lift, O! gently lift his head;
" Lay him on the bridal bed;
" My kinſmen!—cruel kinſmen, ye!
" Theſe your kindlieſt deeds to me!—
" Yes, the clay-cold bed prepare,
" The willing bride and bridegroom there
" Will tarry; will for ever dwell.———
" Now, inhuman men, depart:
" Go, triumph in my broken heart!"—
She ſaid, ſhe ſigh'd, a breathleſs corſe ſhe fell.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of a family of young ladies who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleaſed, though we could wiſh it were not quite ſo *grave*, and had a little more *love* in it. But we have found out, of late, that it is none of your own, but moſtly borrowed from other people. A couſin of ours, who

who is himſelf a fine ſcholar, and has a great acquaintance among the critics, ſhewed us many different inſtances of this. Your firſt paper, he told us, was copied from the firſt paper of the *Spectator;* and, upon looking into both, we found them exactly the ſame, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your *Umphraville*, he ſaid, was juſt Sir *Roger de Coverley;* which we perfectly agreed in, except that my ſiſter *Betſy* obſerved, *Umphraville* wanted the *Widow*, which all of us think the very beſt part of Sir *Roger*. Your *Bobby Button*, he aſſured us, was borrowed from N° 13. of *the True Patriot*, publiſhed by Mr. *Fielding*, who wrote *Tom Jones*; and there, indeed, we found there was a ſtory of a young gentleman who liked French wine better than his country, juſt like Sir *Bobby*. N° 72. which we thought a very *ſweet* paper, he informed us was taken from the *Night Thoughts*; and, indeed, though we don't underſtand *Latin*, we ſaw plainly that the *mottos* were the ſame to a *T*. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning, who uſed formerly to be a great advocate for the MIRROR, confeſſed to us, that our couſin's intelligence was literally true; and, more than all that, he told us, that your very laſt Number was to be found, every *word* of it, in *Johnſon's Dictionary*.

We ſend you therefore notice, Sir, that unleſs you can contrive to give us ſomething new for the future, we ſhall be obliged to countermand our ſubſcription for the MIRROR. We can have a reading of a freſh *Novel* every morning for the money, with a *ſpick and ſpan* new ſtory in it, ſuch as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

Yours, &c.

EVELINA.

V

N° 97. TUESDAY, *April* 11, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR correſpondent K. B. has well deſcribed the calamitous condition of *a private tutor*, without money or friends. Perhaps it will afford him ſome conſolation, to hear of one who needleſsly entangled himſelf in difficulties of a like nature.

My father bred me to the ſtudy of letters, and, at his death, left me in poſſeſſion of a fortune, not ſufficient to check my induſtry in the purſuit

purſuit of knowledge, but more than ſufficient to ſecure me from ſervile dependence.

Through the intereſt of his friends, I obtained an honourable and lucrative office; but there were certain arrangements to be made, which delayed my admiſſion to it for a twelvemonth. While I was conſidering in what way I might beſt fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requeſted, as a particular favour, that I would beſtow the year which I could call *mine* in *reading* with the only ſon of the rich Mr. *Flint*. The conditions offered were uncommonly advantageous, and ſuch as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

For underſtanding my ſtory, it is fit that you ſhould be informed of the characters of that family, into which I was received with ſo many marks of favour and diſtinction.

Rowland Flint, Eſq. was born of poor but honeſt parents; they made a hard ſhift to have him inſtructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic, and then they left him to find his way through the world as he beſt could. The young man, like a philoſopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himſelf to one of the ſubordinate departments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and his profits ſcanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy

happy vocation, he was ſuddenly raiſed to opulence by the death of an uncle.

This uncle went abroad at a very early period of life, with the fixed reſolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But *that competency*, which filled up the meaſure of the ambition of a bare Scotch lad, proved far ſhort of the deſires of an eminent foreign merchant. He imperceptibly became, "in eaſy "circumſtances, well in the world, of great cre- "dit, a man to be relied on, and to be adviſed "with, and even one ſuperior to all ſhocks, "calls, and runs."

While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needleſs to enquire after his poor relations, whom he could not aſſiſt; and, after he made his fortune, he thought it equally needleſs, as he was to ſee them ſo ſoon in Scotland. Yet a multitude of unforeſeen obſtacles retarded his return: ſome new mortgage was to be ſettled, ſome company concerns to be wound up, or ſome bottomry-accompt to be adjuſted; and thus year glided along after year, till at length death ſurpriſed him at the age of threeſcore and ten.

Buſied in making money, he had never beſtowed a thought on providing an heir to it: *that* he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country; and, dying inteſtate, he was ſucceeded by his nephew *Rowland Flint*.

This

This gentleman, on his becoming rich, discovered himself to be eminently skilled in the science of law, the study, as he boasted, of his earlier years; and this knowledge engaged him in three or four law-suits, which the court uniformly determined against him, with costs.

But of every other science he honestly avowed his want of knowledge; and he did not even pretend to understand painting or politics; but he had a mighty veneration for literature, and its professors, and he was resolved to make his son a great scholar, *although it should stand him in ten thousand pounds sterling.*

My pupil is in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from school before it was discovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college; and it became my task to *bring him forward*, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

The youth is of a docile disposition, and of moderate talents; his memory good, and his application such as is generally to be found among those who, having no particular incentives to study, perform their tasks merely as tasks.

I have little to say concerning his mother: her mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her husband's riches, and in the care of her son's health and her own. Baron *Bielfield*, an eminent German author, observes, that,

in

in our iſland, there is a diſeaſe called *le-catch-cold*, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehenſive. Mrs. *Flint* lived under the perpetual terror of that diſeaſe.

Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of houſe-keeping, ſhe committed them to her brother, Captain *Winterbottom*, who, as he was wont to ſay, "could bear a hand at any "thing." But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the ſtew-pan and the nation. He had long commanded a veſſel in the Baltic trade; and it having been once employed as a tranſport in the ſervice of government, he affected to wear a cockade, and wiſhed to have it underſtood that he belonged to the navy. The captain had dealt occaſionally in borough-politics, belonged to ſeveral reſpectable clubs in London, and was one of the original members of the Robin-Hood ſociety.

The laſt of the family that I ſhall mention, is Miſs *Juliana Winterbottom*, a maiden ſiſter of Mrs. *Flint*. Her original name was *Judith;* but, when ſhe arrived at the years of diſcretion, ſhe changed it to *Juliana*, as being more genteel.

Many years ago, Lady ——— was adviſed to paſs a winter at *Nice*, for recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and diſſipation of a London winter; and ſhe eaſily prevailed on Miſs *Juliana* to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blaſts from the Alps,

ſoon

ſoon completed what the corrupted air of good company, and the damps from the Thames, had begun, and Lady ——— lived not to *re-fee* her Britiſh phyſicians.

Miſs *Juliana*, on her return home, paſſed by the caſtle of *Fernay*, and got a peep of *M. de Voltaire*, in his furred cap and night-gown. At Paris, ſhe chanced to be in company with Count *Buffon*, for half an hour; and ſhe actually purchaſed a volume of muſic *written* by the great *Rouſſeau* himſelf. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign *literati*, ſhe commenced a ſort of *literati* in her own perſon. She frequently advances thoſe opinions in hiſtory, morals, and phyſics, which, as ſhe imagines, are to be found in the writings of the French philoſophers. But, whether through the habits of education, or through conſcious ignorance, it muſt be confeſſed that ſhe dogmatiſes with diffidence, and is a very ſtammerer in infidelity.

Having ſeen Paris, and having picked up a good many French words in the courſe of her travels, ſhe thinks that ſhe is authoriſed, and, in ſome ſort, obliged to ſpeak French. Nothing can be more groteſque than her travelled language. When ſhe left Scotland, "her ſpeech," to uſe a phraſe of Lord *Bacon*, "was in the "full dialect of her nation." At *Nice* ſhe converſed with Engliſh and Iriſh; and, by imitating

ing the language of each, ſhe has, in her pronunciation, completed the union of the three kingdoms. But ſtill her own country-language predominates; for, during her reſidence abroad, ſhe had an opportunity of preſerving, and even of improving it, by daily conferences with the houſe-maid, who was born and educated in the county of *Banff*.

In pronouncing French, ſhe blends the tone of all thoſe dialects: and her phraſeology is as ſingular as her pronunciation; for ſhe faithfully tranſlates every word from her own mother-tongue. An example of this preſents itſelf, which I ſhall never forget. One day, addreſſing her diſcourſe to me, ſhe ſaid, "*Je doute pas que* "*vous avez* peruſé *les ouvraiges di Mongſeer le* "*Counte de Bouffon; que un charmang creature!* "*il met philoſophes et* divins *par les oreilles.*" That is, "I doubt not that you have read the "works of Count *Bouffon;* what a charming "creature! he ſets philoſophers and divines by "the ears." I anſwered her, that I had never read the works of that renowned author, but that I had read the *Principia* of Sir *Iſaac Newton*. "Why, indeed," replied ſhe, "Sir *Iſaac* may "have been a man of better *principles*, but *as-* "*ſheurement*, the *theories* of the *Count* are "wittier."

It is a happy circumſtance that Miſs *Winterbottom* did not make the grand tour. Had ſhe viſited

viſited Italy, ſhe would have proved as great an adept in ſtatuary and in painting, as ſhe is at preſent in philoſophy. But Miſs *Winterbottom* cannot, in conſcience, talk of her having viſited Italy, while her travels were limited to the borders of Piedmont.

I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then ſhe got no great encouragement to proceed in her remarks. At dinner ſhe ſaid, "I remember, that, in Italy, they have ſome-"thing very like our veal, which they call *vi-*"*tello.*" "Well, Siſter *Juddy*," cried Captain *Winterbottom*, "and why ſhould they not? for "if *vitello* means *veal* in their *lingo*, what elſe "would you have the poor devils call it?"

It was reſolved to poſtpone my leſſons for a while, "that," as Mr. Flint expreſſed it, "I "might come to know the ways of the houſe "firſt."

Miſs *Juliana* conſtantly teaſed me with queſtions about my plan for her nephew's education. To puzzle her a little I ſaid, that, ſome weeks hence, I propoſed to teach him to make nonſenſe verſes. "*Miſericorde*," cried ſhe, "*nonſenſe* "*verſes!* Is that part of the *etiquaitte?*"

"Let the boy alone," added Captain *Winterbottom*, "when he is old enough to be in "love, he will make *nonſenſe verſes*, I warn't "you, without any help of yours; ay, although "it ſhould be on mamma's dairy-maid." Mr. Flint

Flint laughed loud, and Mrs. Flint ſaid gently, "Oh fy, brother!"

Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the Captain was about to be more witty, I recalled the converſation to nonſenſe verſes, endeavoured to explain their nature, and obſerved, that their main uſe was to inſtruct one in the quantity of ſyllables.

"Quantity of ſyllables," exclaimed the Captain, "there is modern education for you! "Boys have their heads lumbered with great "quantities of Latin ſyllables and words, when "they ſhould be taught to underſtand *things*, to "ſpeak their own language rough and round, "and ſo *cut* a figure in parliament. I remem- "ber *Will. Fitzdriver;* but he is gone! Honeſt "*Will.* knew no tongue except a little of his "own, and yet he would talk to you for an "hour, and you would have thought that he "had ſcarcely entered on the ſubject at all. He "never valued any of your outlandiſh *lingos*, "not he!"

I ſaid, that, if my pupil were of an age to go into parliament, I ſhould be apt to adviſe him to follow the precepts of *Pythagoras*, and be ſilent for ſeven years. "He muſt have been "a ſure card, that Mr. *Pythagoras*," obſerved the Captain, "and I do ſuppoſe that he lived "up to his own precepts; for I never heard "of any ſpeaker of that name; no, not even

in

" in committees. People, to be ſure, may hold " their tongues, and have a ſlice of the great " pudding; but *this* is not a time for your " dumb ſenators. No, we muſt have bold " well-ſpoken men, to tell poor Britannia that " ſhe is beggared, and bleeding, and expiring, " ay, and dead too, for ought that ſome folks " care." He rounded this pathetic period with one of his beſt oaths.

" Were all men to make ſpeeches," ſaid I, " What time would there be left for doing bu- " ſineſs?" " Buſineſs!" cried the Captain, " is " not oratory buſineſs? and why cannot they " ſet to it *watch and watch*, as we do at ſea?"

Mrs. *Flint* expreſſed her hope, that I would not load her poor boy's memory, by making him get a deal by heart.

" When I firſt got the multiplication-table " by heart," ſaid Mr. *Flint*, who generally falls in the rear of converſation, " it was a " plaguy troubleſome job; but now that I am " maſter of it, I don't perceive that it loads my " memory at all."

" Learned men have remarked," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, " that it is not the getting by heart " that is cenſurable, but the getting by rote, as " one does one's catechiſm."

" *There* ſhe goes, the travelled lady," cried the Captain; " ſhe muſt always have a fling at " her catechiſm."

" Mr. *Winterbottom*," replied Miſs *Juliana* with exceeding dignity, " you wrong me much; " I am ſure, that I ſhould be the laſt woman " alive to ſay any thing, eſpecially in mixed " companies, to the diſparagement of the reli- " gion of the ſtate, which I have always con- " ſidered as the great *lyeng* [*lien*] of ſociety."

" You have always conſidered religion as " *great lying!* and who taught you that, ſiſter " *Juddy?* your godfathers and your godmo- " thers! No, ſure."

Here I was laid under the neceſſity of interpoſing, and of aſſuring Captain *Winterbottom*, that he miſtook his ſiſter, and that ſhe had inadvertently uſed a French word to expreſs her own *idea*, " that religion was the great *tie* of " ſociety." Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

" Well, well," ſaid the Captain, " if *her* " tongue was *tied*, ſociety would be no loſer."

To divert the ſtorm which ſeemed gathering, I ſpoke of my purpoſe to explain the tenth ſatire of *Juvenal*, a poem, for method, compoſition, and animated language, univerſally admired.

" What does that *Juvenal* write about?" ſaid Miſs *Juliana*; " I am not acquainted with " his works: was he a member of the *French* " *academy?*"—" Perhaps," replied I, ſmiling, " he would be no favourite with you, Miſs " *Juliana*;

" *Juliana*; he has been very ſevere upon the " Roman ladies."

" Ay, they were Papiſts," ſaid Captain *Winterbottom*, " and they are all wh——." " Give " me leave to tell you," cried Miſs *Juliana*, in a higher key, " when I was abroad, I had the " honour of being known to ſeveral ladies of " the Roman perſuaſion, and they were perſons " of the ſtricteſt virtue."

" I ſuppoſe you aſked them whether they " were wh——, and they ſaid they were not. " Poor ſiſter *Juddy!* It is true, I never was in " the gallies at *Nice*, as you have been; but I " have touched at *Marſeilles*, and have laid cloſe " off the mole of *Genoa*, and that is farther " than ever you travelled; and I ſay they are " all wh——."

How this wonderful controverſy would have ended, I know not; but happily we were called to coffee, which ſeparated the combatants.

I was now pretty well acquainted with the *ways of a houſe*, in which ignorance, ſelf-conceit, and illiberality of ſentiment and manners, had fixed their reſidence. It was agreed, that on the Monday following I ſhould begin my leſſons. Appearances, I muſt acknowledge, were not very favourable. My pupil had been generally preſent at the converſations of which I have given you a ſpecimen, and, indeed, they were not ſuch as could either enlarge his mind,

or improve his underſtanding. I flattered myſelf, however, that he would be left to proſecute his ſtudies under my direction, and that every new acquiſition in knowledge would increaſe his love for letters.

In what way our ſtudies were conducted, will beſt appear from a faithful journal of the progreſs which we made during the firſt week. But of this hereafter.

Meanwhile I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

N° 98. SATURDAY, *April* 15, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I NOW ſend you a faithful narrative of the progreſs of our ſtudies in Mr. Flint's family, from Monday morning to Saturday at bed-time, carefully diſtinguiſhing the proficiency made in each day.

MONDAY.

Mrs. *Flint* had previouſly informed me, that her ſon's conſtitution did not agree with much ſtudy before breakfaſt, and that, whenever he read

read on an empty ſtomach, he was apt to be diſturbed with uneaſy *yawnings;* we therefore reſolved that he ſhould have a ſhort leſſon only at eight in the morning.

After waiting in the parlour till within a quarter of nine, I learned from Mrs. Flint, that her ſon had been obſerved to turn himſelf twice or thrice during the night, and that he ſeemed to be threatened with a ſort of *ſtuffing* and *wheeſing:* and that, by way of prevention, ſhe judged it beſt to give him a little *ſenna*, and confine him to his chamber for a few hours; but that, in the evening, we might proſecute our ſtudies without farther interruption.

Accordingly, at ſix, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth ſatire of *Juvenal.* After having explained to him the general ſcope and method of the ſatiriſts, I began,

> Omnibus in terris quæ ſunt a Gadibus uſque,
> Auroram et Gangem.

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miſs *Juliana* and her ſiſter, with Mr. *Flint* and the Captain, a little behind, and walking on tiptoe. "You muſt "pardon our *femelle curioſité*," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, "we come to ſee *Jemmy* take his firſt leſſon "from you. What have you got here? I "fancy, from my knowledge of French, that

" I could pick out the meaning of ſome part of " it. Oh! I underſtand; *there* is *auroram*, does " not *that* mean, *break of day?*

" Que l'aurore
" Nous trouve encore.

" I learned it in a French *Chanſong a boar.*" " What is that *boar ſong?*" demanded Captain *Winterbottom*, " is it a hunting one?" Oh fy, " no," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, " it is a drinking " ſong." " And *who* taught you drinking " ſongs, ſiſter *Juddy;* did you learn them from " your outlandiſh ladies of honour?" A tremendous aſſault on the knocker announced the approach of a perſon of quality.——" The " Counteſs of ———." On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing-room.

Mrs. *Flint* preſently returned. " I muſt make " an apology," ſaid ſhe, " for thus interrupting the courſe of my ſon's ſtudies; but the " Counteſs has made a flying viſit to tell me, " that there is a meeting of young people at " her houſe this evening, and that there will " be a dance and a little ſupper, and ſhe inſiſts to have *Jemmy* of the party; but I " would not engage for any thing, without " aſking your leave, as you have the whole " charge of his education. There will be " many rich folks, and many fine folks; and " there will be Miſs *Punaiſe*, the great heireſs;

" ſhe

" ſhe has a vaſt improveable eſtate, hard by " the borough of *Ayno*, and who can tell—" —The good woman was buſy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded her that her ſon had taken medicine that morning, and that, poſſibly, he might catch cold. At another time, the mention of *catch cold* would have awakened all her feelings; but, at preſent, Mrs. *Flint* was elevated above the region of alarms. " Never " fear," ſaid ſhe, " we are going to a cloſe " warm houſe, without a breath of air in it. " Come away, *Jemmy*, and put on a pair of " white ſilk ſtockings as faſt as you can; the " Counteſs waits us."

TUESDAY.

My pupil had been kept out of bed ſo much beyond his uſual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfaſt. " Cheer up, " my boy," cried Mrs. *Flint*, " you look as " if you had been dreaming all night of your " partner, Miſs *Punaiſe:* come, let us take an " airing, and refreſh ourſelves after the fatigues " of the ball. Theſe late ſittings don't anſwer " with my old bones. You ſee, Mr. ———, " that I have been as good as my word, and " that *Jemmy*, poor man, has caught no cold. " You ſhall go along with us on our airing; " there is room for you in Mr. *Flint*'s carriage

" and fix, and you may talk over your leſſons " by the way; for you will find the carriage " quite eaſy." Nothing indeed could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt; and there wanted only ſolitude and independence to make it reſemble a down bed. " We muſt, " firſt of all, ſhut out the common enemy, the " eaſt wind," ſaid Mrs. *Flint*, pulling up the glaſſes. The weather was warm, and Mrs. *Flint* grew eloquent on the fund of knowledge ſhe had acquired the night before. She gave me *the catalogue and character* of the company: ſhe dwelt moſt on her ſon's looks and dancing. " A gentleman at the Counteſs's, who ſaid he " was lately come from Paris, told me, *Jemmy* " was vaſtly like the *Count de Provence*, the " King of France's brother, particularly in the " *minuet:* but, remember, *Jemmy*, that to be a " great ſcholar is a much finer thing than to be " a great dancer. I am ſure, Mr. ———, that " my boy will profit by your inſtructions: he " has a charming memory, and he will take in " his learning as faſt as you can give it him; " and I am ſure *that* is ſaying a great deal; for, " from all that I can diſcover, Mr. *Flint* could " not have beſtowed his money better."—She was going on; but, alas! flattery vibrated faintly on my ear: we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became ſick and oppreſſed. I aſked

leave

leave to get out, and walk home, as I felt myſelf not well. "Oh, to be ſure," ſaid ſhe: "I "have known people ſick in carriages for want "of practice; don't be alarmed, Mr. ———; "but here, *Jemmy*, do you wrap this hand-"kerchief about your neck, before the coach-"door is opened."

I walked home in great ſpirits, animated by every gale around me; and I forgot for a while that I was not my own maſter.

In the evening, my pupil came to be dreſſed out and powdered: "Mamma," ſaid he ſheepiſhly, "has made me engage to drink tea with "Miſs *Punaiſe*, my laſt night's partner. I don't "much like her neither; for ſhe is pitted with "the ſmall-pox, has a yellow ſkin, and a "bleared eye; and, beſides, ſhe dances out of "time.—There was a Miſs with black hair"—Not inclining to become his confident, I ſaid, "Maſter *Flint*, all engagements that *can* be kept "with honour *muſt* be kept; and, therefore, "you *muſt* go." "Nay," ſaid he, "there is "not any *muſt* in the matter; for, I believe, the "Miſs with the black hair lives with *their* Miſs "*Punaiſe*. However, I can do a double taſk to-"morrow; and my aunt is wont to ſay, that a "young man ought not to be always at his "books." He ſeemed to have treaſured up this precious apophthegm in his memory.

WED-

WEDNESDAY.

My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hardly ſeated ourſelves, when Captain *Winterbottom* arrived. "No leſſons to-day," roared he; "*This is my lady's wedding-day, and there-*"*fore we keep holiday, and come for to be merry.*" Why, you young dog, if it had not been for "this day, you would either have not been at "all, or have been a baſtard." It was, indeed, a day of feſtivity and riot.

THURSDAY.

All the ſervants having dutifully got drunk over night, my pupil was not called, and ſo he overſlept himſelf. He came down to the parlour about eleven, and we reſumed the fatal firſt line of the tenth ſatire of Juvenal. "The "French maſter is here," ſaid a ſervant. I begged that he might return in about an hour; but I ſoon learned that *that* was impoſſible without deranging the ſyſtem of education in all parts of the city. "It is no great matter for "an hour," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, "you have "*always* my nephew at your command; but "poor *Signor Bergameſco* is much hurried, and "his time is not his own." "*Signor Berga-*"*meſco*," cried I; "is your French maſter an "Italian?" "Yes," ſaid ſhe, "of a noble fa-"mily in the dominions of the *Dog* of Venice, "but

" but a younger brother, with a ſmall patri-
" mony, which he unfortunately conſumed *en*
" *travaillant par l'Europe.* It was a fancy of
" my own; I thought that, after the *Signor* had
" taught my nephew French, he might teach
" him Italian alſo; for you know that it is a
" great loſs to change preceptors, and that
" young men who have not ſeen much of the
" world are ſhy with ſtrangers."

The taſk impoſed on my pupil by *S. Bergameſco*, occupied all his leiſure till dinner-time; but I thought that I ſhould have the abſolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read, *Omnibus in terris*, when a ſervant ſaid, " Here is the French maſter." " What," cried I, " can *S. Bergameſco*, who is ſo much hurried, " afford to give two leſſons in one day to the " ſame ſcholar?" " It is another French maſter " whom they had got for me," ſaid my pupil. I applied to Miſs *Juliana* for the explanation of this *phænomenon.* " It was none of my adviſ-
" ing," ſaid ſhe, " but my brother knew Mr.
" *O'Callachan*, when linguiſt to commodore
" *Firebrace*, and *he wiſhed to throw a good job*
" *in the poor fellow's way;* theſe were his very
" words; and ſo Mr. *O'Callachan* came to be
" employed; but, indeed, after recollection, I
" thought it would anſwer well enough, as both
" maſters taught by the ſame grammar, and
" both of them read *Telemac.*"

The

The linguiſt of commodore *Firebrace* had juſt taken his leave, when a ſmart young fellow burſt into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance. "What," cried I, "*more* "French maſters?" "Don't be alarmed," ſaid Mrs. *Flint*, who accompanied him; "it is "only the *Friſeur*, who comes to put up my "boy's hair in papers. Pray don't aſk me *why*, "for it is a great ſecret; but you ſhall know it "all to-morrow."

FRIDAY.

"You muſt know," ſaid Mrs. *Flint* at breakfaſt, "that I am aſſured that *Jemmy* is very like "the Count *de Provence*, the King of France's "own brother. Now *Jemmy* is ſitting for his "picture to *Martin*; and I thought it would "be right to get the *friſeur*, whom you ſaw laſt "night [he is juſt arrived from Paris], to dreſs "his hair like the Count *de Provence*, that Mr. "*Martin* might make the reſemblance more "complete. *Jemmy* has been under his hands "ſince ſeven o'clock.——Oh, here he comes!" "Is it not *charming?*" exclaimed Miſs *Juliana*. "I wiſh Miſs *Punaiſe* ſaw you," added the happy mother. My pupil, loſt in the labyrinth of croſs curls, ſeemed to look about for himſelf. "What a powdered ſheep's-head have we got "here?" cried Captain *Winterbottom*.——We all went to Mr. *Martin*'s to aſſiſt him in drawing

ing *Jemmy*'s picture. On our return, Mrs. *Flint* discovered that her son had got an inflammation in his right eye by looking stedfastly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed; so there was no more talk of "*Omnibus in terris*" for that evening.

SATURDAY.

My pupil came down to breakfast in a complete suit of black, with weepers, and a long mourning-cravat. The Count *de Provence*'s curls were all demolished, and there remained not a vestige of powder on his hair. "Bless me," cried I, "what is the matter?"—"Oh, no-"thing," said Mrs. *Flint;* "a relation of mine "is to be interred at twelve, and *Jemmy* has got "a burial-letter. We ought to acknowledge "our friends on such melancholy occasions. I "mean to send *Jemmy* with the coach and six. "It will teach him how to behave himself in "public places."

At dinner, my pupil expressed a vehement desire to go to the play. "There is to be *Har-*"*lequin Highlander*, and the blowing up of "the *St. Domingo* man of war," said he; "it "will be vastly comical and curious." "Why, "*Jemmy*," said Mrs. *Flint*, "since this is Satur-"day, I suppose your tutor will have no ob-"jection; but be sure to put on your great

" coat, and to take a chair in coming home." " I " thought," ſaid I, " that we might have made " ſome progreſs at our books this evening,"—— " Books on Saturday afternoon," cried the whole company; " it was never heard of."— I yielded to conviction; for, indeed, it would have been very unreaſonable to expect that he, who had ſpent the whole week in idleneſs, ſhould begin to apply himſelf to his ſtudies on the evening of Saturday.

I am, SIR, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

N° 99. TUESDAY, *April* 18, 1780.

Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum, mœrore gravi, deducit et angit.
HOR.

CRITICISM, like every thing elſe, is ſubject to the prejudices of our education, or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from juſtice, the moſt common and the moſt allowable; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate relation of that patriotiſm, which has been ranked among the firſt virtues

tues of characters the most eminent and illustrious. To authors, however, of a rank so elevated as to aspire to universal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been sometimes prejudicial; in proportion as they have unreasonably applauded, the critics of other countries, from a very common sort of feeling, have unreasonably censured; and there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either side may not, from a partial view of their works, find some ground for estimating at a rate much above or much below the standard of justice.

No author, perhaps, ever existed, of whom opinion has been so various as *Shakespeare*. Endowed with all the sublimity, and subject to all the irregularities, of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praise, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticism, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, has imposed, leaves no legal code by which the decision can be regulated; and, in the feelings of different readers, the same passage may appear simple or mean, natural or preposterous, may excite admiration, or create disgust.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular passages or incidents that *Shakespeare* is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the most distorted of the former, and probability in the most unaccountable

able of the latter; yet it must be owned, that, in both, there are often gross defects which criticism cannot justify, though the situation of the poet, and the time in which he wrote, may easily excuse. But we are to look for the superiority of *Shakespeare* in the astonishing and almost supernatural powers of his invention, his absolute command over the passions, and his wonderful knowledge of Nature. Of the structure of his stories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently careless; these he took at random from the legendary tale or the extravagant romance; but his intimate acquaintance with the human mind seldom or never forsakes him; and, amidst the most fantastic and improbable situations, the persons of his drama speak in the language of the heart, and in the style of their characters.

Of all the characters of *Shakespeare*, that of *Hamlet* has been generally thought the most difficult to be reduced to any fixed or settled principle. With the strongest purposes of revenge, he is irresolute and inactive; amidst the gloom of the deepest melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and, while he is described as a passionate lover, he seems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to enquire, whether any leading idea can be found, upon which these apparent contradictions may be reconciled, and a character so pleasing in the

closet,

cloſet, and ſo much applauded on the ſtage, rendered as unambiguous in the general as it is ſtriking in detail? I will venture to lay before my readers ſome obſervations on this ſubject, though with the diffidence due to a queſtion of which the Public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The baſis of *Hamlet*'s character ſeems to be an extreme ſenſibility of mind, apt to be ſtrongly impreſſed by its ſituation, and overpowered by the feelings which that ſituation excites. Naturally of the moſt virtuous and moſt amiable diſpoſitions, the circumſtances in which he was placed unhinged thoſe principles of action, which, in another ſituation, would have delighted mankind, and made himſelf happy. That kind of diſtreſs which he ſuffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, though they may overwhelm at firſt, the mind will ſoon call up reflections to alleviate, and hopes to cheer; they were ſuch as reflection only ſerves to irritate, ſuch as rankle, in the ſoul's tendereſt part, her ſenſe of virtue and feelings of natural affection; they aroſe from an uncle's villany, a mother's guilt, a father's murder!—Yet, amidſt the gloom of melancholy and the agitation of paſſion, in which his calamities involve him, there are occaſional breakings-out of a mind, richly endowed by na-

ture and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleneſs in his demeanour, wit in his converſation, taſte in his amuſements, and wiſdom in his reflections.

That *Hamlet*'s character, thus formed by Nature, and thus modelled by ſituation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not diſpoſed to deny. I will content myſelf with the ſuppoſition, that this is the very character which *Shakeſpeare* meant to allot him. Finding ſuch a character in real life, of a perſon endowed with feelings ſo delicate as to border on weakneſs, with ſenſibility too exquiſite to allow of determined action, he has placed it where it could be beſt exhibited in ſcenes of wonder, of terror, and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be moſt ſtrongly marked amidſt the workings of imagination and the war of the paſſions.

This is the very management of the character by which, above all others, we could be intereſted in its behalf. Had *Shakeſpeare* made *Hamlet* purſue his vengeance with a ſteady determined purpoſe, had he led him through difficulties ariſing from accidental cauſes, and not from the doubts and heſitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the ſpectator might have been highly raiſed; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the perſon. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weakneſſes of

Hamlet,

Hamlet, as our own; we ſee a man who, in other circumſtances, would have exerciſed all the moral and ſocial virtues, one whom Nature had formed to be

" Th' Expectancy and Roſe of the fair State,
" The Glaſs of Faſhion, and the Mould of Form,
" Th' obſerv'd of all Obſervers,"

placed in a ſituation in which even the amiable qualities of his mind ſerve but to aggravate his diſtreſs, and to perplex his conduct. Our compaſſion for the firſt, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the ſtrongeſt manner; and hence ariſes that indeſcribable charm in *Hamlet*, which attracts every reader and every ſpectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never diſpoſe us to feel.

The *Oreſtes* of the Greek poet, who, at his firſt appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he reſolutely purſues, intereſts us for the accompliſhment of his purpoſe; but of him, we think only as the inſtrument of that juſtice which we wiſh to overtake the murderers of *Agamemnon*. We feel with *Oreſtes* (or rather with *Sophocles*, for in ſuch paſſages we always hear the poet in his hero), that " it is " fit that ſuch groſs infringements of the mo- " ral law ſhould be puniſhed with death, in " order to render wickedneſs leſs frequent:"

but when *Horatio* exclaims on the death of his friend,

" Now crack'd a noble heart!"

we forget the murder of the King, the villany of *Claudius*, the guilt of *Gertrude;* our recollection dwells only on the memory of that " ſweet prince," the delicacy of whoſe feelings a milder planet ſhould have ruled, whoſe gentle virtues ſhould have bloomed through a life of felicity and uſefulneſs.

Hamlet, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whoſe ſpirits were overborne by his feelings. Grief for his father's death, and diſpleaſure at his mother's marriage, prey on his mind; and he ſeems, with the weakneſs natural to ſuch a diſpoſition, to yield to their controul. He does not attempt to reſiſt or combat theſe impreſſions, but is willing to fly from the conteſt, though it were into the grave:

" Oh! that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt," &c.

Even after his father's ghoſt has informed him of his murder, and commiſſioned him to avenge it, we find him complaining of that ſituation in which his fate had placed him:

" The time is out of joint; oh! curſed ſpight,
" That ever I was born to ſet it right!"

And

And afterwards, in the perplexity of his condition, meditating on the expediency of ſuicide:

" To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion."

The account he gives of his own feelings to *Roſincratz* and *Guildenſtern*, which is evidently ſpoken in earneſt, though ſomewhat covered with the miſt of his affected diſtraction, is exactly deſcriptive of a mind full of that wearineſs of life which is characteriſtic of low ſpirits:

" This goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſterile pro-
" montory," &c.

And, indeed, he expreſsly delineates his own character as of the kind abovementioned, when heſitating on the evidence of his uncle's villany he ſays,

" The ſpirit that I have ſeen
" May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
" T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and perhaps,
" *Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy*,
" Abuſes me to damn me."

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpoſe is founded, is as often the effect, as the cauſe, of irreſolution, which firſt heſitates, and then ſeeks out an excuſe for its heſitation.

It may, perhaps, be doing *Shakeſpeare* no injuſtice to ſuppoſe, that he ſometimes began a

play, without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his piece. The character of some principal person of the drama might strike his imagination strongly in the opening scenes; as he went on, this character would continue to impress itself on the conduct as well as the discourse of that person, and, it is possible, might affect the situations and incidents, especially in those romantic or legendary subjects, where history did not confine him to certain unchangeable events. In the story of *Amleth*, the son of *Horwondill*, told by *Saxo-Grammaticus*, from which the tragedy of *Hamlet* is taken, the young prince, who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle *Fengo*, counterfeits madness, that he may be allowed to remain about the court in safety and without suspicion. He never forgets his purposed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accomplishment than the *Hamlet* of *Shakespeare*. But *Shakespeare*, wishing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the same time to interest the audience in his behalf, throws around him, from the beginning, the majesty of melancholy, along with that sort of weakness and irresolution which frequently attends it. The incident of the *Ghost*, which is entirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Danish legend, not only produces the happiest stage effect, but

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is alſo of the greateſt advantage in unfolding that character which is ſtamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications of ſuch a viſionary being, there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which are aptly ſuited to diſplay the wavering purpoſe and varied emotions of a mind endowed with a delicacy of feeling, that often ſhakes its fortitude, with ſenſibility that overpowers its ſtrength.

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N° 100. SATURDAY, *April* 22, 1780.

THE view of *Hamlet*'s character, exhibited in my laſt Number, may, perhaps, ſerve to explain a difficulty which has always occurred both to the reader and the ſpectator, on perceiving his madneſs, at one time, put on the appearance, not of fiction, but of reality; a difficulty by which ſome have been induced to ſuppoſe the diſtraction of the prince a ſtrange unaccountable mixture throughout, of real inſanity and counterfeit diſorder.

The diſtraction of *Hamlet*, however, is clearly affected through the whole play, always ſubject

to the controul of his reaſon, and ſubſervient to the accompliſhment of his deſigns. At the grave of *Ophelia*, indeed, it exhibits ſome temporary marks of a real diſorder. His mind, ſubject from Nature to all the weakneſs of ſenſibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of *Ophelia*'s death, amidſt the dark and permanent impreſſion of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poiſe, and, in the paroxiſm of the moment, breaks forth into that extravagant rhapſody which he utters to *Laertes*.

Counterfeited madneſs, in a perſon of the character I have aſcribed to *Hamlet*, could not be ſo uniformly kept up, as not to allow the reigning impreſſions of his mind to ſhew themſelves in the midſt of his affected extravagance. It turned chiefly on his love to *Ophelia*, which he meant to hold forth as its great ſubject; but it frequently glanced on the wickedneſs of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his buſineſs to conceal.

In two of *Shakeſpeare*'s tragedies are introduced, at the ſame time, inſtances of counterfeit madneſs, and of real diſtraction. In both plays the ſame diſtinction is obſerved, and the falſe diſcriminated from the true by ſimilar appearances. *Lear*'s imagination conſtantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the reſignation of his crown; and *Ophelia*, after ſhe has waſted the firſt ebullience of her diſtraction in

in ſome wild and incoherent ſentences, fixes on the death of her father for the ſubject of her ſong:

" They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier——
" And will he not come again?
" And will he not come again?" &c.

But *Edgar* puts on a ſemblance as oppoſite as may be to his real ſituation and his ruling thoughts. He never ventures on any expreſſion, bordering on the ſubjects of a father's cruelty, or a ſon's misfortune. *Hamlet*, in the ſame manner, were he as firm in mind as *Edgar*, would never hint any thing in his affected diſorder, that might lead to a ſuſpicion of his having diſcovered the villany of his uncle; but his feeling, too powerful for his prudence, often breaks through that diſguiſe which it ſeems to have been his original, and ought to have continued his invariable purpoſe to maintain, till an opportunity ſhould preſent itſelf, of accompliſhing the revenge which he meditated.

Of the reality of *Hamlet*'s love, doubts alſo have been ſuggeſted. But if that delicacy of feeling, approaching to weakneſs, for which I contend, be allowed him, the affected abuſe, which he ſuffers at laſt to grow into ſcurrility, of his miſtreſs, will, I think, be found not inconſiſtent with the truth of his affection for her. Feeling its real force, and deſigning to play the madman

madman on that ground, he would naturally go as far from the reality as poſſible. Had he not loved her at all, or ſlightly loved her, he might have kept up ſome appearance of paſſion amidſt his feigned inſanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by ſuch a reſemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright caricature of our friend much eaſier than an unfavourable likeneſs.

It muſt be allowed, however, that the momentous ſcenes in which he is afterwards engaged, ſeem to have ſmothered, if not extinguiſhed, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulneſs of *Ophelia* ſo ſoon after her death, cannot eaſily be juſtified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt juſtifying *Shakeſpeare* in ſuch particulars. "*Time*," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "*toil'd* "*after him in vain.*" He ſeems often to forget its rights, as well in the progreſs of the paſſions, as in the buſineſs of the ſtage. That change of feeling and of reſolution which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a ſingle ſcene. Whether love is to be excited, or reſentment allayed, guilt to be made penitent, or ſorrow cheerful, the effect is frequently produced in a ſpace hardly ſufficient for words to expreſs it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet was not ſo happy in the delineation of *love* as of the other paſſions. Were it not treaſon againſt

the majesty of *Shakespeare*, one might observe, that, though he looked with a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of Nature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a knowledge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch in his pictures the nicer shades of polished manners; and, without this knowledge, love can seldom be introduced on the stage, but with a degree of coarseness which will offend an audience of good taste. This observation is not meant to extend to *Shakespeare*'s tragic scenes: in situations of deep distress, or violent emotion, the *manners* are lost in the *passions;* but if we examine his *lovers*, in the lighter scenes of ordinary life, we shall generally find them trespassing against the rules of decorum, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gaiety and playfulness of deportment and of conversation, which *Hamlet* sometimes not only assumes, but seems actually disposed to, is, I apprehend, no contradiction to the general tone of melancholy in his character. That sort of melancholy which is the most genuine, as well as the most amiable of any, neither arising from natural sourness of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate sensibility, impressed with a sense of sorrow, or a feeling of its own weakness, will, I believe, often be found indulging itself in a sportfulness of external behaviour, amidst the pressure of a sad, or even the anguish of a broken heart.

Slighter

Slighter emotions affect our ordinary discourse; but deep distress, sitting in the secret gloom of the soul, casts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, but suffers them to trick themselves out in the usual garb of indifference, or of gaiety, according to the fashion of the society around it, or the situation in which they chance to arise. The melancholy man feels in himself (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of double person; one which, covered with the darkness of its imagination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes any concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits; another, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itself to their tempers and manners, and indulge without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a smile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

The conversation of *Hamlet* with the *Gravedigger* seems to me to be perfectly accounted for under this supposition; and, instead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the story, I never see him in that scene, without receiving, from his transient jests with the clown before him, an idea of the deepest melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places serious and important things, marks the power of that great impression, which swallows up every thing else in his mind, which makes *Cæsar* and *Alexander* so indifferent to him,

him, that he can trace their remains in the plaſter of a cottage, or the ſtopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the ſame turn of mind, which, from the elevation of its ſorrow, looks down on the buſtle of ambition, and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflection in the fourth act, on the expedition of *Fortinbras*.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuſe the judgment of Mr. *Garrick*, or the taſte of his audience; but I cannot help thinking, that the excluſion of the ſcene of the *Grave-digger*, in his alteration of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, was not only a needleſs, but an unnatural violence done to the work of his favourite poet.

Shakeſpeare's genius attended him in all his extravagancies. In the licence he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of thoſe critical rules which might have reſtrained him within it, there is this advantage, that it gives him an opportunity of delineating the paſſions and affections of the human mind, as they exiſt in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed ſcenes of life; not as they are accommodated by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impreſſion, or an uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It ſeems therefore prepoſterous, to endeavour to *regularize* his plays, at the expence of depriving them

them of this peculiar excellence, eſpecially as the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and can never bring his pieces to the ſtandard of criticiſm, or the form of the *Ariſtotelian* drama. Within the bounds of a pleaſure-garden, we may be allowed to ſmooth our terraces and trim our hedge-rows; but it were equally abſurd as impracticable, to apply the minute labours of the *roller* and the *pruning-knife*, to the nobler irregularity of trackleſs mountains and impenetrable foreſts.

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N° 101. TUESDAY, *April* 25, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN books, whether moral or amuſing, there are no paſſages more captivating both to the writer and the reader, than thoſe delicate ſtrokes of ſentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In theſe the poet, the novel writer, and the eſſayiſt, have always delighted; you are not, therefore,

therefore, ſingular, for having dedicated ſo much of the MIRROR to ſentiment and ſenſibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in puſhing theſe qualities too far: the rules of our conduct ſhould be founded on a baſis more ſolid, if they are to guide us through the various ſituations of life: but the young enthuſiaſt of ſentiment and feeling is apt to deſpiſe thoſe leſſons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a ſoul formed to regulate itſelf by finer impulſes. I ſpeak from experience, Mr. MIRROR; with what juſtice you ſhall judge, when you have heard the little family-hiſtory I am going to relate.

My niece, *Emilia* ———, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when ſhe was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted univerſal notice; as her mind opened, it was found not leſs worthy of admiration. To the ſweeteſt natural diſpoſition, ſhe united uncommon powers both of genius and of underſtanding: theſe I ſpared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I ſo far ſucceeded, that, in her eighteenth year, *Emilia* was inferior to few women of her age, either in perſonal attractions or in accompliſhments of the mind. My fond hopes (for ſhe was a daughter to me, Mr. MIRROR) looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured

tured her future life as full of happineſs as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was ſtrongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineneſs of feeling which ſhe had inherited from Nature, and which her earlieſt reading had tended to encourage and increaſe. To this ſtandard ſhe was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praiſe and blame, than was conſiſtent with either juſtice or expediency. I ſometimes endeavoured gently to combat theſe notions. She was not always logical, but ſhe was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their ſide, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred, therefore, being ſilent on the ſubject, truſting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would neceſſarily weaken their influence.

At her age, and with her feelings, it is neceſſary to have a *friend: Emilia* had found one at a very early period. *Harriet S*—— was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother's, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in theſe the ſuperiority lay much on the ſide of *Emilia*. *Harriet* was no wiſe remarkable for fineneſs of genius or quickneſs of parts; but though her acquirements were

were moderate, she knew how to manage them to advantage; and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft and winning, like those of *Emilia*, her sentiments as delicate and exalted; there seemed, however, less of nature in both.

Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day increase, till, at last, it so totally engrossed her as rather to displease me. When together, their attention was confined almost entirely to each other; or what politeness forced them to bestow upon others, they considered as a tax which it was fair to elude as much as possible. The *world*, a term which they applied indiscriminately to almost every one but themselves, they seemed to feel as much pride as happiness in being secluded from; and its laws of prudence and propriety, they held the invention of cold and selfish minds, insensible of the delights of feeling, of sentiment, and of friendship. These ideas were, I believe, much strengthened by a correspondence that occupied most of the hours (not many indeed) in which they were separated. Against this I ventured to remonstrate in a jocular manner, with *Emilia*; she answered me in a strain so serious, as convinced me of the danger of so romantic an attachment. Our discourse on the subject

grew insensibly warm: *Emilia* at last burst into tears; and I apologized for having, I knew not how, offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviser, I found I had ceased to be her friend.

That office was now *Harriet*'s alone; the tie only wanted some difficulty to rivet it closer, some secret to be intrusted with, some distress to alleviate. Of this an opportunity soon after presented itself. *Harriet* became enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of *Marlow*, an officer of dragoons who had come to the country on a visit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As she inherited several thousand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, such a match was a very favourable one for a young man who possessed no revenue but his commission. But, for that very reason, the consent of the young lady's relations was not to be looked for. After some time, therefore, of secret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confident, the young folks married without it, and trusted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remedied. But the father of *Harriet* remained quite inexorable: nor was his resentment softened even by her husband's leaving the army; a step which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally

principally to ariſe from his daughter's marrying a ſoldier.

After ſome fruitleſs attempts to reinſtate themſelves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their reſidence in a provincial town, in a diſtant part of the kingdom; where, as *Harriet* deſcribed their ſituation to *Emilia*, they found every wiſh gratified in the increaſing tenderneſs of one another. *Emilia*, ſoon after, went to ſee them in their new abode: her deſcription of their happineſs, on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her viſit was repeated on occaſion of *Harriet*'s lying-in of her firſt child. This incident was a new ſource of delight to *Emilia*'s friends, and of pleaſure to her in their ſociety. *Harriet*, whoſe recovery was ſlow, eaſily prevailed on her to ſtay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret, on both ſides, that ſhe left, at the end of ſix months, a houſe from which, as ſhe told me, the world was ſecluded, where ſentiment regulated the conduct, and happineſs rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneaſineſs from *Emilia*; I repreſented the ſituation in which her friend ſtood, whom prudent people muſt conſider as having, at leaſt, made a bold ſtep, if not a blamable one.—I was anſwered rather angrily, by a warm remonſtrance againſt the inhumanity

of parents, the unfeelingneſs of age, and the injuſtice of the world.

That happineſs, which my niece had deſcribed as the inmate of *Harriet*'s family, was not of long duration. Her huſband, tired of the inactive ſcene into which his marriage had caſt him, grew firſt diſcontented at home, and then ſought for that pleaſure abroad which his own houſe could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not reſtrain herſelf from expreſſing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and rivetted her huſband's diſlike to her ſociety, and his reliſh for the ſociety of others. *Emilia* was, as uſual, the confident of her friend's diſtreſs; it was now increaſed to a lingering illneſs, which had ſucceeded the birth of her ſecond girl. After informing me of thoſe diſagreeable circumſtances in which her *Harriet* was ſituated, *Emilia* told me ſhe had formed the reſolution of participating, at leaſt, if ſhe could not alleviate, her friend's diſtreſs, by going directly to reſide in her houſe. Though I had now loſt the affections of my niece, ſhe had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Againſt this propoſal I remonſtrated in the ſtrongeſt manner. You will eaſily gueſs my arguments; but *Emilia* would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only produced an eulogium

on

on generoſity, on friendſhip, and on ſentiment. I could not ſo far command my temper as to forbear ſome obſervations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her *Harriet*. She grew warm on the ſubject; my affection for her would not ſuffer me to be cool. At laſt, in the enthuſiaſm of her friendſhip, ſhe told me I had cancelled every bond of relationſhip between us; that ſhe would inſtantly leave my houſe, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and ſet out for *Harriet*'s that very evening.

There, as I learned, ſhe found that lady in a ſituation truly deplorable: her health declined, her huſband cruel, and the fortune ſhe had brought him waſted among his companions at the tavern and the gaming-table. The laſt calamity the fortune of *Emilia* enabled her to relieve; but the two firſt ſhe could not cure, and her friend was faſt ſinking under them. She was at laſt ſeized with a diſorder which her weak frame was unable to reſiſt, and which, her phyſicians informed *Emilia*, would ſoon put a period to her life. This intelligence ſhe communicated to the huſband in a manner ſuited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, *Marlow* was touched with that remorſe which the conſequences of profligate folly will ſometimes produce in men more weak than wicked.

He too had been in uſe to talk of feeling and of ſentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the paſſions, though not reſtrained by the principles of virtue, and to taſte the pleaſures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His converſion was now as violent as ſudden. *Emilia* believed it ſincere, becauſe confidence was natural to her, and the effects of ſudden emotion her favourite ſyſtem. By her means a thorough re-union took place between Mr. and Mrs. *Marlow*; and the ſhort while the latter ſurvived, was paſſed in that luxury of reconcilement, which more than reinſtates the injurer in our affection. *Harriet* died in the arms of her huſband; and, by a ſolemn adjuration, left to *Emilia* the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of ſorrow one of the ſtrongeſt of all connections; and the charge which *Emilia* had received from her dying friend of her daughters, neceſſarily produced the freeſt and moſt frequent intercourſe with their father. Debts, which his former courſe of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary aſſiſtance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this diſtreſs, he communicated it to *Emilia*. Her generoſity relieved him from the embarraſſment, and

and gave him that farther tie which is formed by the gratitude of thoſe we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions of that generoſity, ſhe ſuffered conſiderable inconvenience. The world was loud, and ſometimes ſcurrilous, in its cenſure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written with all the art I was maſter of, to recal her from the labyrinth in which this falſe ſort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I found that *ſentiment*, like religion, had its ſuperſtition, and its martyrdom. Every hardſhip ſhe ſuffered ſhe accounted a trial, every cenſure ſhe endured ſhe conſidered as a teſtimony of her virtue. At laſt, my poor deluded niece was ſo entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of *Marlow*, had ſpread for her, that ſhe gave to the dying charge of *Harriet* the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr. MIRROR, while I foreſee the conſequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill-accommodated to her wretchedneſs. Her ſenſibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and the world will not even afford their pity to diſtreſſes, which the prudent may blame, and the ſelfiſh may deride.

Let me warn at leaſt where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this ſtory, Sir. Tell them,

there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings ceaſe to be virtue; that the deciſions of ſentiment are ſubject to the controul of prudence, and the ties of friendſhip ſubordinate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c.

LEONTIUS.

N° 102. SATURDAY, *April* 29, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOU have already obſerved how difficult it is to reduce the ſcience of *manners* to general denominations, and have ſhewn how liable to miſapplication are ſome of the terms which are uſed in it. To your inſtances of *men of faſhion* and *good company*, you will give me leave to add another, of which, I think, the perverſion is neither leſs common nor leſs dangerous: I mean the term applied to a certain ſpecies of character, which we diſtinguiſh by the appellation of a *man of ſpirit*.

Lord Cheſterfield ſays ſomewhere, that, to ſpeak and act with ſpirit, is to ſpeak rudely, and

and act foolishly: and his Lordship's definition is frequently right. At the same time, SPIRIT may be, and certainly is, often applied to that line of conduct and sentiment that deserves it: A person of virtue, dignity, and prudence, is, with much propriety, denominated a "MAN OF "SPIRIT;" but, by the abuse I complain of, "man of spirit" is, for the most part, very differently applied.

In the various departments of business, the term *spirit* is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and visionary speculations. Let a man be bold enough to risk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon schemes brilliant but improbable; let him go on, sanguine amidst repeated losses, and dreaming of wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one that, after he fails, the world will give a sort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future trust and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate *man of spirit*.

But these are not the most glaring instances of the monstrous perversion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of spirit, though it is not spirit, but want of judgment, and visionary impetuosity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, possess that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true spirit consists, and may have been

been ruined by whim and want of foreſight, not want of ſpirit. But there is one ſet of men on whom the appellation is beſtowed, whoſe conduct, for the moſt part, is, in every article, the reverſe of dignity or ſpirit, and perfectly inconſiſtent with it.

The men I mean are thoſe, who, by a train of intemperance and profuſion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themſelves to miſery.—Such men are common, and will be ſo, while vice, folly, and want of foreſight, prevail among mankind.—They have been frequently ridiculed and expoſed by the ableſt pens: and it is not the character itſelf that falls under my obſervation; it is the unaccountable abſurdity of beſtowing upon ſuch characters the appellation of "men of ſpirit;" which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortune they have ſquandered is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of anceſtors.

The miſapplication of the term is ſo completely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the miſchief that I am convinced has been occaſioned by it. Youths entering on the ſtage of life are catched with the engaging appellation, "a man of ſpirit:" they become ambitious of acquiring that epithet; and perceiving it to be moſt generally beſtowed on ſuch men as I have deſcribed, they look up to them as patterns of life and manners, and

begin to ape them at an age which thinks only of enjoyment, and deſpiſes conſequences; nay, if they ſhould look forward, and view the "man of ſpirit" reduced, by his own profuſion, to the moſt abject ſtate of ſervile dependence, it does not mend the matter. In the voice of the world he is "a man of ſpirit ſtill."—It is ſaid, that the eaſy engaging manners of Captain Macheath have induced many young men to go on the highway. I am convinced the character of "a man of ſpirit" tempts many a young man to enter on a courſe of intemperance and prodigality, that moſt frequently ends in deſperate circumſtances and a broken conſtitution.

This perverſion is the more provoking, that, of all human characters, the intemperate prodigal is, in every feature and every ſtage, the moſt diametrically oppoſite to a man of ſpirit. —True *ſpirit* is founded on a love and deſire of *independence*, and the two are ſo blended together, that it is impoſſible, even in idea, to ſeparate them. But the intemperate prodigal is the moſt dependent of all human beings.—He depends on others for amuſement and company; and, however faſhionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. In the courſe of his profuſion, he becomes dependent on others for the means of ſupporting it; and when

when his race of prodigality is run, he ſuffers a miſerable dependence for the ſupport even of that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him a "man of ſpi-" rit," when he is really in a ſtate of ſervile indigence, with a broken conſtitution, without ſpirit, and without the power of exerting it; with the additional reflection of having himſelf been the cauſe of his diſtreſſes.

Nor is it only in the *affirmative* uſe of the term that I have to complain of its perverſion; the ſame injuſtice takes place when it is applied in the *negative*. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a "MAN OF SPIRIT," may proceed ſometimes from pity; but, when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, eſpecially if he happen alſo to be opulent, blamed as "*wanting ſpirit*," the accuſation is generally the child of detraction and malignity. I do not apply my obſervation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whoſe purſes are ſhut againſt their friends, and whoſe doors are barred againſt every body; ſuch men certainly want ſpirit, and are, for the moſt part, defective in every virtue; but I am afraid that it often happens that a perſon, benevolent to his friends, hoſpitable to the deſerving, kind to his ſervants, and indulgent to his children, is blamed as "*want-*" *ing ſpirit*," for no reaſon but becauſe he is proof againſt the abſurdities of faſhion and vanity,

nity, becauſe he guards againſt the tricks of the deſigning, deſpiſes the opinions and diſapprobation of the fooliſh, and perſiſts in that train of moderate œconomy, which he knows is beſt ſuited to his fortune and rational views.

Inſtead of wanting "*ſpirit*," ſuch a character is the true idea of "a man of ſpirit." In every part of his manners and conduct, he paſſes through life with an uniform ſteadineſs and dignity. His moderation ſecures his independence, and his attention ſupplies the means of hoſpitality and benevolence. While the prodigal is running his feverous and diſtempered courſe, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet contentment and reſpectable induſtry; and, at the end of their race, when the prodigal, with a ſhattered conſtitution, without fortune, and without friends, is in abſolute want, or, at beſt, become the mean flatterer of ſome inſolent minion of wealth or power; the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himſelf, uſeful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing, perhaps, from charity, not reſpect, his aſſiſtance to that very decayed prodigal who had frequently characteriſed him as a *man of no ſpirit*.

But it was not my purpoſe to delineate at length the character of a real "man of ſpirit." —I propoſed only to explode a very abſurd and miſ-

miſchievous abuſe of an epithet that too generally prevails. I ſhall therefore conclude, with aſſuring thoſe who are ambitious of being "men of ſpirit," by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preſerve it after their fortunes are ſpent, and their conſtitutions broken; yet they will be "men of "ſpirit" only nominally, and in the mouths of the world; in reality, and in their hearts they will be the meaneſt as well as the moſt unhappy of mankind, lingering out a uſeleſs and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed diſeaſe, and extravagance and profuſion inflicted poverty and dependence.

I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

My correſpondent has confined his obſervations to one half of the world, and remarked the abuſe of the term *ſpirit*, when applied to the *men* only. Might he not have extended his remarks a little farther, and traced the application of the phraſe to the conduct and behaviour of the other ſex? Perhaps, indeed, the *character* is not ſo univerſally in repute, as to come within the line of *Moderatus*'s complaint; but

but the *thing* is more in vogue than it ſeems to have been at any period of which my predeceſſors, who are a ſort of chroniclers of manners and faſhions, have preſerved the hiſtory.

In *London*, to which place we are always to look for the "*Glaſs of faſhion*," the ladies, not ſatisfied with ſhewing their *ſpirit* in the bold look, the maſculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly conſidered as abſolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half a dozen ſocieties have ſtarted up this winter, in which female ſpeakers exerciſe their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvaſs all manner of ſubjects with the freedom and ſpirit of the boldeſt male orators. We, in Edinburgh, have not yet attempted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in this reſpect: ſome of our ladies, however, do all they can to put us on a footing with them. There is ſeldom a crowded play, or a full concert, at which ſome of our *public ſpeakers* do not exert themſelves with a moſt laudable ſpirit to drown the declamation of the ſtage, or the muſic of the orcheſtra.

Nor is the ambition of thoſe ſpirited ladies ſatisfied with ſpeaking in public, and carrying off the attention of the audience from the voice of the actor, or the tones of the muſician. The public eye, as well as ear, is to be commanded; and,

and, in the ſide-box of the theatre, or the front-bench of the concert-room, there is often ſuch a collection of beauty, animated with ſo much *ſpirit* of *exhibition*, that it is impoſſible the male part of the company ſhould look at the ſcene, or think of the muſic. One of my predeceſſors has mentioned the art which the ladies of his day uſed in the unfurling of their *fans*, ſo as to diſplay certain little *Cupids* and *Venuſes* which lurked in their folds. Had he ſeen ſome of our ladies in the attitudes which modern *ſpirit* has taught them to aſſume—ſuch unfurlings and unfoldings!—his *Venuſes* and *Cupids* were mere ice and ſnow to them.

It is but juſtice to thoſe ladies to remark, that this part of their behaviour ſeems calculated merely to ſhew their accompliſhment in faſhionable freedom of manner, without any motive of an intereſted or ſelfiſh kind. They are contented with the reputation of eaſe and ſpirit, without procuring much indulgence from the one, or licence from the other. I have ſometimes, however, been inclined to think, that there was a degree of unfairneſs in this, and to doubt, if a lady was entitled thus to hang out falſe colours, and to be in reality innocent and harmleſs, while ſhe was quite a different ſort of creature in appearance. I could not help allowing ſome juſtice in the complaint of a girl, whom I overheard ſome weeks ago, in the paſ-

ſage

ſage from the upper boxes, thus addreſſing her companion: "Did you obſerve that pert, gig-"ling, naked thing in the ſtage-box? There's "not a man in the houſe ſhe cares a farthing "for; and yet ſhe has the aſſurance to look "like one of us."

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N° 103. TUESDAY, *May* 2, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

FROM my earlieſt infancy I have been remarkable for good humour, and a gentle, complying, inoffenſive diſpoſition; qualities which, I am told, I inherit of my father, the late Mr. *Paul Softly*, an eminent linen-draper. Though I myſelf ſoon recover any diſappointment or contradiction I meet with; yet ſo tender is my regard to the feelings of others, that I am led ſomehow, conſtitutionally, and almoſt againſt my reaſon, to comply with their requeſts, humour them in their foibles, and acquieſce in their opinions. I cannot bear, Mr. MIRROR, it hurts me more than you can ima-

gine, to disappoint the hopes, or withstand the solicitation of any human being whatever. There is a sturdy, idle, impudent, merry-looking dog of a sailor, with a wooden leg, stationed at the corner of the street where I live, who, I do believe, has established himself as a pensioner upon me for life, by the earnestness of his tones, and his constant prayers to heaven for blessings on my goodness. Often and often have I been engaged in midnight riots, though fond of peace and good neighbourhood; and frequently, though I abhor wine, have I been betrayed into intoxication, from a want of power to resist the hospitable importunity of my landlord pressing me to fill a bumper.

From this I would not have you imagine that I am devoid of resolution, or a will of my own. On the contrary, I do assure you, that, upon extraordinary occasions, and when it is necessary, I can resist and resent too. Nay, my wife (if you will believe her) frequently complains of my obstinacy and perverseness; and declares, that, of all the men she ever knew, *Simon Softly* (for that is my name) is the least sensible of indulgence. However, Sir, as for my wife, considering that I married her, not so much from any personal regard, as in order to please her worthy family, who had served me, though I dare say without any expectation of reward, I thank God I lead a pretty tolerable sort of life with

with her. Upon the whole, Sir, this diſpoſition of mine has always appeared to me more amiable as well as convenient, than that named firm and deciſive, which, I confeſs to you, I ſuſpect is at the bottom nothing elſe but conceit and ill-humour. Upon one occaſion in my life, however (I think it is the very firſt), which I am going to lay before you, I muſt own that it has given me a good deal of ſerious diſturbance.

About ſix months ago I ſucceeded, by the death of an uncle, to a land-eſtate of £100 a-year, which, unfortunately, lies contiguous to that of the greateſt proprietor in the country. Along with it I inherited a law-ſuit, kept alive by various means ever ſince the year thirty-three. The ſubject of it was a fourth part of the eſtate, which, though it had long been poſſeſſed by my predeceſſors, as part of the farm of *Oxentown*, Sir *Ralph Holdencourt*, our adverſary and neighbour above mentioned, contended muſt belong to him, as included in his charters of the barony of *Acredale*.—But, before I go on, I muſt make you acquainted with Sir *Ralph*. He is deſcended from one of the oldeſt and moſt choleric families in the kingdom. The ſtem of it, as appears from the tree drawn by the hand of his great grandfather, Sir *Euſtace*, was a Norman baron, who came over with the Conqueror. One of his poſterity intermarried

with a Welſh heireſs; they were driven out of England for ſome act of rebellion, and ſince their ſettlement in the north, their blood has been further heightened by alliance with the family of a Scots Peer and a Highland Chieftain. Their jealous pride, and the ſuddenneſs of their paſſion, have all along borne ample teſtimony to the purity of their lineage. Sir *Euſtace* himſelf fought four duels, and was twice run through the body. In Sir *Ralph*'s veins, this ſpirit, though ſomewhat mitigated by his father's marriage with one, who, as it is whiſpered, had once ſerved him in the capacity of dairy-maid, is far from being extinct. In his youth, he experienced the vengeance of the law, for beating a merchant of the ſame ſurname, who, without juſt title, claimed kindred with him, and aſſumed the arms of his family. I have heard too, that he himſelf was once ſoundly peppered by a gentleman of ſmall fortune, whoſe gun Sir *Ralph* had attempted to ſeize upon his own ground, under pretence of his being unqualified to carry one. Though now old, he is ſtill noted for his tenacious adherence to all his pretenſions, the ceremonious politeneſs with which he receives the great gentry, and his ſupercilious treatment of all thoſe who are not intitled to that name.——But to go on with my ſtory. Soon after my ſucceſſion, being on a viſit to another neighbour, Mr. B.; I found him with his

his wife preparing to depart, in great form, for the ſeat of my adverſary, to whom they are annually in uſe of paying their reſpects. Being ignorant of my ſituation, they preſſed me much to accompany them; and I, deſirous to pleaſe them, Sir, and not knowing how to excuſe myſelf, at the ſame time thinking it unreaſonable that I ſhould be at enmity with a man whom I did not know, merely becauſe we were at law together, was prevailed on to comply.

In a long avenue of lofty elms, terminated at one end by a large iron gate, at the top of which the family arms are worked, and at the other, by the manſion-houſe, a large old-faſhioned building, with a moat and turrets, we overtook the Knight himſelf returning from a ride. He ſeemed to be about ſixty, but retained a robuſt make and florid complexion. He was ſeated on a ſuperb ſaddle, with holſters, and a houſing of fur: he rode a long-tailed horſe, which had once been grey, but had now become white with age; and was attended, at a due diſtance, by a ſedate elderly looking ſervant, in an ample livery ſurtout, mounted on a black dock-tailed coach-nag. No ſooner had he perceived us, than he puſhed on at a gallop, that he might be ready to preſent himſelf upon the platform of a large outer ſtone ſtair, to pay his compliments upon our arrival. I was introduced to him as his new neighbour Mr. *Softly:*

but the moment the name reached his ears, the blood ruſhed into his face, and eyeing me with a look of indignation, he turned upon his heel, and left me. At this I was a good deal nettled (for I do not want ſpirit), and wiſhed to retire: but, perceiving that my horſe had been led into the ſtable, and that I muſt paſs through a crowd of ſervants who were laughing at my reception, I thought it might be juſt as good to go on, and ſo followed them into the great hall. This was a large room, wainſcotted with oak, and decorated with ſome portraits, a map of the eſtate, a tree of the family deſcent, beſide a ſpear and a croſs-bow, which had been borne, I ſuppoſe, by ſome of the Knight's progenitors. Here we were received by Miſs *Primroſe Holdencourt*, his ſiſter, a maiden lady of fifty-five, who, ever ſince the death of his wife, has done the honours of his table. To her I made a profound bow, of which ſhe took no notice, unleſs by bridling up her head, and toſſing a look of diſdain at me.

Our preſent company, beſides the perſons already mentioned, conſiſted of the Knight's agent or attorney, and the parſon of the pariſh. The two latter, who, for ſome reaſon or other, had all along kept ſtanding together by one of the windows near the door, were baniſhed, upon the appearance of dinner, to a bye-table in a corner of the room, where I likewiſe, finding

no

no place unoccupied at the other table, was obliged to take my seat. But, for this disgrace, I was soon comforted by the good-humour and facetiousness of the attorney (who seemed to take a liking for me), as well as by some excellent ale, in which we both, along with the parson, participated pretty liberally. We had no communication with the other table, unless by an overture of mine towards a reconciliation with Miss *Primrose*, by drinking her health, which met with a very ungracious reception. We had, however, no great cause to envy their conversation, as it consisted chiefly of some annotations by her upon the table-linen, in which the heads of the twelve apostles, and some worthies of the family, were woven; besides a history from the Knight, of some exploits performed by the latter. Dinner being removed, and the ladies retiring along with it, the other table was naturally compelled to an union with ours; which, however, did not take place without strong marks of repugnance on the part of the Knight. These became still more and more manifest, as the liquor elevated his pride: he pushed the bottle past me, neglected to require my toast, and every now and then eyed me over his shoulder, with a look of the utmost jealousy and aversion. I did not value the looks of him or any other man a farthing; so I kept my seat manfully. In a short time, my friend Mr. B.

having, for ſome purpoſe or other, left the room, the attorney, with an appearance of great candour and cordiality, enquired of me, whether that unhappy conteſt relative to the farm of Oxentown were drawing to an iſſue? "*Nothing that depends* "*on my will for that purpoſe ſhall be wanting*," anſwered I. "*You allow, then*," immediately interpoſed the Knight, "*that the lands of Harrow* "*field make part of my barony of Acredale: you are* "*at laſt become ſenſible of the juſtice of my claims.*" "*I am glad of it, heartily glad of it*," rejoined the attorney; "*but, indeed, it is impoſſible to doubt of* "*it, for*"—and here he began a long diſſertation, ſo full of law-terms and bad Latin, that I did not underſtand a word on't, which he finiſhed with, "*From all which, it is* luce clarius, *that the lands* "*belong to Sir Ralph.*" "*Moſt aſſuredly*," echoed the parſon. "*And when, my dear Sir, do you mean* "*to renounce your claim?*" reſumed the attorney. All this, Mr. MIRROR, paſſed with ſo much rapidity, that I had no time for recollection or reply. Nothing could be farther from my intention, than totally to ſurrender my claim; an amicable accommodation was all that I meant to hint at. But what could I do, Mr. MIRROR? My friend, who might have ſupported me, had left the room; I had no anſwer ready to the attorney's argument; the whole company concurred in regarding my claim as groundleſs; my meaning had been miſunderſtood, and an explanation,

nation, beſides expoſing me to their reſentment, (but that I did not value a ſtraw,) would have ſubjected me to the ſuſpicion of inſincerity and looſe dealing. Still, however, I was loth thus to play away ſo conſiderable a part of my inheritance. After heſitating a little while, awkward and embarraſſed between theſe oppoſite motives, I did at laſt reſolve to undeceive them, and had actually begun to meditate an addreſs for that purpoſe, which, I do believe, I ſhould have delivered, when the attorney, ſlapping me on the ſhoulder with one hand, and ſtretching out the other to me, with an air of the greateſt cordiality, cut me ſhort, "*What ſay you, Mr. Softly? faſt* "*bind faſt find; what ſay you to finiſhing the* "*matter immediately?*" This propoſal being quite unexpected, utterly diſconcerted me. Between ſurpriſe, embarraſſment, and the deſire of relieving myſelf by a deciſion one way or other, ſeeing them, at the ſame time, full of expectation, I haſtily, almoſt without knowing what I did, took him by the hand, and anſwered, "*Sir, with* "*all my heart.*" In ſhort, Mr. MIRROR, paper, pen, and ink were called for, and a deed drawn out, which I inſtantly executed. The Knight, immediately after, coming up to me, ſhook me by the hand, and commanding a bumper to my health, deſired and inſiſted to ſee me often at *Caſtle Holdencourt*.

Being

Being naturally of an eaſy temper, and ſeeing that the matter could not be mended, touched at the ſame time with the ſatisfaction it had diffuſed, I ſoon, in ſome degree, regained my good humour. More wine was called for repeatedly; and next morning I found myſelf at my friend Mr. B.'s houſe, without knowing how or when I had been tranſported to it.

Upon ſerious deliberation, however, and after ſome converſation upon the ſubject with my wife, I am really vexed and diſpirited with this affair. In making application to you, I have three views; the firſt merely to diſburden my mind by telling the ſtory (I fear it is a dull and tedious one); the ſecond, to learn from any of your readers who is at the bar, whether my facility be a ground for *reducing* my conſent? the third, to warn perſons of a ſimilar diſpoſition from going into company with their adverſaries in a law-ſuit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SIMON SOFTLY.

As I ſincerely ſympathiſe with Mr. *Softly* in his diſtreſs, I have publiſhed his letter for the firſt purpoſe mentioned in its concluſion, to diſburden

burden his mind of the ſtory. As to the ſecond, I am afraid I can be of little uſe to him, as a law opinion delivered through the channel of the MIRROR, would be deſtitute of ſome of the pre-requiſites, without which it would be dangerous to rely on it as the ground of legal proceeding. The third, which is a very diſintereſted motive, is, I believe, more charitable in him, than it will be uſeful to his readers. There is, I fancy, very little occaſion for warning people againſt going into the company of thoſe with whom they are at law, leſt they ſhould be ſurpriſed into improper conceſſions; I have generally obſerved, that being in company with an adverſary in a law-ſuit, has a greater tendency to make a man tenacious of his rights, than to diſpoſe him to relinquiſh them.

Z

N° 104. SATURDAY, *May* 6, 1780.

IT has been remarked, that the *country-life* prevails more in Great Britain than in any civilized nation in Europe. However true this obſervation may be in the general, there is one ſet of men among us, to whom, in the preſent times,

times, it will by no means apply: I mean our great nobles and men of high fortune. It is indeed vain to expect, that persons in that rank of life should be able to withstand the attractions of a court, and the seductions of a luxurious capital.

It is, nevertheless, a melancholy circumstance, in travelling through this island, to find so many noble palaces deserted by their illustrious owners, even in that season of the year when, to every man of taste, the country must afford true pleasure. How mortifying is it to hear a great man tell you, that he cannot *afford* to live at his country-seat, and to see him, after passing a winter in London, and losing thousands in a week, reduced to the necessity of murdering the summer, by lounging from watering-place to watering-place, or retiring with two or three humble friends to a *villa* in the *environs* of London, instead of living with a becoming dignity in the mansion of his ancestors! To such men I would beg leave to recommend the advice of King James I. who, as Lord Bacon tells us, "was wont to be very earnest with "the country gentlemen to go from London to "their country-seats; and sometimes would say "to them, *Gentlemen, at London you are like* "*ships in the sea, which shew like nothing; but* "*in your country-villages, you are like ships in a* "*river, which look like great things.*"

I do

I do not mean, however, to say, that a *great man* should live always in the country. The duties of his station, and the rank he holds in society, require, that he should pass part of the year in the capital; and, independent of those considerations, I believe it will be allowed, that a man of high rank, who has passed his whole life immured within the walls of his own *chateau*, and constantly surrounded by a circle who look up to him, is, of all mortals, the most insupportable.

Nay, I will go farther: I am disposed to believe, that it is an improper and a hurtful thing, even for a private gentleman of moderate fortune, to retire from the world, and betake himself altogether to a country-life.

A remarkable instance of the bad consequences of abandoning society, I lately met with in a visit I had occasion to pay to a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted at college, and whose real name I shall conceal under that of *Acasto*. Soon after he quitted the university, where he had been distinguished by an ardent love of literature, *Acasto* retired to his estate in the country, which, though not great, was fully sufficient for all his wants. There he had resided ever since; and, either from inclination or indolence, had remained a bachelor. I had not seen him for many years. Time had made some alteration on his figure: but that

was

was little, when compared with the change I found in him in all other reſpects. In his dreſs and manners he was indeed completely ruſticated; and, by living much alone, he had contracted an indifference to that decorum, and to thoſe little attentions, without which no man can be agreeable in ſociety. The day I arrived at his houſe, I found him ſauntering in his garden, waiting a call to dinner, dreſſed in an old coat, which had once been black, a flouched hat of the ſame complexion, with a long pole in his hand, and with a beard that did not appear to have felt a razor for many days.

After a hearty welcome, he carried me in to dinner. In his converſation, I found as great a change as in his outward appearance and deportment. From living in a narrow circle, he had contracted a peculiarity in his notions, which ſometimes amuſed from its oddity; and, from converſing chiefly with perſons rather of an inferior ſtation to himſelf, he had become as tenacious of his opinions, as if they had been ſelf-evident truths, and as impatient of contradiction, as if to differ from him had been a crime.

From the ſame cauſes, the verieſt trifle, particularly if it concerned himſelf, had become to him an object of importance. A *country-gentleman* he conſidered as the moſt reſpectable character in nature; and he talked as if honour, truth,

truth, and ſincerity, were confined to them alone. Every man who lived in the world, he conſidered as a villain; and every woman who paſſed much of her time in town, he made no ſcruple to ſay, was *no better than ſhe ſhould be*. At firſt, it aſtoniſhed me to hear a man, of his good ſenſe and benevolent diſpoſitions, talk of ſome of the moſt amiable characters of the age in the moſt diſreſpectful terms. When I endeavoured to put him to rights, he at once cut me ſhort, by ſaying, he could have no doubt of the truth of what he advanced, as he had been told ſuch and ſuch a thing by his friend and neighbour Mr. *Downright*, who ſcorned to flatter any man, or to tell any thing but the truth.

I ſoon had an opportunity of judging how far the country gentlemen were entitled to the high character my friend had given them for honour and integrity. The morning after I arrived, my hoſt informed me he was obliged to attend a county-meeting, where there was to be buſineſs of conſiderable importance, in which he was deeply intereſted; and, as he could not ſtay at home with me, I readily conſented to accompany him. He had dreſſed himſelf for the occaſion; that is, he had ſhaved his beard, and put on a clean ſhirt. It remained to determine how we ſhould travel. At firſt he propoſed to go on horſeback; but the appearance

of a black cloud made him think of the carriage. It then occurred, that taking the carriage would ſtop the plough; and it was determined we ſhould ride. But as we were going to mount, the recollection of a cold, attended with ſome threatenings of a ſore throat he had had the week before, made him again reſolve upon the carriage. In ſhort, I found that my poor friend, naturally of an undeciſive temper, and having no proper object to fill his mind, had accuſtomed himſelf to deliberate on every trifle, as if it had been an affair of the greateſt conſequence. At length we ſet out in the carriage; but not till repeated inſtructions were given to *John* to drive only two miles the firſt hour, and not more than three, or three and a quarter afterwards.

On the road, we met with ſome incidents that were amuſing enough. In the midſt of a ſerious converſation on the *ſtate of the nation*, in which *Acaſto* was propoſing plans of reformation, and tracing all our preſent calamities to the prevalence of the mercantile intereſt in parliament, and the ſhameful neglect of the country-gentlemen, we happened to paſs the houſe of a cottager, who had laid down a load of coals rather too near the high road; which *Acaſto* no ſooner perceived than he ſtopped the carriage, and calling out the poor man, began to rate him as if he had been guilty of the groſſeſt offence.

Not

Not ſatisfied with ordering the nuiſance to be removed, he thought it neceſſary to repreſent, in ſtrong colours, all the poſſible miſchiefs that might have enſued from it. "What might "have happened," ſaid he, "if my horſes had "ſtartled, God only knows!—Had we been "overturned, my carriage might have been "broken, or my horſes killed, and even I myſelf might have been hurt."

This circumſtance, trifling as it was, ruffled my friend ſo much, that it was ſome time before he could reſume the thread of his converſation. Some other incidents of the ſame kind gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his attention to the police of the country, and of impreſſing me with an idea of the obligations he had thereby conferred on his fellow-citizens. At length we arrived at the county-town, and immediately drove to the court-houſe, where we found a very numerous meeting.

I ſoon found that the important buſineſs which had brought ſo many gentlemen from their own houſes, was to determine, whether a bridge ſhould be built at one end of a village or the other? From the courſe of the argument, if argument it could be called, I plainly perceived, that to the *Public* it was a matter of the moſt perfect indifference. But, if executed in one way, it would accommodate a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in the

courſe of trade, and had lately purchaſed an eſtate in the neighbourhood, on which he had built an elegant houſe. *Acaſto*, and his friend Mr. *Downwright*, ſtrenuouſly oppoſed the plan of accommodating this *novus homo*, who had preſumed to buy one of the beſt eſtates in the county, from the heir of an ancient family, at a higher price than any body elſe would have given for it. For my own part, I was truly mortified to obſerve in both parties as much trick and chicane as might, when properly varniſhed, have done honour to the moſt finiſhed ſtateſman. In one thing only I diſcovered that *open plainneſs* on which country-gentlemen are ſo apt to value themſelves, and that was in the *language* in which they addreſſed each other. *There*, indeed, they were ſufficiently plain; and no where did I ever obſerve a more total neglect of the favourite maxim of Lord Cheſterfield, *fortiter in re, ſuaviter in modo.*

On our way home, *Acaſto* entertained me with the characters of the gentlemen we had ſeen; but he might have ſaved himſelf the trouble; for, by recollecting how they *voted*, I ſhould immediately have known which of them were honeſt and ſincere, and which mean time-ſerving ſycophants.

I ſhall not trouble my readers with any reflections on *Acaſto*'s character. It is plain, that the little peculiarities which, with all his natural

natural good ſenſe and benevolence, expoſe him hourly to ridicule or to cenſure, have been occaſioned by his retreat from the world, and by that ſolitude in which he has lived ſo long. Seldom, indeed, have I known any one that did not, in ſome degree, ſuffer from it; that did not, more or leſs, become ſelfiſh and contracted, conceited and opinionative. I never ſee a young heir fluttering about town in the circle of gaiety, without feeling an emotion of compaſſion. In a few years, when he comes to be ſupplanted in that circle by a younger ſet, no reſource remains for him but a retreat to the country, where he muſt paſs his days either in a ſtate of liſtleſs inactivity, or in purſuits unworthy of a rational being. I would, therefore, earneſtly recommend it to every parent, to educate the heir of his fortune to ſome profeſſion; to ſet before him ſome object that may fill his mind, may rouſe him to action, and may make him at once a happy and reſpectable member of ſociety.

M

N° 105. TUESDAY, *May* 9, 1780.

THE winter, which, like an untaught viſitor, had prolonged its ſtay with us to a very unreaſonable length, has, at laſt, given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent ſky; and many of my readers will now leave the buſineſs or amuſements of the *town*, for the purer air and leſs tumultuous enjoyments of the *country*. As I have, now and then, ventured ſome obſervations on the manners and faſhions of the former, I could not forbear, from a friendly concern for thoſe whom the ſeaſon now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My laſt paper was intended for the ſerious peruſal of *country-gentlemen*. I mean, in this, to make a few lighter obſervations on ſome little failings, in point of manners, to which I have ſeen a propenſity in country-gentlemen, country-ladies, and in thoſe who, though of the town, for the greateſt part of the year, make their appearance, like the *cuckoo* (I mean no offence by the compariſon), when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In

In the *firſt* place, I would beg of thoſe who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the neweſt-faſhioned cut in her riding-habit, or to aſtoniſh a country-congregation with the height of her head-dreſs; and a gentleman, in like manner, to *ſport*, as they term it, a groteſque pattern of a waiſtcoat, or to ſet the children agape by the enormous ſize of his buckles. Theſe are privileges to which gentlemen and ladies may be thought to have intitled themſelves by the expence and trouble of a winter's reſidence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil ſort of conſequence ſuch people are apt to aſſume in converſation, which, I think, goes beyond the juſt prerogative of *townſhip*, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They ſhould conſider, that though there are certain ſubjects of *ton* and faſhion, on which they may pronounce *ex cathedrâ* (if I may be allowed ſo pedantic a phraſe), yet that, even in the country, the ſenſes of hearing, ſeeing, taſting, and ſmelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent; and that a perſon may like or diſlike a new ſong, a new luteſtring, a French diſh, or an Italian perfume, though ſuch perſon has been unfortunate enough to paſs laſt winter at a hundred miles diſtance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in thoſe matters, to the enlightened judgment of their friends, who are newly arrived from the ſeat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her couſin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating ſome extraordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting ſome remarkable piece of dreſs or finery, cut her ſhort, by ſaying, with all the coolneſs in the world, "That is ſingular "enough, but it is nothing to what I heard from "Miſs B———, with whom I have cor-"reſponded ever ſince ſhe went to London;" or, "This is very pretty, to be ſure, but not to "be compared to Mrs. C———'s, which ſhe "had ſent her in a preſent from Paris." This ſort of *brag-playing* in converſation I have ſometimes heard carried to a very diſagreeable length, which would be in a great meaſure prevented, if people were not to be allowed credit for what they may have heard, or have been told, but to take conſequence only from what they have ſeen. If we town-people are to be thus out-wondered on report, there is an end of all order and ſubordination in the matter. To borrow another alluſion from the *game* above mentioned, I think it is but reaſonable, that the wonders of perſons from town ſhould take the ſame precedence of the

the wonders of the people in the country, that *natural cards* do of *makers*.

But it is ſometimes from the oppoſite feeling, from too high an idea of the importance of their town viſitors, that the good people of the country are apt to fall into improprieties. It is wonderful to ſee the confuſion into which the appearance of the new-faſhioned carriage of a gentleman juſt arrived from town throws the family, eſpecially the female part of it, of his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, ſuch a running backwards and forwards of bare-headed boys and girls to fetch their maſter from the field, and their miſtreſs from the waſh-houſe! Then, after waiting a long while in the parlour, which the chambermaid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with ſome awkward apology, followed by a ſcold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-bruſh in view of the company. By and by appears the maſter of the houſe, with another apology, for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dreſs. After a long ſeries of common enquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the viſitors, and two or three meſſages up ſtairs from the miſtreſs of the family, down come the young ladies with their caps awry, their long pins but half ſtuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons ſtiff from the folds. Here follows a ſecond courſe of the ſame queſtions

and anſwers, which being cloſed by an obſervation of the late hour from the one ſide, and ſome ſtrictures on the ſhortneſs of town viſits from the other, the company are ſuffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people who were at ſuch pains to make themſelves fit, as they thought, to be ſeen by them. Let theſe laſt remember, that there is a ſtyle, as it is called, proper to every thing; decency and cleanlineſs they owe to themſelves; an imitation of the faſhionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; moſt of theſe, indeed, are quite prepoſterous in the country: it is only when people get into crowds that they are at liberty to make fools of themſelves.

As I have, in the beginning of this paper, deſired the city-emigrants not to carry the town into the country, ſo I muſt intreat their country friends not to forget that the others have but lately arrived there. Their reliſh for draining, ditching, hedging, horſe-hoeing, liming, and marling, and ſuch other branches of the fine arts as an afternoon's converſation at a gentleman farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by ſeven months reſidence in the region of amuſement and diſſipation. The like caution will apply to thoſe female orators who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking with diſſertations on the cow-houſe, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

There

There are ſome topics which may be introduced, at that ſeaſon, in which both town and country ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a ſparing and moderate uſe: I mean thoſe little lectures on morality, ſometimes known by the name of *ſcandal.* In theſe the town ladies, however, have ſome advantage, as their ſubjects are often ſuch as may be reckoned fair game, perſons of whom the world has a right to talk, and who ſeem to act as if they wiſhed to be talked of. Theſe notorious offenders againſt decency and decorum, of which there are always ſome inſtances in great towns, may be compared to certain atrocious criminals, whom the law has ordered to be ſent, after execution, to *Surgeons Hall:* their characters may be diſſected at all tea-tables, without any danger of the crime of defamation. But the beauty of a country town or village is rarely ſo unguarded in her conduct as to give this licence to the tongues of her neighbours, who are, therefore, generally obliged to reſort to the whiſpering of little private anecdotes and family-ſecrets, which I very much doubt if they be legally intitled to do, at leaſt except in caſes of great neceſſity, as on a rainy Sunday, or where the party conſiſts but of two, who can neither play cribbage, piquet, or backgammon.

Somewhat a-kin to the lovers of detraction are the *offence-takers*, a ſpecies of people I have obſerved

obſerved more common in the country than in populous cities. They are deeply verſed in the ſcience of precedency, in the etiquette of paying and returning viſits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and curtſies. I have been aſtoniſhed to find the circle of my acquaintance ſo circumſcribed as I have ſometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my head-quarters at a gentleman's, who could only accompany me to the houſes of one-half of the neighbourhood, having contrived to be totally eſtranged from the other by neglects of himſelf, affronts to his wife, ſquabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toaſts at country-meetings after the ſecond bottle.

This diſeaſe of offence-taking is particularly epidemic in ſome places every *ſeventh* year, or ſometimes it returns a little ſooner by royal proclamation. As this ſummer may probably be the ſeaſon of its recurring with violence, I take the preſent opportunity of warning my readers againſt the company of the infected; and even to theſe a regimen of temper and good-manners may be found a very powerful and ſalutary alterative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very diſagreeable; and, as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflections, or break out into ſcurrility and abuſe, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their conſequences. To gentlemen

tlemen concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly obſerve, that the period of their canvaſs is not the proper time for indulging any ſuch freedoms in converſation or behaviour. When the conteſt is determined, the loſers have ſome ſort of privilege for railing; the ſucceſsful candidates, as things go now-a-days, ſhould keep all their foul language for that place to which the ſuffrages of their conſtituents are to ſend them.

I

N° 106. SATURDAY, *May* 13, 1780.

Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

HOR.

THE importance of education to fit men for the world, has been univerſally ſeen and acknowledged; but I think it has not been always ſufficiently attended to, as neceſſary to fit men for retiring from the world; as qualifying them to act their part with propriety when they retreat from the buſineſs of life, and to enjoy themſelves, when enjoyment becomes their object. There is a certain time of life, when almoſt every man wiſhes to eſcape from the hurry

and

and buſtle of the world, and to taſte the ſweets of retirement and repoſe; but how few are there, who, when they have arrived at that period which they fixed for this retreat, and have put their deſigns in execution, meet with that enjoyment which they looked for! Inſtead of pleaſure, they find ſatiety, wearineſs, and diſguſt; time becomes a heavy burden upon them, and in what way they may kill the tedious hours, grows, at length, their only object. But had theſe men received a good education, they would never be at a loſs how to fill up their time; rich fields of entertainment would open to them from various ſources. Company and converſation would receive a finer reliſh; books would give perpetual enjoyments; the gay proſpects of the country, the romantic ſcenes which it affords, the adorning and beautifying thoſe ſcenes, and the culture of all the elegant arts, would make that fortune, which many poſſeſs without knowing how to uſe, the miniſter of every thing that can afford delight.

I believe it may be true, that neither learning, nor a taſte for the elegant arts, is requiſite to enable a perſon engaged in the ordinary buſineſs of life, to ſucceed in his profeſſion; and, while ſo engaged, the occupations of that profeſſion will prevent his feeling any vacuity or ſuffering any inconvenience from his ignorance and want of refinement. But when ſuch a per-

ſon has acquired a fortune, and given up buſineſs, I have often obſerved, that, from this uncultivated ſtate of mind, he is at a loſs how to enjoy himſelf or his riches. He either becomes a prey to chagrin and *ennui*, or he gives himſelf up to the coarſeſt intemperance; or, ſhould he wiſh to figure as a man of taſte or faſhion, he receives but little entertainment himſelf, and his attempts are ſo abſurd and prepoſterous, as to make him the object of ſcoff and ridicule to others.

Drexelius was put early to buſineſs: his whole learning conſiſted in being able to read Engliſh, to write and keep accounts. He got ſoon into a very good branch of trade; his attention was unremitted; and his œconomy was equal to his attention. His labours, far from being a burden upon him, only gave him an exertion of mind, which kept him in an equal and unceaſing flow of ſpirits. By the time he was fifty, *Drexelius* had acquired a fortune equal to that of the richeſt of his fellow-citizens. He now began to think ſeriouſly of enjoying it. The reſolution which he had early formed of retiring to the country when he ſhould have acquired a fortune, and which had ſupported him during the labours of acquiring it, he now determined to put in practice. He therefore wound up his buſineſs, ſold off his ſtock, and purchaſed an eſtate in the country. The novelty of the ſituation, and the flattering

flattering thought that he was proprietor of ſo many acres, ſupported him for a while. But he ſoon began to find, that the fields, and woods, and rivers, gave him no ſort of pleaſure. He could receive no amuſement from farming, and books he was unable to enjoy. A volume of the *Spectator*, recommended to him by the clergyman of the pariſh, lay half-read upon the chimney-piece; and the proſpects which he heard others admire, appeared to him not more beautiful than the front of the Exchange, or the pavement of the ſtreet on which he uſed to tread. Tired, therefore, of the country, and weary of every thing, he began to long for the town which he had abandoned, and to become again a frequenter of the 'Change. Accordingly he hired a houſe in town, and reſolved to ſpend in it the winter-months at leaſt. But the town had now alſo loſt its charms, and he found it impoſſible to recover them. He had no longer buſineſs to occupy his mind: when he roſe in the morning, he knew not what to do; he had no bargains to ſettle, and no ſhips to inſure. His acquaintance around him were buſy, while he was idle; he found himſelf alone in the midſt of a crowd, an unintereſted ſpectator of what uſed to employ him. Change of ſituation, therefore, gave him no relief, for the town was now as dull as the country. The purchaſe he had made was a dear one: upon his *eſtate*, which had coſt him

him more at firſt than he intended to give for it, he was obliged to build a houſe, and to make ſome other improvements, the expence of which, like that of all other buildings and improvements, greatly exceeded what their owner had made his account with. This, however, was little to one of *Drexelius*'s fortune. On former occaſions, he had loſt more upon one adventure in trade, without being much affected by the loſs; but then he had different objects to intereſt him, and he expected to make up by other adventures what he had loſt upon one; now he had nothing elſe to think of but the daily expenditure. This took poſſeſſion of his imagination; he thought he ſaw poverty and ruin before him; and his health began to ſink under the vexations of his mind. In vain did his friends repreſent to him the greatneſs of his fortune; that the money he was laying out was a trifle to what he poſſeſſed; and that, after all his plans were finiſhed, he would ſtill have more than he could ſpend. It is to no purpoſe to reaſon with a diſeaſed imagination: the only thing which can relieve it is a change of objects and a variety of amuſements. But this method could not be followed by *Drexelius:* there was no object to intereſt him; and his mind was incapable of amuſement. His diſeaſe, therefore, increaſed upon him every day.

The

The proprietor of a fine place, poſſeſſed of a great fortune, in ſhort, with all the means of pleaſure and enjoyment, he was haunted with the demon of Poverty, and actually believed, that if he lived many years, he ſhould die of want.

Clavius was a partner in trade with *Drexelius*, whoſe example he followed in the ſcheme of enjoying a retreat in the country. But his mind was as empty and uneducated as that of *Drexelius*, equally incapable of amuſing itſelf in ſolitude, or of receiving pleaſure from thoſe enjoyments which a country life is calculated to beſtow. He was, however, a man of greater natural ſpirits, and was not therefore ſo apt to become a prey to liſtleſſneſs, or to the effects of gloomy avarice. Company was his reſource; and that the hours might not lie heavy upon him, he took care never to be alone. But as he had no talent for converſation, every ſort of company was equally welcome to him; and, where converſation was not the object, it became neceſſary to ſupport the ſociety by ſome adventitious aid. The bottle, therefore, was had recourſe to. This was the employment during the fineſt ſummer-evenings; and the morning ſun often roſe upon the ſame company on which it had gone down. Men flocked to *Clavius*'s country ſeat, not to enjoy the charms of the country ſeat, but the charms of ſociety, and

and what they called good fellowſhip. Thus were *Clavius*'s nights ſpent in getting intoxicated, and his mornings in ſleeping off that intoxication. His conſtitution was not long able to ſupport this courſe of life; he died, a few years after he had quitted buſineſs, a martyr to that fortune which his wiſhes had formerly repreſented as the certain ſource of felicity.

Pomponius took a different turn from the perſons I have mentioned. He was equally ignorant and uneducated as they; but, when he had acquired his fortune, as he had heard much of taſte, of elegance, and of refinement, he reſolved to be a *man of taſte*. The eſtate he purchaſed had been the old hereditary poſſeſſion of a man of conſiderable rank. *Pomponius* gave ſeveral years purchaſe more than its value, that he might be poſſeſſed of the demeſne of an ancient family, and have the pleaſure of adding to his name "Eſquire, of ——." When he came to live at this eſtate, he found the old manſion-houſe muſt be pulled down, and a new one erected. But, inſtead of truſting to the ſkill and taſte of his architect, the plan muſt be his own. In this he heaped ornament upon ornament, and pillar upon pillar. The columns are large enough to have ſupported a Gothic cathedral; the inſide is crowded with painted compartments; and every pannel and window is bedawbed with gilding. His fields are laid out in the moſt abſurd taſte.

A clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a *canal*, made at an exorbitant expence, runs parallel with the front of his houſe; at each end is a circular puddle, called a *baſon*, in which is a little bank of rubbiſh, dignified with the name of *iſland*. Not a walk but is ſtuck full of ſtatues; and temples and grottoes appear in every field. In ſhewing you his grounds he tells you the price of every ſtatue; and every temple is honoured with the account of what it coſt. Not ſatisfied with being a man of taſte out of doors, he pretends to connoiſſeurſhip and to literature within. He ſhews pictures painted, as he thinks, by maſters, whoſe names he has not learned to pronounce. If doubts are ſtarted of their originality, *Pomponius* ſtops all further queſtions by the mention of the ſum he paid for them. His library has its ſtatues like his fields; it is furniſhed with a profuſion of *bronzes* and *buſts;* and the books are as liberally gilded as the reſt of his furniture. In talking of them (for he runs all riſks to be thought a man of learning) he gets into the moſt ridiculous blunders. He miſtakes a Greek for a Roman author; and to ſhew himſelf a philoſopher, praiſes a writer, in the belief that he is an infidel, when, in fact, his books are written in defence of religion. The other day, ſomebody happening to mention the *World*, he aſked if the author, Mr. *Fitzadam*, was ſtill alive, and if he had written any other book.

Drexelius

Drexelius and *Clavius* were miſerable in the midſt of their wealth; *Pomponius* is ridiculous in the enjoyment of his.

How much is it to be regretted, that theſe perſons had not in their earlier years received the benefit of a liberal education? Had their minds been cultivated in their youth, had they then acquired the firſt principles of elegance and taſte, they would have been enabled, after attaining a fortune, to have enjoyed it with propriety and dignity: while they were reaping the fruits of their honeſt induſtry and ſucceſs, they might have been uſeful to others and proved ornaments to their country.

S

N° 107. TUESDAY, *May* 16, 1780.

And *love* and *war* take turns like day and night.

ROWE.

IN every art and ſcience, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by ſpecious theories and deluſive ſpeculation. Learned men, in the ſolitude of their ſtudies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can

reconcile to their own ideas upon paper, can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into easy and constant practice. But those who are to apply the doctrine to the fact, too often find, that what was infallible in the brain of the demonstrator, is sadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is something, however, so delightful in this art of *theory-building*, that the experience of a thousand disappointments will never be able to extinguish it. Nor, indeed, should any body wish for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the person who builds is delighted with the expectation of success, and that other people are often little less pleased with tracing the disappointment. The last are flattered by seeing the superiority of science thus levelled and brought down; the first solaces himself by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and shutting his closet-door, returns to fresh theories and new speculation.

In the course of my reading, I have met with two theoretical descriptions, which pleased me so much by the appearance they exhibited of self-satisfaction in the sages who composed them, that I cannot resist the desire of laying them before my readers in this day's paper. The first I found in an obscure author of the reign of Queen

Queen Elizabeth, who, in tracing the progreſs of certain affections of the mind, thus perſonifies his ideas of *Honourable Love*.

" When a young man," ſays he, " of illuſtrious deſcent, rarely gifted by Nature in mind and body, the which he hath, through the care of his noble parents and his own ſpecial induſtry, much helped by art, firſt cometh from the retired haunts of learning into the reſort of the world, he is ſuddenly ſmitten by the beauty and rare accompliſhments of ſome young damſel, of parentage no leſs honourable than his own, and of endowments no leſs precious than thoſe wherewith he himſelf is graced. He ſeeketh all opportunities of converſe with, and of courteſy towards her; which nevertheleſs ſhe, out of maiden ſhyneſs, whereof her lady-mother hath well inſtructed her, doth, with a determined ſtatelineſs of aſpect, moſt conſtantly avoid; whereat the young man being grieved in his mind, but nowiſe damped in his love, he reſteth not till by all means he render himſelf more worthy of her regard, not only by excelling in all gentlemanlike exerciſes, ſuch as dancing, horſemanſhip, ſkill in his rapier, and the like, but likewiſe in all becoming ſoftneſs of behaviour, and courtly niceneſs of ſpeech, adding thereunto the ſtudy of ſweet poeſy, wherewith, in curious ſonnets, he ſpeaketh the praiſe of his miſtreſs's manifold perfections.

But ſhe, nowiſe yielding to ſuch flatteries, nor abating the rigour of her looks, he ſometimes complaineth of his thraldom in more bitter terms, and for a while, as ſeeking freedom from his fair tyrant, ſhunneth her company, and reſorteth to that of jovial companions, much given to the ſports of the field, and the joys of wine, thinking thereby to efface her image quite from his mind. But, after no great ſpace, he groweth uneaſy and unquiet, and though ſtoutly denying all allegiance to that dominion, whereof he hath ſworn to be free, he goeth ſecretly where he can again ſteal a glance of her lovely face, by one look of which being, as he deemeth, encouraged to better hope, he reneweth his ſuit with freſh warmth, renouncing his paſt rebellion as a grievous ſin, the which he is to expiate by tenfold encreaſed love. Nevertheleſs ſhe, willing to ſhew her power, thus marvelouſly confirmed and increaſed, demeaneth herſelf as haughtily as before, and, haply, to puniſh his late treaſonous lapſe and falling off, ſeemeth to caſt upon others more ſoft and favourable looks; whereat our lover, being ſtung with envy and jealous wrath, doth encounter the chiefeſt of his rivals with ſharp and angry words, which growing into keener and more deadly rage, they agree to decide which is the worthieſt by trial of arms; and having met, in ſome retired place, either on horſeback or on foot,

foot, attended by their ſquires, a furious combat enſueth, in which the valour of both ſhineth out worthy of their noble birth, and of that love wherewith it is more eſpecially inflamed and ſpurred on. After various turns of fortune, and many wounds on both ſides, our lover doth, with difficulty, maſter his adverſary, to whom he ſheweth no leſs courteſy in defeat, than fierceneſs in fight. After a time, having recovered of his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath ſhewed as much grief and pity as beſeemeth a modeſt maiden to ſhew for man, he appeareth before her, his arm ſcarfed, and his cheeks yet pale from loſs of blood, and, kneeling at her feet, imploreth forgiveneſs for paſt faults, and voweth conſtancy and love, not ſhorter than he hath life to feel them, and breath to utter; while ſhe, without ſpeaking a word, doth, by looks and ſilent bluſhes, in ſome ſort confeſs herſelf propitious to his vows; whereof, having paſſed a probation of years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his wiſhes, and obtaineth her conſent to be his wedded wife. Laſtly, their noble parents being well ſatisfied with this union of their blood, the marriage is celebrated, with much ceremony and pomp, at the caſtle of the bride's princely father, whereat there is all manner of good cheer, of dancing, and of minſtrelſy for many days."

This theory of ancient love and courtſhip, inſtead of ſimplifying the matter, makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice at leaſt, it is actually found. The lover, now-a-days, finds but little of that ſtately pride and maiden ſhyneſs above deſcribed; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his miſtreſs, nor to meet any rival attended by his ſquire, nor to ſuffer wounds and loſs of blood for her ſake, nor to go through a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, ſay a few ſoft things to her in plain proſe, then meet her father attended by his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and ſettlements, and ſo proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as ſhort or as long a time as he thinks proper.

The ſecond theoretical deſcription, which I ſhall lay before my readers, is ſo far different from the firſt, that it renders a very confuſed and intricate buſineſs, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meaneſt capacity. This, however, is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical ſituation of that incident or buſtle which occurs in the real; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and aſtoniſhing in the firſt than in the latter, though the art of the theoriſt carries the imagination through them all with wonderful diſtinctneſs and regularity. The inſtance to which

which I allude is the deſcription of a *battle*, given by the ingenious Mr. *A. Boyer*, in his *French Dictionary*, under the word *Battaille*.

Description of a Battle.

" The two armies being in ſight, the cannon roar on each ſide; and the ſignal of the fight being given, they both move, and begin the encounter. In the height of danger, the generals ſhew their intrepidity, by preſerving their cool temper, and by giving their orders without emotion and without hurry. In the cloſe engagement, the officers perform wonders, and ſhew extraordinary valour and judgment; and ſeconded by their men, who fight like lions, they cut the enemy in pieces, kill and overthrow all they meet in their way, break through battalions, and bear down ſquadrons. Upon the point of being overpowered by numbers, they reſolutely ſuſtain the effort of the enemy; and the generals, being informed by their aids-de-camp of what paſſes on that ſide, cauſe ſuccours to march thither with all ſpeed, revive the ſpirits of the ſoldiers by their preſence, rally the broken battalions, bring them again to the charge, repulſe the enemy, drive them before them, regain the ground they had loſt, retrieve the whole affair, purſue the enemy cloſe, trample them under foot or ride over them, entirely diſable them, put all that reſiſt to the ſword; and,

after having ſuſtained continual diſcharges of cannon and ſmall ſhot, and gained an entire and complete victory, cauſe a retreat to be ſounded, and lie on the field of battle, while the air reſounds with the flouriſhes of trumpets."

The above deſcription is contained in an edition of Mr. *Boyer*'s learned and uſeful work, now become exceedingly ſcarce. It is there given in *French* and *Engliſh;* but I chuſe to publiſh the tranſlation only, as I mean it for the ſole uſe of our *Britiſh* commanders, from whoſe practice, at the time of its firſt publication (about the beginning of this century), the deſcription was probably taken. Perhaps, in ſome late campaigns, our generals had conſulted other Dictionaries, containing a much leſs animated and deciſive definition of a battle, than that which I have tranſcribed from the ingenious Mr. *Boyer*.

N° 108. SATURDAY, *May* 20, 1780.

Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay.

SHENSTONE.

IF we examine impartially that eſtimate of pleaſure, which the higher ranks of ſociety are apt to form, we ſhall probably be ſurpriſed to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real ſatisfaction. Many a faſhionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taſte or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has ſuffered from the inſipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were ſometimes worth while, even on the ſcore of pleaſure, to be virtuous.

Sir *Edward* ———, to whom I had the pleaſure of being introduced at *Florence*, was a character much beyond that which diſtinguiſhes the generality of Engliſh travellers of fortune. His ſtory was known to ſome of his countrymen who then reſided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of ſomething beſide pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been firſt abroad at an early period of life, ſoon after the death of his father had left him maſter

maſter of a very large eſtate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always ſumptuous, however, and ſometimes profuſe, he was obſerved never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleaſure and diſſipation, he always left behind more inſtances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that reſpect and eſteem in which his character, amidſt all his little errors, was generally held, he was ſuppoſed a good deal indebted to the ſociety of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the univerſity, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, ſeized at *Marſeilles* with a lingering diſorder, for which he was under the neceſſity of taking a ſea-voyage, leaving Sir *Edward* to proſecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Deſcending into one of the valleys of *Piedmont*, where, notwithſtanding the ruggedneſs of the road, Sir *Edward*, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an Engliſh *hunter* to that of an Italian mule, his horſe unluckily made a falſe ſtep, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir *Edward* was lifted by his ſervants with ſcarce any ſigns of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the neareſt houſe, which happened to be the dwelling of a peaſant rather above the common rank, before whoſe

whoſe door ſome of his neighbours were aſſembled at a ſcene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir *Edward* brought up their maſter in the condition I have deſcribed. The compaſſion natural to his ſituation was excited in all; but the owner of the manſion, whoſe name was *Venoni*, was particularly moved with it. He applied himſelf immediately to the care of the ſtranger, and, with the aſſiſtance of his daughter, who had left the dance ſhe was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, ſoon reſtored Sir *Edward* to ſenſe and life. *Venoni* poſſeſſed ſome little ſkill in ſurgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir *Edward*, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every poſſible care by his hoſt and his family. A conſiderable degree of fever was the conſequence of his accident; but after ſome days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the ſociety of *Venoni* and his daughter.

He could not help expreſſing ſome ſurpriſe at the appearance of refinement in the converſation of the latter, much beyond what her ſituation ſeemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the houſe of a lady, who happened to paſs through the valley, and to take ſhelter in *Venoni*'s cottage (for his houſe was but a better ſort of cottage) the night of her birth. "When her

"mother

" mother died," ſaid he, " the Signora, whoſe " name, at her deſire, we had given the child, " took her home to her own houſe; there ſhe " was taught many things, of which there is no " need here; yet ſhe is not ſo proud of her " learning as to wiſh to leave her father in his " old age; and I hope ſoon to have her ſettled " near me for life."

But Sir *Edward* had now an opportunity of knowing *Louiſa* better than from the deſcription of her father. Muſic and painting, in both of which arts ſhe was a tolerable proficient, Sir *Edward* had ſtudied with ſucceſs. *Louiſa* felt a ſort of pleaſure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praiſed by Sir *Edward;* and the family-concerts of *Venoni* were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his gueſt was ſo far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of *Venoni* excelled all the other muſic of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir *Edward*'s violin was finer than either. But his converſation with *Louiſa*—it was that of a ſuperior order of beings!—ſcience, taſte, ſentiment!——it was long ſince *Louiſa* had heard theſe ſounds; amidſt the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir *Edward*, who was one of the moſt engaging figures I ever ſaw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expreſſion animated

mated and intereſting; his ſickneſs had overcome ſomewhat of the firſt, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louiſa's was no leſs captivating—and Sir *Edward* had not ſeen it ſo long without emotion. During his illneſs he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it firſt grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her ſituation, and of the debt he owed her. But the ſtruggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of conſequence, increaſed his paſſion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir *Edward* allowed of its being gratified. He ſometimes thought of this as a baſe and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often deſpiſed, the ſlave of manners he had often condemned. He at laſt compromiſed matters with himſelf; he reſolved, if he could, to think no more of *Louiſa;* at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude or the reſtraints of virtue.

Louiſa, who truſted to both, now communicated to Sir *Edward* an important ſecret. It was at the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which they had been playing in the abſence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which ſhe had compoſed to the memory of her mother. "That," ſaid ſhe, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play "it ſometimes when I am alone, and in low "ſpirits.

" ſpirits. I don't know how I came to think of " it now; yet I have ſome reaſon to be ſad." Sir *Edward* preſſed to know the cauſe; after ſome heſitation ſhe told it all. Her father had fixed on the ſon of a neighbour, rich in poſſeſſions, but rude in manners, for her huſband. Againſt this match ſhe had always proteſted as ſtrongly, as a ſenſe of duty, and the mildneſs of her nature, would allow; but *Venoni* was obſtinately bent on the match, and ſhe was wretched from the thoughts of it.——" To marry " where one cannot love,—to marry ſuch a man, " Sir *Edward!*"——It was an opportunity beyond his power of reſiſtance. Sir *Edward* preſſed her hand; ſaid it would be profanation to think of ſuch a marriage; praiſed her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by ſwearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unſuſpecting pleaſure, which her bluſhes could ill conceal.—Sir *Edward* improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his paſſion, the inſignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of thoſe dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happineſs. *Louiſa* ſtarted at that propoſal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; ſhe could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended ſon-in-law. He was juſt

juſt ſuch a man as *Louiſa* had repreſented him, coarſe, vulgar, and ignorant. But *Venoni*, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and diſcovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aſide, told her he had brought her future huſband, and that he intended they ſhould be married in a week at fartheſt.

Next morning *Louiſa* was indiſpoſed, and kept her chamber. Sir *Edward* was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with *Venoni;* but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by *Louiſa.*

In the evening ſhe wandered forth to indulge her ſorrows alone. She had reached a ſequeſtered ſpot, where ſome poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little ſtream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accuſtomed ſong. *Louiſa* ſat down on a withered ſtump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was ſcared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. *Louiſa* roſe from the ground, and burſt into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir *Edward.* His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he caſt on the earth a melancholy look, and ſeemed unable to ſpeak his feelings. "Are

" you not well, Sir *Edward?*" ſaid *Louiſa*, with a voice faint and broken.—" I am ill in-" deed," ſaid he, " but my illneſs is of the " mind. *Louiſa* cannot cure me of that. I am " wretched; but I deſerve to be ſo. I have " broken every law of hoſpitality, and every " obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wiſh " for happineſs, and to ſpeak what I wiſhed, " though it wounded the heart of my deareſt be-" nefactreſs—but I will make a ſevere expiation. " This moment I leave you, *Louiſa!* I go to be " wretched; but you may be happy, happy in " your duty to a father, happy, it may be, in " the arms of a huſband, whom the poſſeſſion " of ſuch a wife may teach refinement and ſen-" ſibility.—I go to my native country, to hurry " through ſcenes of irkſome buſineſs or taſte-" leſs amuſement; that I may, if poſſible, pro-" cure a ſort of half-oblivion of that happineſs " which I have left behind, a liſtleſs endurance " of that life which I once dreamed might be " made delightful with *Louiſa.*"

Tears were the only anſwer ſhe could give. Sir *Edward*'s ſervants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures: one he had drawn of *Louiſa*, he faſtened round his neck, and kiſſing it with rapture, hid it in his boſom. The other he held out in a heſitating manner. " This," ſaid he, " if *Louiſa* will accept of it, may ſome-

" times

" times put her in mind of him who once of-
" fended, who can never ceaſe to adore her.
" She may look on it, perhaps, after the ori-
" ginal is no more; when this heart ſhall have
" forgot to love, and ceaſe to be wretched."

Louiſa was at laſt overcome. Her face was firſt pale as death; then ſuddenly it was croſſed with a crimſon bluſh. " Oh! Sir *Edward!*" ſaid ſhe, " What—what would you have me " do?"—He eagerly ſeized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious ſpeed, were ſoon out of ſight of thoſe hills which paſtured the flocks of the unfortunate *Venoni*.

V

N° 109. TUESDAY, *May* 23, 1780.

THE virtue of *Louiſa* was vanquiſhed; but her ſenſe of virtue was not overcome.—Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her ſeducer, nor the conſtant and reſpectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguiſh which ſhe ſuffered at the recollection of her paſt, and the thoughts of her preſent ſituation. Sir *Edward*

felt ſtrongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was ſtill ſubject to remorſe, to compaſſion, and to love. Theſe emotions, perhaps, he might ſoon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding ſorrows of *Louiſa*, nouriſhed thoſe feelings of tenderneſs and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: ſometimes a few ſtarting tears would ſpeak them; and when time had given her a little more compoſure, her lute diſcourſed melancholy muſic.

On their arrival in England, Sir *Edward* carried *Louiſa* to his ſeat in the country. There ſhe was treated with all the obſervance of a wife; and, had ſhe choſen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary ſplendor of one. But ſhe would not allow the indulgence of Sir *Edward* to blazon with equipage, and ſhow that ſtate which ſhe wiſhed always to hide, and, if poſſible, to forget. Her books and her muſic were her only pleaſures; if pleaſures they could be called, that ſerved but to alleviate miſery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

Theſe were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's diſgrace.

diſgrace. Sir *Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Venoni*. He meant to make ſome atonement for the injury he had done him by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the baſe, but to the honeſt is inſult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accompliſhing his purpoſe. He learned that *Venoni*, ſoon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of reſidence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of *Savoy*. His daughter felt this with anguiſh the moſt poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refuſed conſolation. Sir *Edward*'s whole tenderneſs and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its firſt tranſports had ſubſided, he carried her to *London*, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man poſſeſſed of feelings like Sir *Edward*'s, the affliction of *Louiſa* gave a certain reſpect to his attentions. He hired her a houſe ſeparate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the pureſt attachment. But his ſolicitude to comfort and amuſe her was not attended with ſucceſs. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which ſhe now conſidered as not only the ruin of herſelf, but the murderer of her father.

In *London*, Sir *Edward* found his ſiſter, who had married a man of great fortune and high faſhion. He had married her, becauſe ſhe was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; ſhe had married him, becauſe he was the wealthieſt of her ſuitors. They lived, as is common to people in ſuch a ſituation, neceſſitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidſt perpetual gaiety. This ſcene was ſo foreign from the idea Sir *Edward* had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a conſtant ſource of diſguſt in the ſociety of his equals. In their converſation fantaſtic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge ſhallow; and with all the pride of birth and inſolence of ſtation, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he diſcovered only deſigns of ſelfiſhneſs; and their pleaſures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendſhips. In the ſociety of *Louiſa* he found ſenſibility and truth; her's was the only heart that ſeemed intereſted in his welfare: ſhe ſaw the return of virtue in Sir *Edward*, and felt the friendſhip which he ſhewed her. Sometimes when ſhe perceived him ſorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance aſſume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking

with

with that anguiſh which her generoſity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the ſtruggle with her feelings, ſeemed to yield to their force: her reſt forſook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the luſtre of her eyes grew dim. Sir *Edward* ſaw theſe ſymptoms of decay with the deepeſt remorſe. Often did he curſe thoſe falſe ideas of pleaſure which had led him to conſider the ruin of an artleſs girl, who loved and truſted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accompliſh. Often did he wiſh to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again reſtored to an opportunity of giving happineſs to that family, whoſe unſuſpecting kindneſs he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an aſſaſſin.

One evening, while he ſat in a little parlour with *Louiſa*, his mind alternately agitated and ſoftened with this impreſſion, a *hand organ*, of a remarkably ſweet tone, was heard in the ſtreet. *Louiſa* laid aſide her lute and liſtened: the airs it played were thoſe of her native country; and a few tears, which ſhe endeavoured to hide, ſtole from her on hearing them. Sir *Edward* ordered a ſervant to fetch the organiſt into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and ſeated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two ſprightly tunes, to which *Louiſa* had often danced in her infancy:

ſhe gave herſelf up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the muſician, changing the ſtop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—*Louiſa* ſtarted from her ſeat, and ruſhed up to the ſtranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father!—She would have ſprung to embrace him; he turned aſide for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at laſt overcame his reſentment; he burſt into tears, and preſſed to his boſom his long-loſt daughter.

Sir *Edward* ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment and confuſion.—"I come not to upbraid you," ſaid *Venoni;* "I am a poor, weak, old man, unable "for upbraidings; I am come but to find my "child, to forgive her, and to die! When you "ſaw us firſt, Sir *Edward*, we were not thus. "You found us virtuous and happy; we danced "and we ſung, and there was not a ſad heart "in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left "our dancing, our ſongs, and our cheerfulneſs; "you were diſtreſſed, and we pitied you. Since "that day the pipe has never been heard in *Ve-* "*noni*'s fields: grief and ſickneſs have almoſt "brought him to the grave; and his neigh- "bours, who loved and pitied him, have been "cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though "you robbed us of happineſs, you are not hap-

"py;

" py;—elſe why that dejected look, which,
" amidſt all the grandeur around you, I ſaw you
" wear, and thoſe tears which, under all the
" gaudineſs of her apparel, I ſaw that poor de-
" luded girl ſhed?"———" But ſhe ſhall ſhed
" no more," cried Sir *Edward;* " you ſhall be
" happy, and I ſhall be juſt. Forgive, my ve-
" nerable friend, the injuries which I have done
" thee; forgive me, my *Louiſa*, for rating your
" excellence at a price ſo mean. I have ſeen
" thoſe high-born females to which my rank
" might have allied me; I am aſhamed of their
" vices, and ſick of their follies. Profligate in
" their hearts amidſt affected purity, they are
" ſlaves to pleaſure without the ſincerity of paſ-
" ſion; and, with the name of honour, are in-
" ſenſible to the feelings of virtue. You, my
" *Louiſa!*—but I will not call up recollections
" that might render me leſs worthy of your fu-
" ture eſteem——Continue to love your *Ed-*
" *ward;* but a few hours, and you ſhall add
" the title to the affections of a wife; let the
" care and tenderneſs of a huſband bring back
" its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your
" cheek. We will leave for a while the wonder
" and the envy of the faſhionable circle here.
" We will reſtore your father to his native
" home; under that roof I ſhall once more
" be happy; happy without allay, becauſe I
" ſhall deſerve my happineſs. Again ſhall the

" pipe

" pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and " innocence and peace beam on the cottage of " *Venoni!*"

V

N° 110. SATURDAY, *May* 27, 1780.

Extremum concede laborem. VIRG.

As, at the close of life, people confess the secrets, and explain the mysteries of their conduct, endeavour to do justice to those with whom they have had dealings, and to die in peace with all the world; so, in the *concluding number* of a *periodical publication*, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candour or indulgence of the Public.

In the course of these papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own situation; in this, therefore, which is to be the *last*, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its appearance, the MIRROR did not admit of much personification

of its editor; the little diſguiſe he has uſed has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himſelf out for what he was not.

The idea of publiſhing a *periodical paper* in *Edinburgh* took its riſe in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumſtances of connection brought frequently together. Their diſcourſe often turned upon ſubjects of manners, of taſte, and of literature. By one of thoſe accidental reſolutions, of which the origin cannot eaſily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their eſſays aſſumed the form, and, ſoon after, ſome one gave them the name, of a periodical publication: the writers of it were naturally aſſociated; and their meetings increaſed the importance, as well as the number, of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midſt of buſineſs, compoſition was to them an amuſement only; that amuſement was heightened by the audience which this ſociety afforded; the idea of publication ſuggeſted itſelf as productive of ſtill higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence that ſuch a reſolution was taken. From that, and ſeveral other circumſtances, it was thought proper to obſerve the ſtricteſt ſecrecy with regard to the authors; a purpoſe in which they have been ſo ſucceſsful, that at this moment, the very publiſher

liſher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entruſted.

The aſſiſtance received from Correſpondents has been conſiderable. To them the MIRROR is indebted for the following papers; the 8th, the note from IGNORAMUS in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the letter ſigned ADELUS in the 21ſt, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th (except the ſhort letter at the end), the firſt letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the firſt letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, 75th, 79th, 82d, 86th, the firſt letter in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, the 96th (except the letter ſigned EVELINA), the 97th and 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the 103d. Of ſome of their Correſpondents, were they at liberty to diſcloſe them, the names would do credit to the work; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgment for their favours. To many of them they have to apologize for ſeveral abridgments, additions, and alterations which ſometimes the compoſition of the eſſays themſelves, and ſometimes the nature of the work in which they were to appear, ſeemed to render neceſſary.

The ſituation of the authors of the MIRROR was ſuch as neither to prompt much ambition of literary ſucceſs, nor to create much dependence on it. Without this advantage, they had ſcarcely ventured

ventured to ſend abroad into the world a performance, the reception of which was liable to ſo much uncertainty. They foreſaw many difficulties, which a publication like the MIRROR, even in hands much abler than theirs, muſt neceſſarily encounter.

The ſtate of the *times*, they were ſenſible, was very unpropitious to a work of this ſort. In a conjuncture ſo critical as the preſent, at a period ſo big with national danger and public ſolicitude, it was not to be expected that much attention ſhould be paid to ſpeculation or to ſentiment, to minute inveſtigations of character, or pictures of private manners. A volume which we can lay aſide and reſume at pleaſure, may ſuffer leſs materially from the interruption of national concerns; but a ſingle ſheet, that meaſures its daily importance with the vehicles of public intelligence and political diſquiſition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

But, excluſive of this general diſadvantage, there were particular circumſtances which its authors knew muſt be unfavourable to the MIRROR. That ſecrecy which they thought it neceſſary to keep, prevented all the aids of patronage and friendſhip; it even damped thoſe common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at leaſt for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an intereſt in thoſe whom we have not ventured to truſt;

truſt; and the claims even of merit are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The *place* of its publication was, in ſeveral reſpects, diſadvantageous. There is a certain diſtance at which writings, as well as men, ſhould be placed, in order to command our attention and reſpect. We do not eaſily allow a title to inſtruct or to amuſe the Public in our neighbour, with whom we have been accuſtomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the faſtidiouſneſs with which, in a place ſo narrow as *Edinburgh*, home productions are commonly received; which if they are grave, are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are called unnatural; if ludicrous, are termed low. In the circle around him, the man of buſineſs ſees few who ſhould be willing, and the man of genius few who are able to be authors; and a work that comes out unſupported by eſtabliſhed names, is liable alike to the cenſure of the grave, and the ſneer of the witty. Even Folly herſelf acquires ſome merit from being diſpleaſed, when name or faſhion has not ſanctified a work from her diſpleaſure.

This deſire of levelling the pride of authorſhip, is in none more prevalent than in thoſe who themſelves have written. Of theſe the unſucceſsful have a preſcriptive title to criticiſm; and, though eſtabliſhed literary reputation commonly

monly ſets men above the neceſſity of detracting from the merit of other candidates for fame, yet there are not wanting inſtances of monopoliſts of public favour, who wiſh not only to enjoy, but to guide it, and are willing to confine its influence within the pale of their own circle, or their own patronage. General cenſure is of all things the eaſieſt; from ſuch men it paſſes unexamined, and its ſentence is deciſive; nay, even a ſtudied ſilence will go far to ſmother a production, which, if they have not the meanneſs to envy, they want the candour to appretiate with juſtice.

In point of ſubject, as well as of reception, the place where it appeared was unfavourable to the MIRROR. Whoever will examine the works of a ſimilar kind that have preceded it, will eaſily perceive for how many topics they were indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of public amuſement, and circumſtances of reigning faſhion. But, with us, beſides the danger of perſonal application, theſe are hardly various enough for the ſubject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a ſort of claſſic privilege in the very names of places in *London*, which does not extend to thoſe of *Edinburgh*. The *Cannongate* is almoſt as long as the *Strand*, but it will not bear the compariſon upon paper; and *Black-friars-wynd* can never vie with *Drury-lane*, in point of

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found, however they may rank in the article of chaſtity. In the department of *humour*, theſe circumſtances muſt neceſſarily have great weight; and, for papers of humour, the bulk of readers will generally call, becauſe the number is much greater of thoſe who can laugh, than of thoſe who can think. To add to the difficulty, people are too proud to laugh upon eaſy terms with one, of whoſe title to make them laugh they are not appriſed. A joke in writing is like a joke in converſation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome theſe difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the Public, the Public will judge; as to themſelves, they may be allowed to ſay, that they have found it an amuſement of an elegant, and, they are inclined to believe, of an uſeful kind. They imagine, that, by tracing the manners and ſentiments of others, they have performed a ſort of exerciſe which may have ſome tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and, in that ſociety which was formed by this publication, they have drawn ſomewhat cloſer the ties of a friendſhip, which they flatter themſelves they may long enjoy, with a recollection not unpleaſing, of the literary adventure by which it was ſtrengthened and improved.

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The disadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour or apology for faults. They will give their *volumes* as they gave their *papers* to the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If in this hope the authors of the MIRROR may indulge, they trust, that, whatever may be thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

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THE END.

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